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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LVIII--Second Series

July-December 1911



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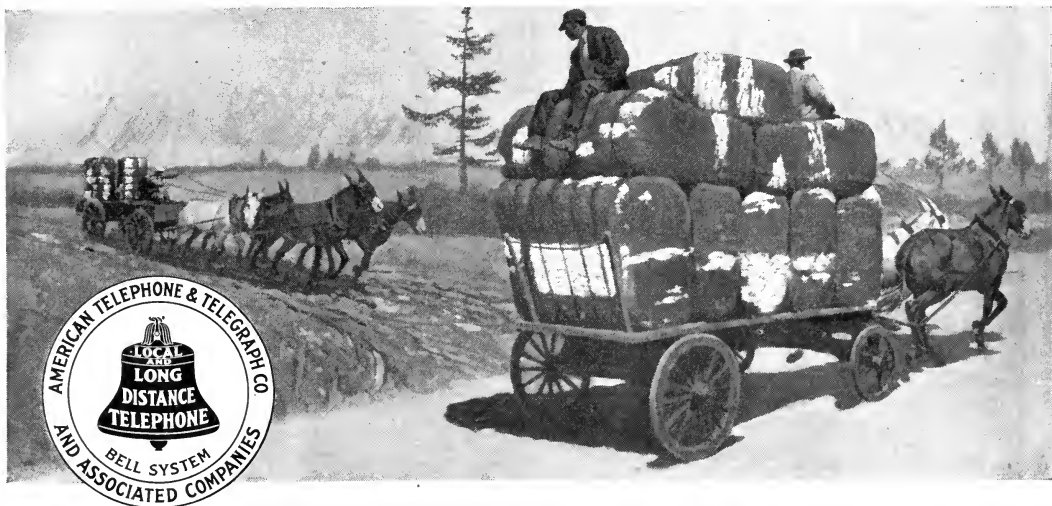
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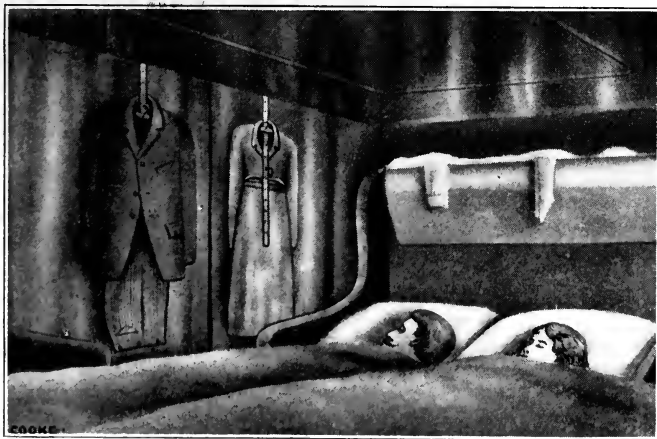
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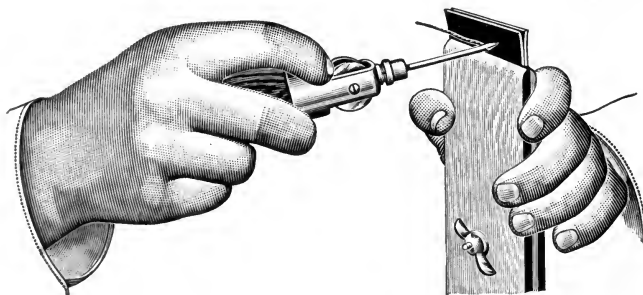
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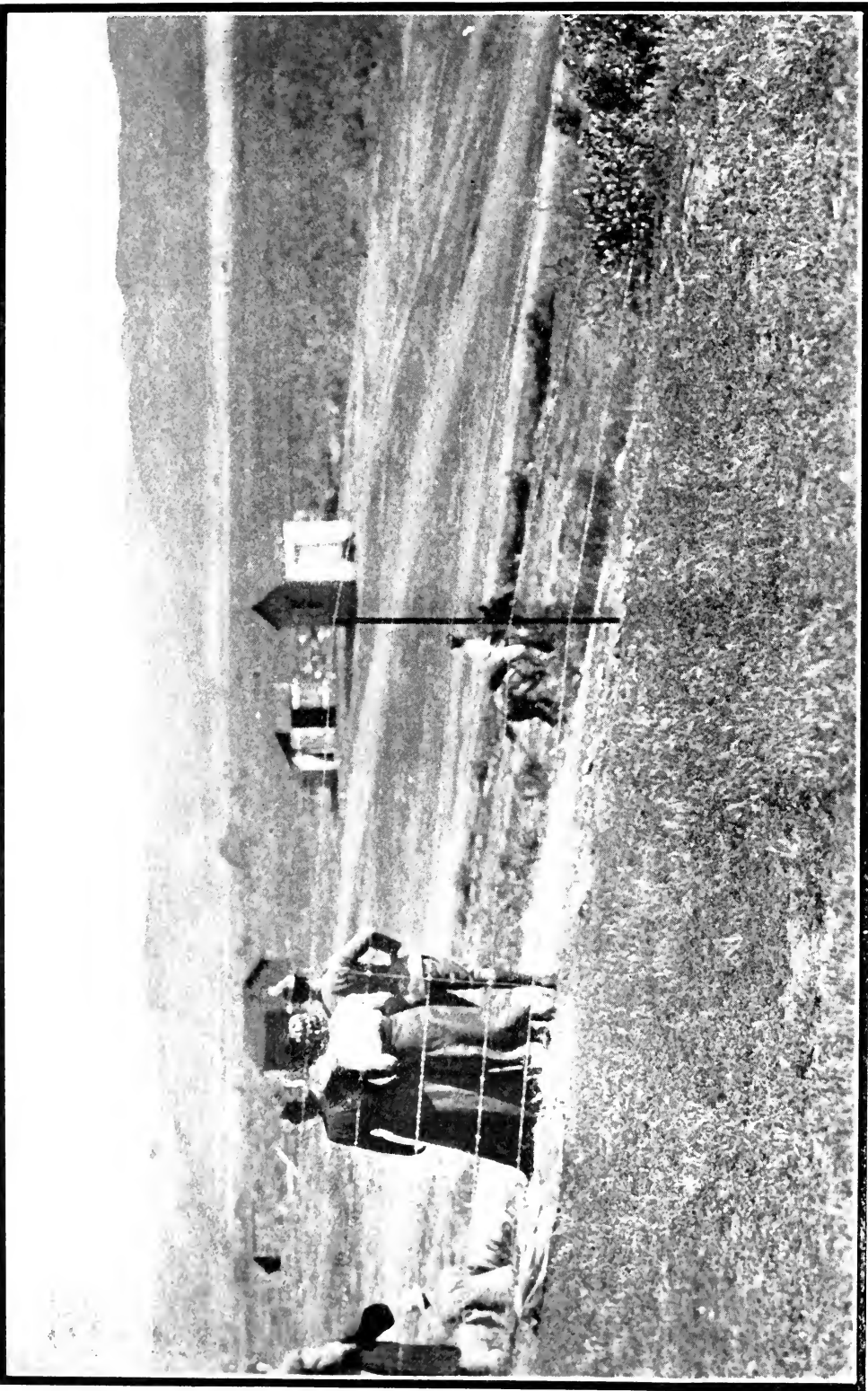
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Breastworks of sand bags in front of Mexican Customs House.



Wire fence marking boundary line. A mounted Federal in foreground.

JULY 1911

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No. 1

OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LVIII

Founded 1868 Bret Harte
San Francisco

THE CAPTURE OF TIA JUANA

BY MARGARET L. HOLBROOK SMITH

(It is a novel experience to witness a battle from the boundary line of a neutral country, but the facilities such an experience offers for accurate, detailed, graphic description are unsurpassed. In the following article, the best idea obtainable of the attack upon Tia Juana is furnished, the illustrations being from photographs taken during and immediately after the action.—EDITOR.)

WATCH HIM whip up his horses!"

"Just look at the clouds of dust as they

plow through that dry river-bed!"

"Do you suppose they'll get here all right?"

"See the Federals riding close to the stage to protect them!"

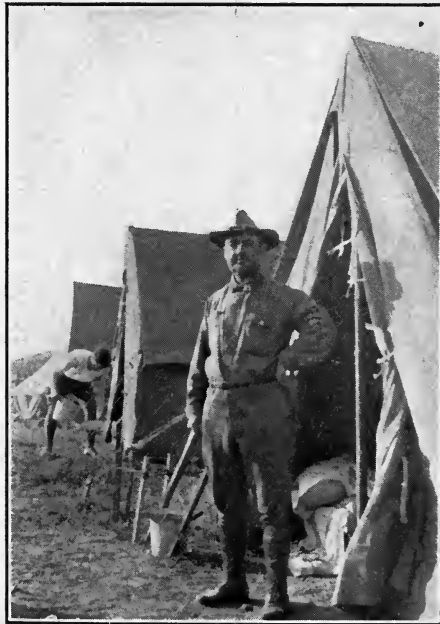
These were the words we uttered as we stood close to the international boundary that morning last May and watched some Americans as they rushed toward us and—safety. They were a few tourists who, half an hour previous, had ventured into Tia Juana and had just reached the town when the word came to them: "Get out of here as quick as ever you can." We found

it exciting enough to watch those stage-drivers as they frantically made their horses plunge through the heavy sand, and I think it is safe to say that

never did Uncle Sam's domain look more attractive to those Americans than it did that day, as they scurried toward "Home, Sweet Home."

For years the little town of Tia Juana (Aunt Jane) has been known to thousands of tourists as the gateway to Old Mexico. Lying just over the border, it has been the objective point for those who wish to visit a foreign land with the least exertion. One could find in it Mexi-

can curios, could wander among the adobe houses, witness a real bull-fight and partake of a genuine Spanish dinner.



Captain Wilcox, U. S. Army.



General Rhys Pryce, insurgent commander

To-day it is much changed, for on May 8th or 9th occurred there one of the fiercest fights of the Mexican revolution. The tourist trade was the chief business the town had, but the insurrectos wanted to hold the spot as a base and possibly also thought to use it as a recruiting station.

As it happened, we were stopping at San Ysidro, a tiny village on American soil, only a mile from the international boundary. On Sunday (the 7th) we were allowed to enter Tia Juana, for we were anxious to behold—in this age of peace—a town actually prepared for siege. We were advised not to snap our cameras nor to comment on the breastworks thrown up nor to make laughing criticism of anything which we should see. This last warning was most unnecessary, for no one with a ray of humanity could have felt anything but sympathy for the band of Federals and *Rurales* prepared to fight for their homes. For months they had been awaiting the attack, and it was pitiful to see their strained and anxious faces. The Mexican Custom House, the Administration Building and the huge bull-ring were the main points of defense, and were surrounded by barricades of sand bags. Almost all the women and children had been sent on to American soil, so only the defenders were left in the town. These men, clad in their white uniforms, paced back and forth through the streets, the sun poured down on the hot sand, and the Mexican flag (red, white and green, surmounted by the eagle) floated lazily in the noonday breeze. We could see the *Rurales* up on the hills and in the canyons riding hither and yon. They were acting as scouts—keeping sharp outlook for the invaders. Everywhere the air was tense with expectation.

All that night they kept watch, and with morning came the word that the rebels were marching from the springs, only two miles distant. We were at the American camp when the news arrived. This camp—part of the Thirtieth Infantry commanded by Captain



A portion of the camp of the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. Army.



Americans watching the battle from the canyons.

Wilcox—was close to the American custom house, and to the granite monument which marks the boundary line between the two countries. This border line, by the way, is no imaginary one these days, for a high wire fence has been erected, and during the battle was patrolled by our troops. From the camp and the monument we watched the advance of the enemy. When the bullets began to come our way and whizzed too near us, we retreated to the canyons, and by lying down on the hillside, could continue our vigil through the glasses. These bullets, I am told, were the dum-dum bullets, which spread or flatten out as they strike.

At first it did not seem possible that it was real war. The rapid shots sounded to me exactly like quail shooting, and the volleys as if some target practice were in progress. It was only

when I saw a line of men run crouching behind the sage brush, drop on their knees and open fire—or a woman running in terror for her life, carrying her two children—or one poor fellow stagger and fall from his horse, that I realized what war meant. Then I handed the glass to some one else. I had seen enough—and too much!

All that day and night the fight continued, and it was after eight o'clock on Tuesday before the rebels had captured the town. Then the Red Cross doctors and nurses crossed the line. They were ably assisted by a few volunteers, and they all did splendid work. Several houses were at that time burning, and also the bull-ring, which was famous in the Southwest.

By afternoon, the Americans were flocking in. They found a strange sight. The odor of liquor was everywhere. This was because the rebel

commander—Rhys Pryce—had ordered that every bottle in the town should be destroyed, and his orders were obeyed. It made no difference—champagne or whisky, all were smashed and the contents ran down on the counters and floors and even trickled out into the streets. Of course the victors were in high spirits and many were busy “shopping”—that is, ransacking the stores and helping themselves to whatever they fancied. Others decked themselves in gaudy Navajo blankets and sombreros, and promenaded through the streets, or raced their horses through the village. That this guerrilla band should loot and plunder was to be expected—it was war; but sad to relate, their behavior compared favorably with the actual robbery that was committed by a few of the visiting Americans. For-

tunately the custom house put a stop to the situation as soon as possible.

And in the midst of this spectacle lay the dead and wounded. Many of the Federals were brought into San Diego for burial. The rebels had twice as many men as the Federals, but their losses were small, and those few were placed in one trench in front of the Mexican custom house, while Captain Rhys Pryce read the burial service. He, it seems, is a Welshman, and has served in African wars for nine years. He did not look very soldierly, clad in his khaki trousers, green coat and gray felt hat. Strangely enough, only one-tenth of his band were Mexicans—the others being from various countries, Germany, France, Sweden, America—even negroes. Some of the Americans were college men from Harvard, Yale and Prince-



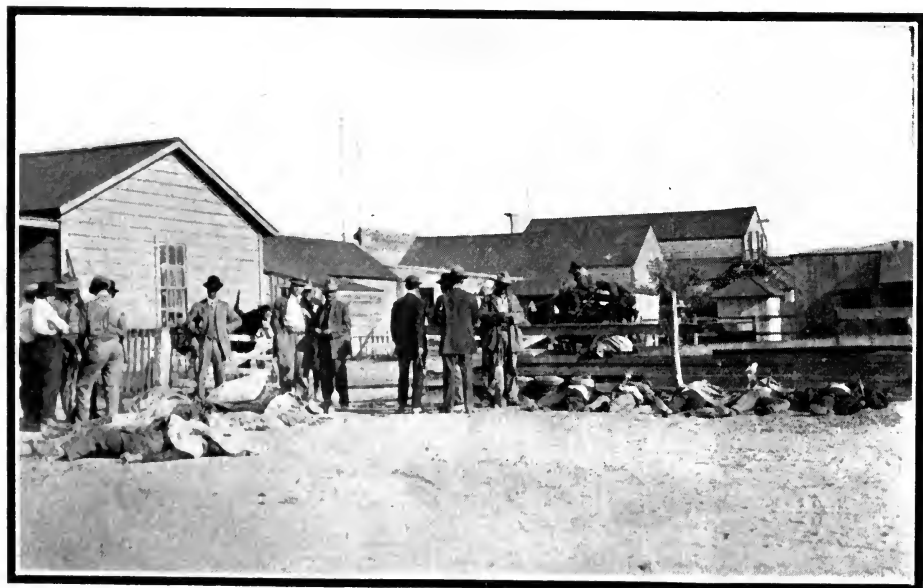
Monument marking the international boundary.



Spectators on border.

ton. These gave fictitious names, not caring to disclose their identity. One amusing incident was told by an on-looker, who overheard the following remarks made by a German sergeant

as he tried to line up his men for night guard: "I vant you rascals to know dat ven I calls, you come. I don't run my legs off hunting you. Ven I vants you, I vant you. Ve haf no bugle



Some of the dead after the battle.



The bull-ring burning at Tia Juana.

in dis army, but ven I blows dis whiz-
zle it means you are vanted, and see
dat you get here."

On the American side close to the
custom house many Federal wounded
were cared for. These showed much
fortitude while being treated. One
man had both arms so horribly torn
that he could not move them. He
begged the doctor to put a lighted cig-
arette between his teeth, and then told
him to go ahead, for he could bear
anything if he only had a smoke. This
was done—it was the only anaesthetic
used—and the fellow never made a
moan.

On our side, also, was the refugee
camp. Poor things! their condition
was pitiable—often whole families
herded under one bit of canvas
stretched out to shelter them. One
man, unable to fight, came to the inn
where we were stopping—"where
could he get one room—only one room

—*non mucho familee*—only wife,
mother-in-law and five children!"
Many poor women walked all the
eighteen miles in to San Diego, carry-
ing babies in their arms. Others fled
toward Ensenada, which lies on the
coast eighty miles to the south.

Whatever the merits of the Mexi-
can struggle may be, we can only ad-
mire the pluck and courage of the
Federals who fought, as they did at
Tia Juana, for their homes; and we
cannot fail to regret that it is our
American "soldiers of fortune" who
have largely swelled the ranks of the
rebels, and therefore have helped to
demolish those homes. The situation
has been especially serious in Lower
California. Conditions similar to an-
archy have prevailed in certain por-
tions for a long time, and it looks as
if many months would elapse before
an absolutely peaceful solution of the
problem could be reached.



SAMOA AND THE SAMOANS

BY EUGENE D. PARK, JR.

STEEPED IN a confusion of romance and adventure, the major part of information pertaining to Samoa within reach of the reading public is inclined to lead the perception into error—to create false impressions—by presenting to the mind material calculated to in-fold the South Seas in a deceptive atmosphere of beauty, mystery, pleasure and enchantment.

As the space on the map occupied by Samoa scarcely assumes the size of a pin head, the space devoted to authenticity in literature concerning this country is even less. The acclimated resident will unhesitatingly inform you that no romance exists except in the fertile imaginations of fiction writers, and the so-called adventures became nil when years ago the cumbersome wheels of justice

turned in the direction of the adventurers, causing them to hastily seek obscurity or trust their villainous heads to the hangman. From the arrival of the first white man, the South Pacific has been the home of such fanciful ideas as would cast a chimerical glow over the acts of those who, elsewhere,

would have been punished as mutineers, murderers and thieves; and that justly, too. At that time, as a body, the foreign element of these seas were mustered from the old convict settlements and prisons of Tasmania and New Caledonia, from which they had escaped, or from the occasional men-o'-war, from which they had deserted.

But as the months pass by, the stranger within Samoa's gates finds himself in daily contact with a race of people of a caste by themselves. Nowhere in the wide world is mankind presented in similarity to the Samoan, his temperament, or the anomalousness and incongruity of his country's customs.

A people ignorant, gluttonous, and of surpassing laziness, the Samoans are rigidly governed by a multitude of customs that shed the shame, and which mod-

ify those repellant qualities, overspreading them with a semblance of non-corruption. Overcome, at first, with astonishment and disgust, the civilized resident gradually passes through the various stages of repugnance, dislike, indifference, and optimism, finally emerging with curiosity



The "tulafale" (the talking chief.)



Young Samoan belles.

aroused to know more of the native and his ways.

During this transit, the resident probably philosophizes to the effect that if a child be reared by its family in the firm conviction that a prescribed rule of conduct or custom is the correct course to adopt under a given set of circumstances, as the Samoan child is taught, who shall censure him if, in after life, he adheres to these, the customs of his ancestors for generations past?

On the other hand, observation proves the Samoan always courteous, diplomatic, a lover of peace, and an orator by nature born. He steps before you with "tulou," or interrupts the conversation with "vaeane," both synonymous with the English "pardon me." Living from hand to mouth, he exists in happy carelessness, with never a thought of to-morrow, never a worry to endanger his digestion, secure in the knowledge that the Great Provider, as He endowed the Samoan system with a marvelous capacity for sleep and with laziness in the extreme, equalized matters by giving to Samoa in abundance the breadfruit, the taro, the cocoanut and the banana. The only exertion necessary is the stretch of an arm, and the native's dinner is served.

The greatest powers on the face of the globe have been brought to the verge of warfare over this petty kingdom. Dear to the Samoan heart is political intrigue, and his fingers ache to dally in public affairs. Hence, Samoan politics gave rise to a series of events that culminated in the assembly of seven men-o'-war in Apia harbor, Samoa in March of 1889; three American, three German and one British, all ready and anxious to measure their strength against any opposition at a moment's notice.

But the lords of the air took matters into their own hands, with the result that on March 16, 1889, the now famous hurricane of Apia harbor descended upon this scene of strife, churned the miserable harbor into a boiling caldron of foam, whirlpools and spray,

then passed on its way, leaving in its wake only death and destruction.

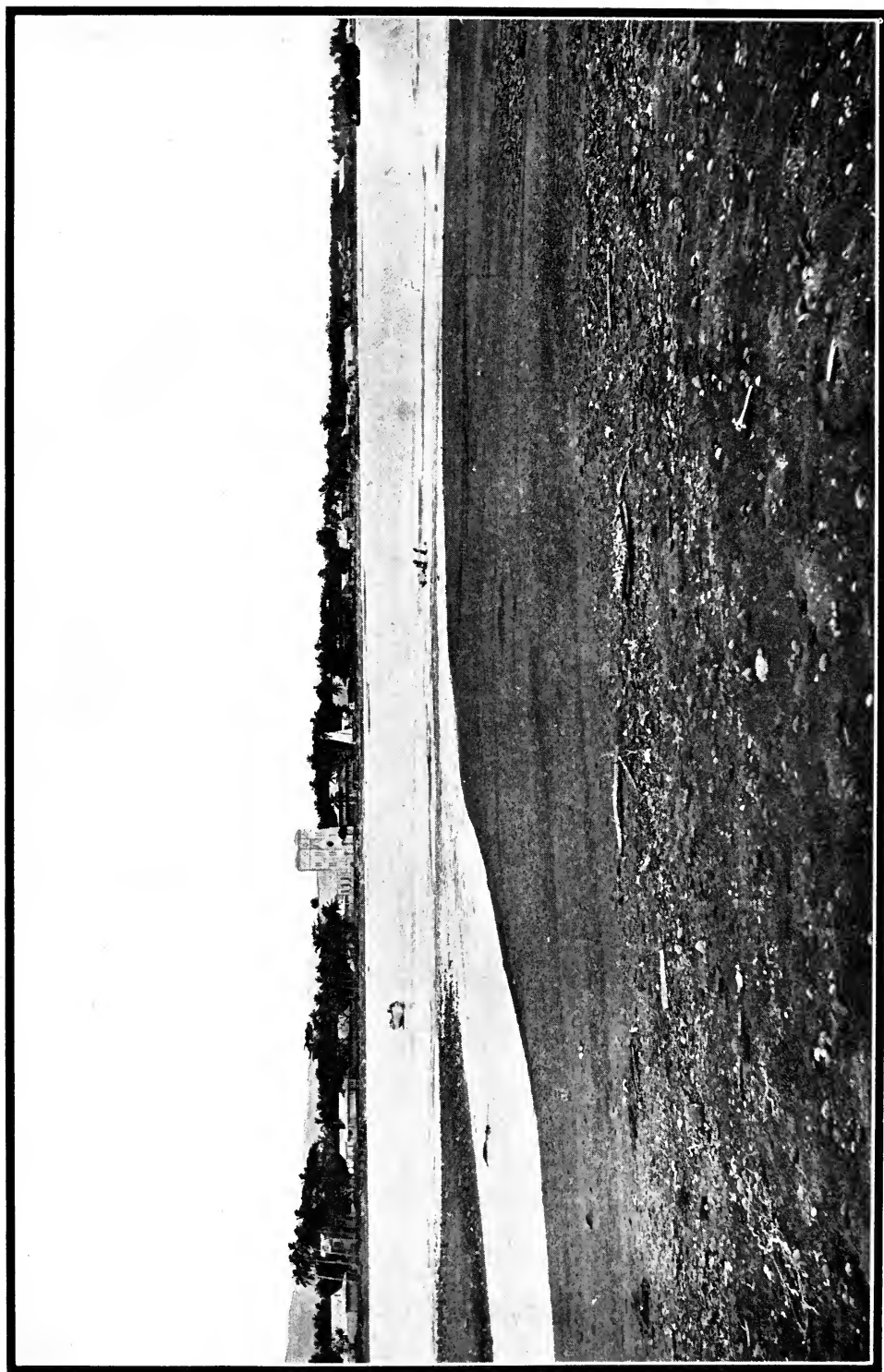
The German warships "Olga" and "Adler" were high and dry on the reef, and the "Eber" lay on the bottom of the harbor; the British "Calliope," by a miracle of good fortune, managed to fight her way to the open sea and safety at a speed of less than a single knot per hour, though her throttle valve was open full and her engines racing; but of the Americans—the good old United States ships "Trenton" and "Vandalia" were on the bottom, and the "Nipsic" had been flung high on the beach, from where she was refloated later and taken to Honolulu.

Then the inattentive Governments awoke to a realization of the fearful havoc wrought, the hundreds of brave lives lost, and all Samoa in return for this was most pitifully inadequate.

So other methods were adopted. Possessing less value than the paper upon which it was written, the Berlin Act came into being. But the subsequent ten years of diplomacy ended in the war of 1899, and the deaths of many more officers and men of the United States and British navies. This war terminated the Samoan question, for no one could gainsay that the point had been reached where something definite must be accomplished, and, by virtue of the resulting tripartite agreement, the United States became possessed of the eastern islands of the archipelago: namely, Tutuila, Manua and Rose.

Though Germany claimed and obtained the central island of Upolu, the commercial center of Samoa, on the grounds of the preponderance of German subjects and interests, the United States gained the real basic value of the entire group in Tutuila, for here lies the finest harbor in the South Pacific, that of Pago Pago.

One and one-half miles in length by three-fourths of a mile in width, Pago Pago harbor occupies the crater of an extinct, monster volcano opening to the Pacific only by way of an extremely narrow channel. With its jungled, mountainous sides rearing their heads



Town and harbor of Apia. The wreck of the German cruiser Adler, lost in the hurricane of 1889, is seen at the extreme right.

sheer into the clouds on all sides, defying every storm that blows, Pago Pago harbor deserves descriptive ability far beyond that with which the writer is blessed. The sweep and curve of its shore line dips frequently into pretty little bights, where the thatched homes of the natives reveal themselves from between the cocoanut palms and the breadfruit trees. Towering above the very roofs of the sleepy villages is a background of vegetation covering the mountainside in solid green; not a bare spot can be seen anywhere. And those mountains—a line dropped plumb from the top would almost strike the base. There is little slope, just a sheer wall, and when one gazes up that wall for a thousand feet, and more, with the rainfall of 1908 (284.4 inches) in mind, he hastens to select a residence elsewhere. But the Samoan seems unconcerned about the millions of tons of earth and rock which overhang his sleeping head, though "devil's slides," reaching from top to bottom can be seen in half a dozen places. Yes, Pago Pago harbor is indeed one of the wild, grand sights of the world and should be classed as such.

There is no question about the country, the interrogation point follows the native. He is an anomaly, and those who profess to know him and his customs best are often found to know nothing. The Samoan has the reputation among the white settlers of being a master thief, which is rather unjust, though there is absolutely no doubt but that he will walk off with anything that strikes his fancy. However, stop and study the act a moment and you will find that it is a "taking," not a theft, for the same is committed against him by others. No, it is not theft, it is custom. And with that word one breaks into the very heart of Samoan life, where no individual enjoys solitude in anything, and where the entire community labors, plays or fishes together.

There has never yet been found an oath or obligation strong enough to bind the Samoan to his word save one, and that is the tie of "ainga," or rela-

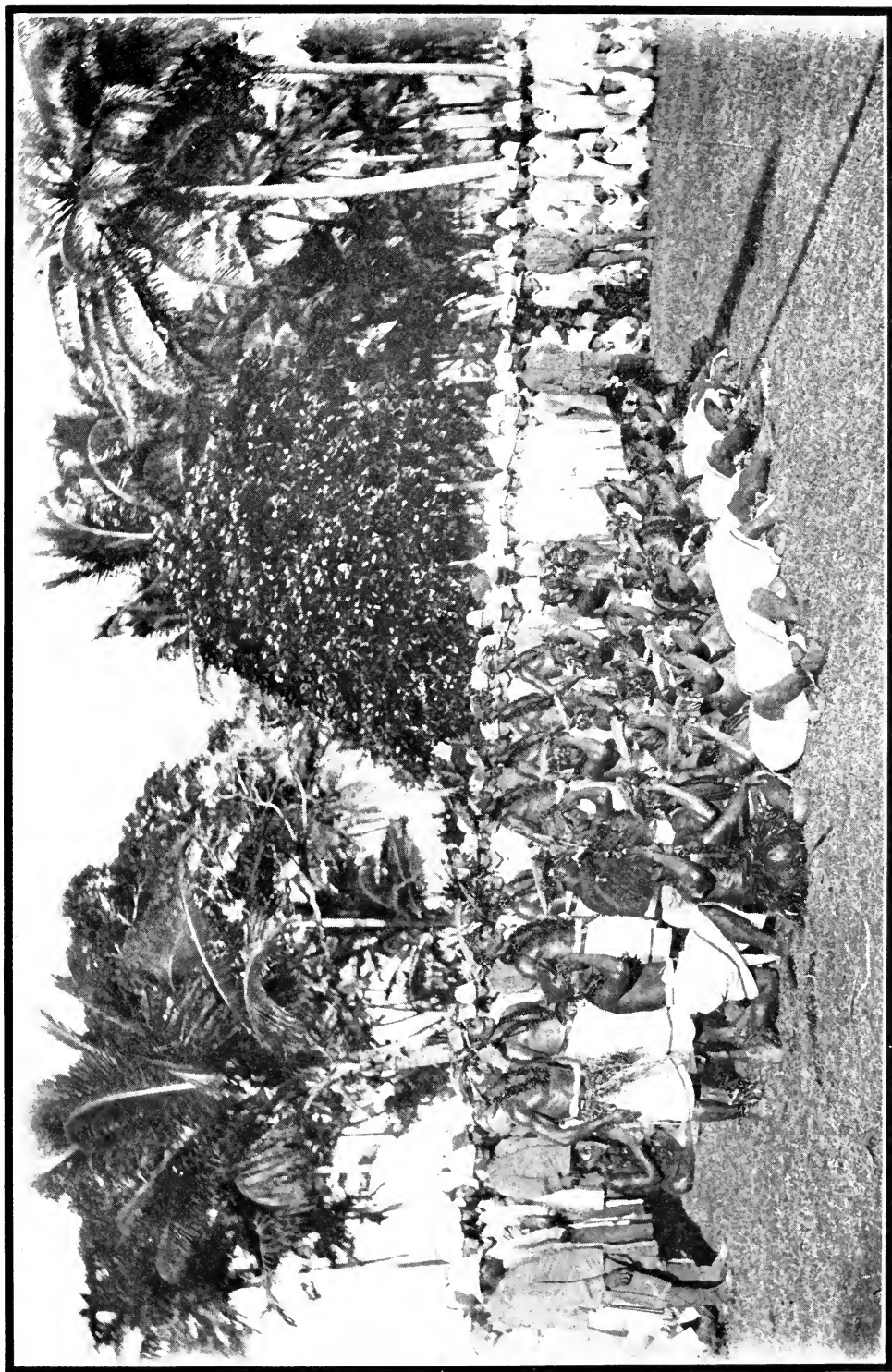
tive, an obligation prescribed by strict custom. The Samoan cannot accumulate for himself, alone, but for his family, for all share alike in the proceeds of the hunt, the fishing bee, or the money derived from labor; therefore, there is no incentive for him to strive to educate himself and advance his condition, because he knows that just as quickly as he saves a few dollars, just as quickly all his "aingas" will swoop down upon him with a demand for a feast; and a Samoan has a most uncanny faculty for locating any "ainga" possessing the wherewithal to purchase canned salmon, corned beef, or salt pork. Since this system prevents individual accumulation, it also prevents any progress as a race.

That is the "ainga" proposition, and as long as it remains, the Samoan is doomed to stagnation. There is no help for it; it is custom; the Samoan's existence is controlled by custom, and to deviate from such is to a native precisely what sacrilege is to a white man.

"Ainga" means more than relative; when that term is used by the Samoan, he refers to any unit of his family. And the Samoan family means not only those who descend from a common ancestry, but also those members who have been embraced into it by adoption. The family tie is as firmly established by adoption as by bona fide blood relationship.

This practice of adoption is one of the oldest known customs of Samoa. With such a system in mind, it is not difficult to imagine the corrupt state of the average family, since no native can say in truth the blood of which stock flows in his veins. The head of a family may be and often is a man adopted into that family in his infancy. Thus, considered collectively, each individual of the Samoan family is an "ainga" to all other members, and each enjoys equal rights and privileges, whether they be an adoption or a blood relation.

Close study and inspection prove the native to be utterly devoid of the finer affections; love, appreciation and



An exhibition of the "siva-siva," before an appreciative audience of French man-of-war's men

gratitude are qualities unknown. To conjure up in one's mind a race of people where, between man and woman only animal attraction exists, where fidelity and constancy are totally lacking, is difficult; yet the writer is not alone in the conviction that the Samoan occupies that class, or worse. Even mother love appears to be absent, and that we find in the lowest of animals. As proof of this, the writer knows of no better illustration to cite than the aforementioned adoption system. The Samoan mother will indifferently turn her baby over to another family for adoption, scarcely waiting for it to become weaned, and thereafter pays no further attention to it. She may even, herself, adopt another mother's infant into the family, having given her own away a few hours previously.

Only monogamy is practiced, and apparently such has always been the case. But the monogamic state is usually an impermanent one. That the village have knowledge of the cohabitation of a certain man and woman is all the ceremony necessary. During mutual pleasure they are man and wife, but as quickly as dissatisfaction sets in, a divorce is constituted by the mere departure of the party discontented.

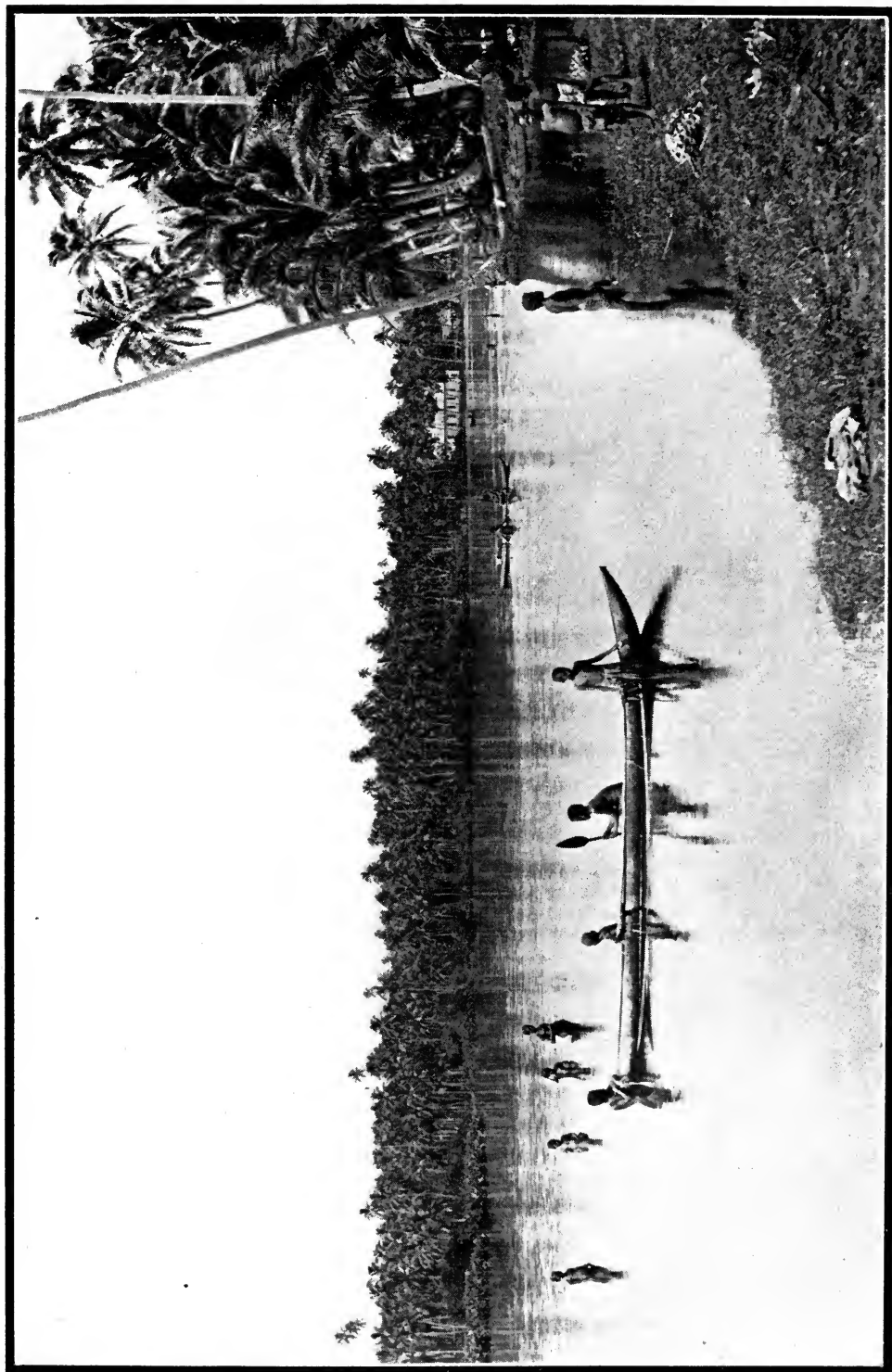
All must be consummated with the public cognizance, however, for secrecy would be a direct breach of custom, and therein would lay the offense. Otherwise, condemnation or ostracism would be received in amazement with a feeling of injustice done, for their custom decrees that no sense of shame shall attach to either party if the facts of the case be public knowledge. While living as man and wife, in the olden times, infidelity on the part of the husband gave the wife the privilege of slitting the nose of her rival, defacing her beauty for life.

Upon reaching the age of maturity, the Samoan signifies his entry into manhood by subjecting himself to the tortures of a native tattoo artist. With a sharp shark's tooth secured to a short handle, a small mallet, together

with a supply of black pigment, candlenut soot, and cocoanut oil, into which the tooth is frequently dipped, the artist tattoos the young man from a trifle above the waist to the knees. At a few feet distant, the tattoo appears to be a solid block, but on closer inspection it proves to be a conventional design of lines and curves closely pricked together, and as nearly symmetrical as freehand endeavor will permit. I afterward learned that each of those numerous lines and curves has its very own significance in the lore of the lad's family, and its name and meaning is taught and explained to the young man as the artist pricks it into his skin. This knowledge qualifies him for a seat in the family councils and secures him his position in Samoan society. The operation is, as can well be imagined, exceedingly painful, and only a small portion is accomplished each day. The women are often tattooed in stars on the upper limbs, the backs of the hands, or with their names or the names of their children on their arms; but this is not made compulsory by custom, merely as the interested individual's fancy dictates.

A Samoan is without the slightest artistic conception, and will fail to recognize in a painting or print objects he may be familiar with in his everyday life. Hand him a photograph, and it will be studied in whatever position it may come to his hand; inverted, cornerwise or sidewise, it is all the same to him. Examine the tattooed names on the arm of a woman, and you will generally find them worked in backwards, to be read with the aid of a mirror.

In all their work where free-hand designs could be adopted only the most conventional patterns are found. Their "siapos," or tapa-cloths, present a field for the native to verge into the realms of constructive imagination if his capabilities allowed, but no tapacloth ever came into existence in Samoa that did not display at completion a series of symmetrical squares, triangles, or circles, duplicating one of



Samoan canoes, hewn from a solid log.

the few designs in use from the beginning of tapa manufacture.

A tapa-cloth is literally a wooden blanket, and is a by-product of the paper mulberry tree (*Broussonetia papyrifera*.) The manufacture of this cloth is entirely the work of the women. After its removal from the trees the bark is placed in running water, weighted down with stones, and allowed to remain for several weeks. When thoroughly softened, it is removed from the water, placed upon a flat surface, then scraped and shredded until every vestige of the dark outer bark disappears and only the clean, white inner bark remains. Again it is submerged in water for a few days, then placed upon a large log and beaten with a heavy club until flat and thin. The last operation must be repeated several times to insure the cloth against an inclination to puff. After the final beating the tapa-cloth is placed in the sun to thoroughly dry. With an arrow-root solution between them, two or three pieces are then placed together in such a manner that the holes do not overlap, and the cloth is completed.

The woman now takes her finished cloth and secures it on a frame in order that she may paint it in one of the customary conventional patterns. To accomplish this, she uses the saps and juices from various plants applied with the shredded end of a pandanus nutlet. At completion, the cloth is inclined to be stiff, and in weight and thickness can be compared with light canvas.

As the original garments, for all occasions and for all Samoans, were these tapa-cloths, the house-wife a few years past, undoubtedly had a busy time of it to keep her family wardrobe replenished.

When worn as a garment, the tapa loses its name and becomes a "lava-lava." Draped about the loins and falling to the knees, the "lava-lava" is the Samoan's single article of clothing. But the tapa-cloth has fallen into disuse since the advent of cotton calico has demonstrated to the native that

for two shillings he can obtain an eighteen-inch round turn and half hitch of gaudy print that serves equally well, and without the labor necessary to produce the tapa.

There are several methods in vogue for catching fish, but only one is of unusual interest. This is a real fishing bee, an entire village participates, and several days are taken up with preparations for the coming event.

First, hundreds of cocoanut leaves must be gathered, then these leaves must be interlaced, doubled and triplicated, and lashed back to back until a cylindrical appearance, about three feet in diameter, is produced. Then the sections are secured, end to end, until a length of half a mile is sometimes woven.

The next consideration is the tide, and when it is all but at its highest point, the cocoanut chain is stretched across the mouth of one of the bights or across one corner of the bay. Then it is slowly forced shorewards, supported by the natives, wading where the shallowness permits, otherwise in their canoes. The prickly points of the leafy cable drive the fish before until the point is reached where the chain rests upon the bottom, and still protrudes slightly from the water, the ends are secured on the beach. Then the work is over until the tide recedes, when the thousands of fish left behind must be gathered into baskets, for they will not pass through the barrier of cocoanut leaves. When the entire catch of the day has been collected together in one location, the village chiefs stand over it and direct its distribution among the natives according to rank and precedence.

The military life of no civilized nation observes the rules of rank and precedence to a greater extent than do the Samoans. And this brings us abreast of another phase of the Samoan life, a phase of which Europeans of twenty to thirty years residence in this country seem to know very little. The Samoan language is divided, and one division has been set aside as a language of courtesy to which the

native of no rank is not entitled. The Malays, I believe, also possess this oddity in their language.

Thus, the wife of a chief is never addressed as "fafine," merely a woman; but as "tamaitai," or madam; the house of the chief is "maota," a mansion, not "fale," or house, as the dwelling of the lowly gentleman next door is designated, though there may not exist one iota of difference between either home, neither in size nor in architecture.

A separate form of greeting and farewell is used for each of the many ranks of chiefs. Even in the family of no rank, the approach of any member, with the exception of the head of the house, is greeted with "sau," while the head of the house is entitled to "malia;" in the same sense, chiefs of the secondary rank, "Ua susu mai;" chiefs of the primary rank, "Ua afio mai;" and lastly the chiefs of the four royal names, "Ua talaa mai."

And now we arrive at the "talking chief," or the official orator. This august personage bears the title of "Tulafale;" his emblems of office are the long staff and fly-flapper (fibrous switch); and his duties make of him the mouthpiece of the village chief.

The office of "Tulafale" requires of its incumbent an exhaustive knowledge of all ceremonies, the language of courtesy, and the rank, titles and family history of every chief of every village of this nation where, of 34,000 souls, every tenth man is a chief possessing one of the several ranks. (When I say every tenth man I am speaking approximately and from observation; the exact proportion may vary a trifle.) His is the duty to laud the praises and boasts of his village; to belittle the gifts of his community as of no value, while he lavishes admiration upon those of his villager's visitors. If a Samoan presents to a friend a splendid and valuable mat, he offers it with apologies for its miserableness, saying that it is indeed worthless; but the spirit in which he receives a gift is far different, for no matter how small or valueless it may



The village "taupau" in full regalia, with the head-knife, the favorite weapon of Samoan warfare.

be, the Samoan recipient of a present fairly soars to the skies in his search for words befitting its splendor and pricelessness. All this mass of ceremony levies a tax upon the wits of the "Tulafale" little short of the incredible. Familiarity with it is the product of a lifetime of observation and teaching, for so rigid and exacting is the custom of his land that a mistake on his part in the multitude of set speeches, or in the titles or precedence of any chief in the archipelago, may plunge their respective villages in warfare.

There yet remains for mention one more personage important in the political life of the Samoan village. This is the "Taupau," or village virgin. She presides over all official dances, songs and the libation of kava. She is also the appointed hostess at the head of the guest house where she is entrusted with the welfare of the community's visitors.

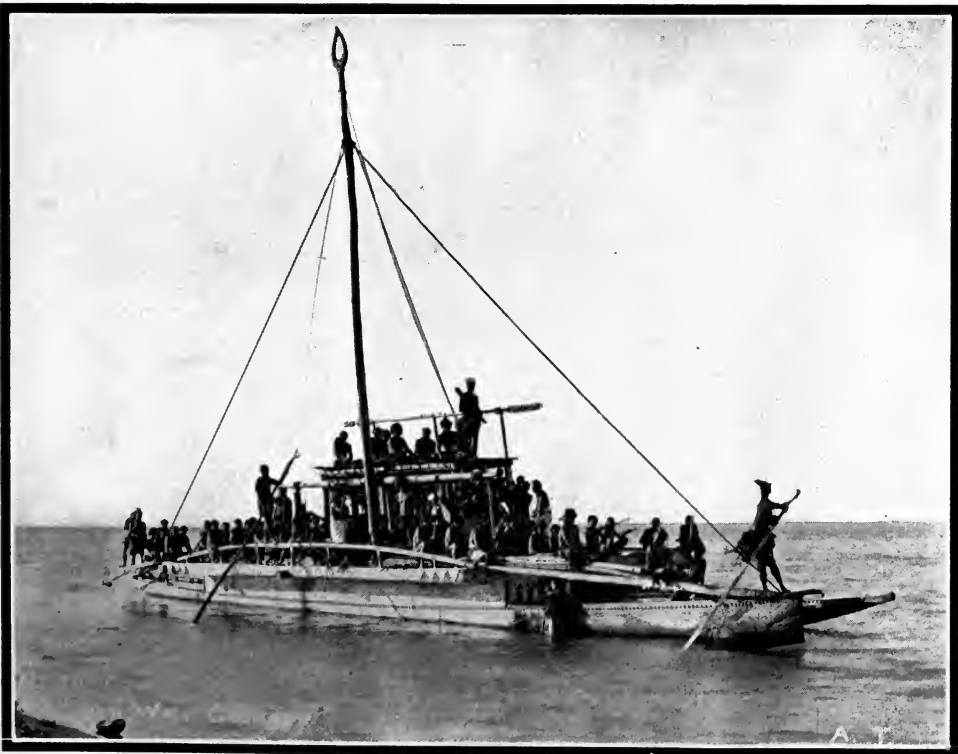
Selected during her early childhood,

the "Taupau" is placed under the care of two old women, who accompany her constantly—she is never permitted to leave their range of vision, for their duty is to guard her as a virgin. These duennas instruct her in the various movements of the "siva-siva" (dance), teach her the songs and her duties as head of the village society.

At the age of maturity, accompanied by her train, she is taken upon "malangas," or visiting excursions, to other villages, where she is paraded to the best of advantage, every effort being set forth to impress the chiefs of the village visited with her desirability, to the end that the man smitten may shower his wealth upon the chiefs of the village from which the "Taupau" hails, in return for her hand in marriage. As her nuptials may cement alliances, the wealthiest and most powerful chiefs are naturally the targets for diplomatic effort on the part of those

who advocate on behalf of the "Taupau." Two communities may thus become one in power and be in a position to do politics.

When negotiations are completed, and the "Taupau" has passed from their hands forever, the chiefs of her home village gaze silently and speculatively at the profusion of fine and costly mats and other valuable gifts received in return for the hand of their beloved virgin. Under the identical emotions that permeate the chiefs at this pregnant moment, Americans would quietly smile at one another, and would then slowly close one eye, as good business men have a right to do at the completion of any *coup de maitre*. And as good business men, the chiefs immediately cast about for a promising girl to fill the vacant billet with the same end in view; if, indeed, they have not already provided for this emergency, for a "Taupau" of



Samoa war canoe, carrying a crew of one hundred warriors.

pleasing appearance is an asset not to be despised by any village.

The Samoan dance—the “siva-siva”—is purely a calisthenic exhibition, performed by a troupe under the leadership of the village “Taupau.” Sitting, kneeling and standing, alternately, the “siva-siva” is accomplished with movements, in unison, of the head, limbs and body, accompanied by song and a rhythmic tattoo beaten upon a roll of mats.

The “siva-siva” is, in itself, impressive, by reason of the unity in which it is executed, and which is acquired only after many evenings of constant effort. But, in conclusion, the audience is entertained with a sample of unadulterated barbarism that exhibits only too plainly the microscopic thinness of missionary veneer; the “Taupau” suddenly springs to her feet and whirls about, working herself into an ecstasy of abandon and pantomime, and she is gradually joined by such members of the troupe as are overcome by their emotions. This concluding part of the dance is not the result of any previous rehearsal, is not uniform, merely exhibiting the participant’s momentary inclination in pantomime, with the consequence that only a few moments elapse before the dance has passed all bounds known to propriety and becomes vulgar. But the Samoan is not alone in this, however. From the nautch girls of India to the gawazee of Egypt, the general characteristics of this finale will be found the world over, except at such places as police restrictions prevent.

No matter how tedious the Samoan’s task, or how pleasant, it is as natural for him to burst into song as a rusty windmill to squeak. To ears attuned to the diatonic scale the semi-chant of the Samoan’s song sounds weird, but not always unpleasant, on account of the multitude of minor chords that largely constitute the music. Raw and untrained, the native has no idea whatever of the rational use of his voice, his one aim is to produce volume, and he sacrifices the life of his voice in efforts at the upper register. Of course

his vocal organs are consequently under continual strain when singing, and the best result obtained is a rasping falsetto.

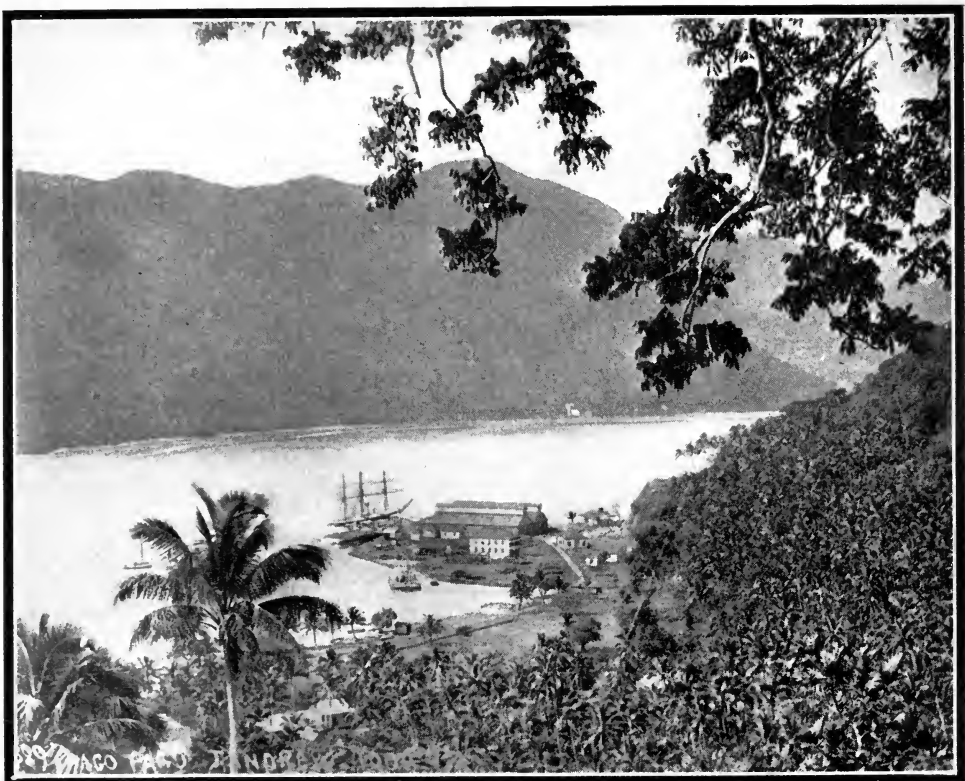
As a general rule, all nations possess what might be termed an indigenous beverage. So in Samoa. The customary stimulant is called “kava,” or, as it is known amongst the Samoans themselves, “’ava.” It consists of the strength obtained by kneading into solution the thoroughly dried roots of the kava plant (piper methisticum.)

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the Samoan becomes intoxicated by dry wood, exactly, but the solutionized strength of kava root, if imbibed with excessive freedom and frequency, will most certainly cause one to feel “queer.” This queerness, however, is vastly different from the result of alcohol; no maddening desire to wreck one’s immediate surroundings is present; no maudlin affectation of self-pity accompanied by the longing to weep; no antagonism, none of the thousand and one different mannerisms that sprout to the surface when under the influence of alcohol.

When the drink is desired, several pieces are placed in a flat or slightly hollow stone and pulverized with a smaller stone held in the hand.

One of the duties of the “Taupau” is to prepare the drink after the root has been powdered and placed in the “tanoa.” The “tanoa” is a hand-carved wooden bowl, set on eight to fifteen legs, the entire receptacle being worked from a single block of iron-wood, and having a capacity of from one to five gallons. A “fau” is also necessary, and that is a strainer made from the shredded inner bark of the fau tree.

With her hands freshly cleansed and the powdered root in the “tanoa,” the “Taupau” pours water into the bowl to the depth of two or three inches. Then folding the “fau” to a handy size, she kneads the pounded roots until all their strength has passed into the water, after which the useless grounds are strained from the liquid and thrown on the earth outside the house.



Pago Pago harbor, Tutuila; showing U. S. Naval Station and coal sheds.

Then more water is added until the kava arrives at the light shade of brown denoting the correct strength.

During the village ceremonies, the Tulafale announces the persons to be served according to precedence, and the maid, with the "ipu," or drinking-cup in her hand listens for the next title, then slowly approaching the recipient, she executes a full arm sweep from shoulder to mat, so that the drink is served a few inches above the mat, and from an elevation lower still, for kava must never be handed down to the person who drinks. While the "ipu" is being emptied, the maid steps back to the center of the house until the cup is ready to be returned. Sometimes, instead of returning the "ipu" to the serving maid, the drinker, with a deft movement, sets it spinning across the mats; the object being to

bring the cup to a halt directly before the "Taupau."

The stranger in Samoa hears so much about kava it is not strange that his first request is an opportunity to sample the national drink. And it is still less wonder that he invariably fails in the initial trial to place himself outside of more than a single swallow of the nauseous appearing liquid, for kava has the color of carelessly tended tan shoes, the density of milk, and possesses the taste of soapy dish-water. That last may sound incongruous, but it is, nevertheless, as faithful a description of kava as was ever compiled within the human mind.

Though the first attempt causes a shudder to permeate the system, a taste for it is soon cultivated; when that happens, a drink or so of kava is always found to be refreshing.

THE GAME AND THE GIRL

BY HOWARD C. KEGLEY

MOST ANYTHING goes in the love game," Alice remarked to Harry Graham, as she leaped from her pony at the door of the ranch house. "Now you take Pinto and unsaddle him, and then come up to the house and I'll tell you a few more things."

Graham made no reply, but he acted under orders, and in the course of a few minutes he was seated in the "best room" at the ranch house, with his eyes fixed upon Alice Ainslee, who was flitting around the room, setting things to order.

"Alice," stammered Harry, after he had gazed into space for a time, "I insist upon your giving me your answer at once."

"Oh, I wish you could ever talk to me without everlastingly wanting me to marry you!" she retorted.

"I can," was the reply.

"When?" she questioned.

"After you have changed your name to Graham," he continued.

The two sat studying each other for a full minute, and then Graham broke the silence again.

"Alice," he persisted, "why do you insist upon postponing your surrender? It can't be possible that you consider Migueliz seriously."

"Maybe I do, and then again maybe I don't," was the reply. "Migueliz is the richest cow man in the Cripple Creek country; he has been my father's foreman for a good many years, and I like him, too, but I don't know that I shall ever marry him. It's this way with Migueliz—ever since he bought the Bar Z ranch he has been our nearest neighbor, and when father decided to give up the active management of the ranch, Migueliz offered to handle the business for him. Of course he doesn't have to work for father, but he insists that it's just as easy for him to manage two ranches as one when he has some one to help him, and you know I have always helped him all I could."

"Yes, and encouraged him, too!" put in Graham.

"No, I never have encouraged him," she retorted, "but I think he's a very likable fellow. In fact, there is only one objection I have to him—he is too self-confident."

"Did I ever impress you in that way?" Graham questioned.

"No," she admitted.

"Then what's the answer?" he queried, smiling hopefully.

"The answer is just this," she continued. "I like both of you boys, and it wouldn't be giving both of you a fair show if I said which one of you I liked best, and why, but I will say this much, and my answer is final: I admire you both for many reasons, but I want to know which one is the better man. It occurs to me that the best thing for you and Migueliz to do is to settle this little affair yourselves. Now understand, I don't want any gun play or any killing in this, but I want you to settle it as a couple of gentlemen should settle an affair of this kind—settle it as fair and square as possible; remembering, of course, that most anything is fair in affairs of the heart. And the winner—well, the winner gets the prize, of course."

"Do I have to give Migueliz this line of talk?" inquired Graham.

"No, he will be passing this way tomorrow night on his way back from Alkali Springs, and I'll explain it to him myself," she said, reassuringly.

"All right," said Graham, as he arose to go. "I'm on my way to win the game and the girl. I say, Alice, I believe I'd stand a better show of winning if I had a kiss of encouragement."

"Mr. Graham," she retorted, "you will get a kiss of encouragement whenever you prove yourself worthy of one. I'll give you a kiss whenever we are engaged. And not until. Good-night!"

Harry Graham strode down the path leading from the ranch house to the bunk house. The only sound that

broke upon the still night air was the rustle of his "chaps" at each deliberate stride. When he reached the bunk house he paused for a moment before lifting the latch of the door, glancing back toward the ranch house where a light was flickering dimly in a corner room. Then he opened the door, stepped in, sat down on the edge of his bunk and began to think. He finally fell into a deep and restful sleep.

Such a type of man was Graham as is occasionally found on the Western plains. Strong, virile and manly, his personality appealed to every one who knew him. He was an Easterner, and had finished his university course with high honors, but a spell of typhoid sent him to the West to recuperate his health, and that was how he came to be herding cows for Old Man Ainslee.

Graham's health improved on the ranch, but he didn't fancy the idea of being a cow-puncher all the rest of his days, and yet every time he made up his mind to go back East he found himself held by a force he was unable to resist—a pretty girl.

Migueliz was an altogether different type of man, but withal a fellow of excellent make-up and commanding appearance. His veins were full of Spanish blood, but a mission school education and the life on the range had broadened him out until he was a typical Westerner. He hardly knew what a bad habit was, and he was the best cow-man in the valley, but the trouble was, he knew it.

It seemed as though there was nothing he couldn't do when he set about to do it. He had always accomplished his ends, and he had lived in that atmosphere of confidence in his superior ability until he was absolutely positive he could do anything he tried to do. The word Fail wasn't in his vocabulary.

Migueliz mildly disliked Graham because he took long horseback rides with Alice, and Graham held Migueliz in silent contempt for loving Alice, but both men were too sensible to quarrel about their affairs of the heart.

They both wanted Alice, and they both had confidence in their ability to win her. The girl had decided to weigh them both in the same balance, and find out which one was wanting, and thus the game rested until the following evening.

It was pitch dark and Graham was seated at a table in the bunk house, writing a letter, when there came a rap at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Graham, facing about.

A moment later the door opened and Migueliz stepped in.

"Am I interrupting you?" questioned the visitor.

"No, not exactly," was the reply. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," began Migueliz, "I have had a talk with Alice, and now I want to have a talk with you."

Graham shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Alice tells me," continued Migueliz, "that we must settle our dispute concerning the possession of her, and it must be settled to-night. She has instructed me that nearly anything is fair in a love affair, but she insists that there mustn't be any bloodshed."

"Then how do you suggest that we settle it?" questioned Graham.

"Personally, I should prefer that it be a game of wits," said Migueliz, "but of course you have an equal right to say how it shall be settled."

"If a game of wits suits you it suits me," Graham agreed. "I have no particular choice in the matter because I presume I'll lose out, anyhow."

"Graham," said Migueliz, boastfully, "that is exactly what you are going to do. This is going to be a game of head work, and I am going to win."

"Well," retorted Graham, "you probably will. But come: let's have a drink and then talk it over."

Both men unstrapped the belts containing their guns and ammunition, and threw them on a chair. Graham stepped to a cupboard, secured the glasses and a small bottle of liquor and placed them on the table.

The ranch foreman turned his back

upon Graham for a moment, pretending to be looking at a calendar picture that hung upon the wall, and Graham, taking advantage of the opportunity, filled the glasses and smiled with extreme satisfaction as he watched a white powder dissolve in one of them. Then, with a deft hand he shifted the glasses to their proper places on the table.

Migueliz returned to the table and sat down immediately.

"Alice is a mighty fine girl, isn't she?" said the manly Easterner, as he wheeled about on his heel to hang his hat on a peg.

Quick as a flash, Migueliz had changed the glasses. "Y-es," he stammered confusedly, "she is."

Graham resumed his seat at the table and fixed his eyes upon Migueliz. The two men sat staring at each other for a full minute, and then the ranch foreman's eyes suddenly shifted and went gazing at the wall. There was something in the Easterner's eyes that searched his very soul. He knew he had been guilty of an underhanded trick and he couldn't face the music. His face began to weaken.

Again Graham turned his searching eyes upon Migueliz, and immediately the ranch foreman lost his nerve.

It was what Graham had been looking for. He wanted to know if Migueliz had discovered his play and switched the glasses, and he knew immediately that such was the case when Migueliz showed a streak of yellow.

"Well," exclaimed Graham, picking up his glass, "here's to her and her only." And he drank the liquor at a gulp.

Migueliz gasped for breath, and then he swallowed the contents of his glass.

"Now," continued Graham, "we will resume our chat, but we must not talk very long, because I must finish this letter to Mr. Ainslee."

"Why are you writing to him?" came the query. "Are you too lazy to walk up the path and talk to him?"

"I am writing him a letter explaining that Alice and I have gone to

Denver, to be married," replied the Easterner, with great deliberation.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the ranch foreman, "so you really think you are going to win her, do you?"

"Yes," nodded Graham, "she is all mine!"

"Perhaps you think she is, but she isn't!" the ranch foreman exclaimed. "This was to be a game of wits, and at present I hold every face card that's out!"

"Well, now, if you want to know just how I am going to win her I'll tell you," continued Graham. "I'm going to take her to Denver to-night while you are in slumberland."

"Not to-night!" was the sudden exclamation, "because I don't intend to sleep a wink until this affair is settled."

"Oh, yes, you will!" retorted Graham.

"What makes you think so?" questioned the ranch foreman.

"Because," confided Graham, "in that glass of liquor you just drank there was a sleep producer powerful enough to wrap you in the arms of Morpheus for the next twelve hours."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Migueliz, sneeringly.

"Yes, that's so!" laughed Graham.

"Well, now let me tell you something. This was to be a game of wits, you know, and I happened to tumble to your knockout game, so I switched the glasses on you while you were hanging up your hat," said Migueliz, yawning sleepily.

"You did!" exclaimed Graham, leaping from his chair.

"Y-e-s, I d-i-d," said the ranch foreman, almost inaudibly, as his head dropped forward.

"Well, well, well," laughed Graham, "that was just exactly what I intended you should do."

* * * *

When Migueliz awoke, the morning sun was high in the heavens, the light was streaming in at the bunk house window, and there were two sets of pony tracks outside the door pointing in the direction of Denver.

WHERE HONOR DWELLETH

BY G. VON VIEREGG

WINSHIP looked into the eyes of his father; for the first time he found no answering paternal glance. The face of Winship, Sr., wore its business expression. Yet the youth, protected by the armor of a bridegroom's happiness, still was confident. As he thought of the girl in the anteroom, he asked himself, "How can the old man hold out in this high and mighty fashion? Why, all he's got to do is to see her."

He echoed the last thought aloud. "You're awfully harsh, dad," he began. "Now if——"

"I won't see her," snapped the elder. An ungenial heat began to melt his icy demeanor. "Lyona!" he cried, grasping a newspaper from his desk. Streaks of graphite marked a wedge over a story on the page turned outward. "Lyona! Why, the very name smells of greasepaint. Do you——"

Anger blunted the edge of the son's assurance.

"Lyona's a pretty name," he broke in. "My sister's name is Lylias, and she spells it with a 'y.'"

As he flung out the rejoinder, tinged with a suggestion of taunting, he stepped forward instinctively. "She spells it with a 'y,'" he repeated.

"Young man, you have the temerity to mention the name of your sister in the same breath with that of Miss Lyona Jesperson?"

Winship, Sr., glowered. There was more than a hint of contempt in his speech. The son picked up the gauntlet.

"Mrs. Charles Winship, Jr., my wife—and your daughter-in-law," he corrected. As he watched the effect of his words, he commented to himself:

"I got him there."

Each was fighting for a grip on himself; both at once sought the safety-valve of speech.

"You are despicable, sir," began the father, slapping the newspaper on his desk. "I might quote things about vipers nourished in one's breast; I might tell you just how scoundrelly you are; I might give you the hiding you deserve. But what I will do, sir, in as much as you were *once* my son, is merely to order you from my office. I'm through with you."

He pushed on to the end, though his son had been talking as industriously.

"I came to you frankly. I know I had no cause to expect anything but prejudice and bigotry. You've always treated me like a kid, anyway. You cut off my allowance; I don't give a hang about it. But when I ask you for a loan to keep me going till I can get a start—and that isn't much of a favor—you get toplofty and ask me for collateral, as if you'd never seen me before."

He paused for the smallest of moments, and added: "It's a damn outrage."

He turned. The older man was by now bending over his desk with a pretense of activity, trying to convince himself that his son's words did not cut. The youth strode to the door; at the threshold he paused.

"I'm *damn* glad to go," he reiterated, but somehow the repetition seemed to lack effect.

Then the door closed.

In the anteroom was Lyona, ignoring the gazes of her father-in-law's two secretaries in a manner that spoke much for her ability as an actress.

She was such a girl as ever tempted

youth to defy the counsels of a father. She was not tall; she was not stately. Her form was trim, the clean sweep of its lines set off with justice but reticence by her gown. She was dainty without being soft; she had presence without swagger; she was trim without being petite, graceful without affectation. As far as the eye could see, she bore the stamp of women of Winship's class. She had learned the first lesson of the woman of the stage: she knew how to wear her clothes. The intricacies and niceties of dress she had mastered: the value of a well-looking shoe was no secret to her—and Lyona had a foot worthy of the dainties of boots and slippers. Her hat was set demurely in a manner to excuse Winship's adoration, and within her taut glove was a hand well worth winning.

Her complexion—heightened a bit now by anxiety—was without reinforcement. Her features were not bewitching, but bore charm. Her hair was relieved from the stigma of being ordinary brown by the high-lights caught in glints here and there, and the waviness of the wisps at the temples.

Lyona had distinction.

She rose as her husband stepped toward her.

"Sh!" she cautioned gently, fearful that he would continue his denunciation in public. She had no need to question him. The two secretaries continued to gaze; an office boy stared with a leer in his gamin's eyes. Winship held himself stiffly; he was controlled now, though the corners of his mouth drooped with a new-found cynicism.

At the curb was a taxi.

"Back to the hotel," he ordered.

In their room, he laughed. "Brace up, honey," he said, with assurance. "I'll get a job. . . . We must economize, of course. But it won't last forever. . . . You'll have to give up a whole lot, poor girl, I'm afraid. . . . And just when I wanted to give you so much."

He turned his loose money on the table, arranging the few coins in piles

and smoothing the bills. Lyona checked with him.

"Forty-two dollars and thirty cents," he announced. "That thirty cents is ominous."

"We must move quickly," she replied. "A hotel like this for two babes in the woods?" She laughed. "Forty-two thirty"

"That's all the cash. Oh, but then I have some in bank. I don't know how much. The pass book and the check book never agree, you know. Can't tell which is right." He compared the books. "Well," he announced, "neither shows enough for the hotel bill."

A silent moment of elementary figuring, then: "Oh, I have it—an idea. There's nothing else to do. I'll give the hotel people a note. Quite in the business style, isn't it? And it'll give us a chance to see where we stand. We'll economize—you don't mind that, do you, dear? A snug little flat for awhile? Just till things get straightened out?"

As he sat over paper and pencil, Lyona rose and put her arms around his neck.

"It'll be jolly, dear," she said. "You don't know how bully you can live cheaply till you try it. And we'll be together, anyhow."

She laughed, looking at him keenly—such a glance as experience might cast on unsullied hope. With mock severity she went on:

"But I don't think you're able to look for a home. You don't know the first thing about it. Honestly, now—you're thinking of a place on Riverside Drive, with liveries and elevators and leases, and all that sort of thing, aren't you?"

She tapped him as if in punishment. "Go hunt your job; that's your work; the other's mine. We move to-night."

Of the various kinds of homes for the homeless, Lyona knew only one. The theatrical boarding house is an institution, though it is not shown by the guides of the sight-seeing automobiles. It lies midway between comfort and poverty, prosperity and the

penury of those "at liberty." Whole streets are given over to it—West-side streets, in the forties, for the most part. It is of many varieties, yet it never varies; it's abiding place is in the abandoned pretensions of a former day, when Longacre Square was a suburb and the hall-mark of respectability was brownstone and not the pressed brick of Harlem.

What would be a theatrical boarding house without a stoop, and an iron-doored area leading into a dingy hall, without a basement dining room and a plenitude of musty odors?

It was in such a house that Lyona found their first home. She took the third floor front.

When Charlie left the next morning, fresh for the real start in his search for work, Lyona watched him from the window, and waved with a show of blitheness. After that she cried, just because of the misery within her and because Charlie was such a dear, brave boy. But when he returned late in the afternoon, there was no trace of weeping in her face—nor in his manner was there any remnant of the morning's jauntiness.

"They're a pack of cowards!" he broke out, after a single kiss. "Afraid they'll get the old man mad if they gave me a job. Old Finlay—I've known him since I was a kid—offered me a job sweeping the office. He laughed when I told him to go to the devil. Same thing right down the line. They won't give me a chance. But I'll show 'em, before I'm done; I'll show 'em all."

Lyona soothed him as a woman can. But there was roused within him the stubbornness bred by an obdurate ancestry. The first rebuff served as a goad.

Blow after blow fell, but each merely pressed determination firmer. And somehow he found compensation for them all. Each despair had its counterbalance in Lyona and the encouragement she held. Winship, being a man and a bridegroom, found it sweet to be made much of. It was she who educated him by pointing the lesson

of each hard experience; it was she who compelled them to live as they might, guarding each cent; it was she who insisted, sacrificing herself, on the visit to the pawnbroker's. The last came hard to Winship.

"When I ought to give you everything in the world that is beautiful," he complained. "And aren't you?" she asked, her hands on his shoulders and a whimsical light in her eyes. And each knew that the other understood.

Then he got a job. Charles Winship, Jr., with how many generations of pure American stock behind him and a fortune to come—if his father ever again changed his will—became an assistant bill clerk at twelve dollars a week!

"Now that we're settled," Lyona told him, "we must have a real little home of our own—with a stove, even if it is a single oil burner. It *will* be jolly—the two of us in a little nook."

She had been measuring the twelve dollars a week against their bills.

So they moved, to a dingier house in a noisier street, and their room was a flight higher. But they were at peace and alone.

Of the stupid little cubby hole of a room they made a desert island on which they had been shipwrecked, where eggs and ham and pork chops were wafted up the stairs on magic zephyrs and the rumblings of the bass voice next door were but the echoes of storms beyond the horizon of their bright sea.

"Could we be happier?" Lyona would ask of an evening, as she set the table—a dressmaker's table, flimsy—with folding legs, always threatening to be brushed over by a laugh.

But in the sixth week of their destitute honeymoon she learned that the magic island four flights up was threatened with invasion. She was waiting, frightened, at the head of the stairs, when her husband found her. Her anxiety had obliterated even the fear that the landlady would object to the odor of their plaything stove—the door stood wide open.

She thrust a paper toward him. He

slipped an arm around her in lieu of a kiss and pulled her toward the light.

"So they want the money!"

He stared at the paper, as if it were inadequate proof.

"I'd forgotten all about it. A hundred and fifty-seven dollars! Just for a few days at a hotel! And the old man wouldn't make good!"

"Will they arrest you for a note? Can they put you in jail?"

Lyona was clinging to him.

He read the story again.

"And we have just sixteen cents a week over necessities, not allowing for clothes," she added.

"They told me at the store the last man in my job was lucky enough to get a raise after two years."

He sat down with the fatigue of one before whom is only defeat.

Lyona, too, was silent, smoke, dinner and sewing table forgotten. She stood by the window—their only one, giving on littered back yards. The vista was tedious. She closed her eyes. In that moment rebellion stirred within her. Not revolt at her husband and his cause, but a sharp hatred of the world for the terms it had forced on them. She smiled with a suggestion of a sigh, but as she turned to her husband the manner of her glance turned to determination.

"I have it, Charlie," she began hurriedly, as if wishing to give no opportunity for interruption; "I know a way out of it; it's easy—awfully easy, dear. There'll be some talk, maybe—but there will be anyhow. And what do we care for that? Maybe they'll lie. Let them!" In an instant a coaxing note in her voice became rather pathetic. "You won't mind, I know. I can sign a contract at any time—there are half a dozen people I could go to to-night and be placed right away. Come—say yes? And it will be so easy a way out of it!"

Winship roused himself.

"No!"

Her exhilaration seemed reflected in his eyes. "You shan't. That would be giving up. It won't do at all. I won't surrender, and I won't let them

say I have."

"You're afraid of the talk."

She half-pouted. It would have taken a keener man than Winship to tell whether the reproach in her look was as deep as it appeared, or whether the suggestion of a taunt in her manner was by design.

Again he blustered, but he was halted suddenly; there was nothing to do but to kiss the hand that stopped his mouth.

"Look at it," he said, holding the tightened fist from him. "All red and rough from work, when it should be—why——"

He tried to kiss away the redness.

All evening he argued. But the next day Lyona sought Broadway offices.

Engagements, hard enough though they be to get, are sometimes given for less reason than the publicity value of Lyona's story. She put the thought of that as far from her as she could as she hurried home with a contract in her handbag.

The publicity followed. With the publication of the first story of the millionaire youth's bride returning to the stage to pay his debts, Winship *pere* arrived.

In his silence as he climbed the boarding house stairs there was disapprobation. His knock was a growl. In his demand, given with as great an attempt to ignore Lyona as he could make, "Is Mr. Winship in?" was mingled gruffness and hauteur.

She recognized him instinctively.

"I am waiting for him," she said. "I'm afraid there's no place to wait downstairs—won't you come in?"

An impulse made him accept, still maintaining his attitude of cultivated dourness. Lyona whisked the one chair toward him.

"And yourself?" he asked, yet with scant courtesy.

Now, with the door closed behind him, he regretted his entrance. It was foolhardy, compromising and useless, he told himself.

The girl sat down on the trunk beside the bed.

"You wish to see him on business?"

she asked, and he echoed, "On business."

His glance took in the little room, roving restlessly from trunk to stove and stove to dresser and dresser to bed. When he ventured to look at his daughter-in-law, he saw that she was regarding him with calm curiosity. Somehow he considered that provoking. He, the aloof and powerful man of experience, felt embarrassed.

"Has Cha—Mr. Winship been here long?" he asked, and though he felt so personal a question a tactless mistake, he felt relief in speech.

"It hasn't seemed long," Lyona replied.

"You—er—you've been here ever since——"

"Oh, no." As he stammered over his query, a sense of superiority came to Lyona, and resolved itself into a naughty desire to tease him. "We came here a few weeks ago to be alone. . . It's very jolly being alone, you know. Especially on the honeymoon. And everybody seemed so willing to help us in that."

In her tone he fancied he detected soft malice.

He ventured again: "Charl—Mr. Winship seems rather slow."

"He's very busy, you know. He works hard, and they give him a great deal to do. But it's sure"—and she laughed with certainty—"that he'll be here as soon as he can."

Silence, and a detailed inspection of the room. Presently: "His reward does not seem to be commensurate with his industry." There was a firmer ring of belligerency in his voice. The dry touch of temper roused Lyona, and a little flame of bitterness lighted her eyes.

"He's had a hard task; no one could work harder than he has or against worse odds," she answered.

"Perhaps"—as a concession. "But results count." His glance was an indictment of the room.

"Mr. Winship has made us a very happy home—it's beautiful to us," she said, leaning forward gently and tightening her grip on the edge of the

trunk. In the moment she became magnificent with the defiant strength of a woman defending her happiness.

"You think *this* beautiful?"

He put the question slowly. In her agitation Lyona did not note the new keen look of honest questioning.

"It *is*!" she cried. "It's fine. He made all this alone, struggling for every bit of it, and if it may seem poor to others, it's sweeter to us than luxury that is given and not earned."

She had risen; she stood before him with her head tilted back ever so little, her lithe body erect, her face flushed.

The man turned on her sharply.

"Then why are you going to leave it?" he demanded. His attitude became that of an interrogator who has trapped a witness. With a gesture that hinted triumph, he flashed before her a newspaper. She looked unblinkingly at the print and her picture. Then she began, slowly at first:

"Yes, I'm going back. . . I thought I was through with it for good, the drudgery and the make-believe. And now it's come again." She paused, wistfully, then hurried on, indignant, accusing:

"I'm going back because of you, and you come here to mock me! You've been unfair, and now you pose and hold up your hands in holy horror. You pampered your son and you cheated him by withholding a real training. You let him go his own way, without responsibility. And then, when he took the first real step in his life, the only thing he had ever really done by himself and for himself, you put him from you without warning, threw him to the world with a man's duties and no preparation. Your power held him back. And for all that he won. He made his home. He made me happy. He's paid his way. It's the fault of the old Charlie that's pulling him down. It's *your* Charlie that threatens *my* Charlie now, and I'm going to help him. He needs my aid. . . Yet you reproach me. . . I don't want to do it—I hate the thought of the work and the grind. But——"

She stopped, quivering. From the

hall echoed her husband's footsteps. In a trice she had met him beyond the threshold.

"What's this?" Winship, Sr., heard him demand. A deep sense of loneliness, of regret, struck the old man. In the darkness outside the room Lyona was clasping Charlie tight, awaiting the storm at her disobedience in going back to the stage.

"I won't have it!" he cried. "You shall not go back. Haven't I shown that I can take care of us both? Why did——"

They were in the room now. He stopped dead as he saw his father. Lyona slipped away from her husband, leaving the men facing each other curiously, the remembrance of their last meeting vivid in the mind of each.

The young man spoke first: "You wish to see me?"

For a time all three were very still. When Winship, Sr., spoke at last, it was with a start. He laughed, experimentally, as if fearing the effect, and struggled to assume an ordinary manner.

"Why, Charlie," he said, "I just—hm—I merely dropped in, you know, to tell you that—er—that *this*," and he extended the newspaper—"needn't worry you. Don't bother about it, you know. I—well, I attended to it this afternoon. There's not going to be any suit or trouble at all."

His son remained unresponsive.

"I can attend to my own affairs, thank you," he said. "I don't think——"

"Oh, my boy," the other cut in, "do not think that I—why, you can pay it back, you know. Pay it whenever you like. Out of your salary at the bank. I want you there, Charlie. . . We can always use bright young men who show ability, and I have been assured just now that you *have* shown that."

"Then——"

But his father, stepping forward suddenly, stopping him short. His smile seemed to ask more favors than it promised.

"And, Charlie, I—I want to congratulate you."

As Charlie grasped startled Lyona, her father-in-law kissed her first.

THE POET FINDS NO COMFORT IN BEAUTY

BY SHAE MAS O'SHEEL

There was warmth, I know, in the wind that blew so bitter bleak and chill,
There was beauty in the heavens, I know, and beauty over the hill,
And beauty in the mottled meadow and in the pasture wild;
But I from the ambient beauty as careless turned as a child.

Oh, love was in the rush of the wind and in the cloud-white sky;
And in the far-off mottled meadow and the wild pasture nigh;
But it was woful hopeless love, the love that is denied—
And the cold winds went wailing with the woman's name I cried.

A SUCCESSFUL TEST

BY GEORGE D. WETTON

THE MOON was well up over the foothills to the east in a hazy mist of heat, and I could hear above the roar of the distant express the drowsy droning of the locust in the tall, thin prairie grass on the other side of the track. There was usually a group of miners and cowboys from the town at train-time, but to-night I noticed but two lounging figures as they stood leaning up against the side of the station conversing in an undertone. One of them was a miner, I could tell, by his dirty flannel shirt, while his companion, the smaller man, I took to be a cowboy or a "greaser," by the wide sombrero he wore.

The express began to slacken as it drew rapidly nearer, and I saw the door of the express coach slide rapidly open, and a man lean out and wave a long, narrow envelope. I had just time to seize it and give the prepared receipt before the train began to increase its speed again, and in a moment later it was gone, leaving me standing there on the platform alone with the express envelope in my hand.

As I turned to go back into the station, I saw that the two loungers I had noticed when I came out had disappeared, and thinking they had no doubt gone back up to the village again, I thought no more about it, but went in and sat down, and notified the main office that I had received the express envelope alright, and asked for instructions regarding its delivery. The order came to hold the envelope and deliver it to the superintendent of the mine as soon as the office was opened in the morning. This was as I expected, but where would I put the envelope for safe-keeping until I could

deliver it, was a question that began to trouble me not a little, for I knew the risk I ran with it in my possession in this lawless community, and remembering the fate of my predecessor, I began to grow nervous and uneasy. I surveyed the limited space of my little ten-by-twelve office. In one corner stood the telegraph instrument, while in another stood the big, old-fashioned iron safe. The safe, I knew, was the proper place to put it, but as I never had used it, I did not know the combination, and I could not get the envelope out after I had placed it in there; and besides, I knew that would be the first place to be searched in case of an attempted robbery.

Behind the stove in the opposite corner the big office cat—my sole companion in my solitude—sat fast asleep on a pile of papers. A sudden idea occurred to me, and quickly crossing the room, I knelt down and slipped the envelope in between the papers and returned to my seat beside the open window, scarcely disturbing the cat, who only opened his eyes a little, stretched lazily, and then went to sleep again. I picked up the paper once more and tried to read, but in vain; I could not get interested. I could not keep my thoughts from returning to the express envelope in spite of myself.

I lit my pipe and tried to think of something else, but it was useless, for the envelope remained fixed in my thoughts. I sat there for more than an hour, and as everything seemed so peaceful and still outside, my nervous fear began to abate, and before I knew it I was fast asleep. I was aroused by the office cat springing up into my lap and purring loudly. I looked at

my watch, and was surprised to find that I had slept for over an hour, and that the midnight freight would be due in a few minutes. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, and looked about me. Suddenly I saw, with a start of surprise, that the door of the safe was slightly ajar. This surprised me a little, as I had always kept it closed, but not locked, for I did not know the combination, and as I sat there, alone and confused, I caught the gleam of something bright inside the dark interior, and then it flashed upon me that, while I had been asleep, some one had stolen in and secreted himself in the big safe with the intention of robbing me after the freight had gone. What was I to do? What could I do unarmed as I was, and alone at midnight with a desperate character bent on securing the express envelope at any cost? I was confident, however, that the man in the safe did not know that I was aware of his presence, and I knew that my only chance to save the envelope was by my keeping perfectly cool and collected, for if I alarmed the man inside by my nervous fear, he would not hesitate to shoot and relieve me of my trust at his convenience. I picked up my pipe and lit it as calmly as if I were at home, although I confess my heart was beating wild with terror, yet I noticed that my hand was as steady as usual, while I was entertaining a hundred fleeting thoughts as how to save the express envelope and my own neck at the same time, and I assure you it was the most difficult problem I ever tried to solve.

Suddenly an idea struck me, and without a moment's consideration I at once proceeded to put it into execution. It was a single desperate chance, but rather than yield up my trust, I resolved to run the risk. If I could in some way keep the man in the safe from showing his hand until the freight came, I might succeed. In ten minutes the freight would be here, and I knew they would stop to couple on the two empty freight cars standing on the siding at the end of the long plank walk. Could I do it? With a grim

determination to make a big bluff, at least, I rose to my feet and began pacing up and down the narrow limits of the office, each turn I took bringing me nearer the safe. Slowly to and fro I walked with never a glance in the direction of the safe, although I felt sure the man inside was watching me with intensity, ready to shoot the moment I betrayed myself. Several times I passed the open door of the safe near enough to touch it, then as I heard a faint whistle far away in the distance, I summoned all my courage and strength for the final move, and then I turned just after passing the safe and threw my whole weight against the door, and it was with a sigh of relief that I heard the ponderous door swing to and the catch spring into place, for I felt then that I had both the envelope and the man safe.

A string of wild oaths and curses, mingled with threats in broken English, came in muffled tones from the interior of the safe:

"Let me out!" cried the caged desperado, viciously. I only laughed nervously as I bent down, and placing my lips close to the side of the door I answered:

"Oh, I couldn't think of it. Wait until the freight comes. She'll be here in just about five minutes now. Can you wait?" I asked mockingly.

"I'll smother in this confounded hole. Let me out," demanded the man inside.

"I guess you can stand it a little while. I could not think of letting you out just now."

"But I can," said a strange voice, and turning quickly around, I saw a man standing in the open door with a cocked revolver leveled straight at my head. I recognized the man in a moment, for it was the same big miner in the dirty flannel shirt I had noticed as I went out to receive the express envelope, and I had no doubt that the man in the safe was his companion with the wide sombrero I had also noticed.

Here was something I had not calculated upon—a desperate man point-

ing a wicked-looking gun at me with a nasty look in his eye.

"Open that safe and let my pard out," the stranger with the gun demanded sternly.

His unexpected appearance caused me to hesitate a moment in surprise, and then I ventured to speak, for I realized that my last hope was gone, and the only thing left for me to do now was either to obey his command as graciously as possible, or run the risk of getting served as my predecessor had. I could hear the far-away roar of the heavy freight as it slowly—oh, so slowly—crept nearer each moment.

"Come," cried the burly miner, stepping toward me threateningly, "open that door mighty sudden, now. Step lively."

I stood there in front of the safe half-paralyzed with fear—my right hand resting on the combination knob. Meanwhile, the man inside had ceased his threats to me, and was calling to his comrade to liberate him.

"What if I refuse?" I asked suddenly, for I determined to gain as much time as I could.

The man looked at me a moment in surprise before he answered:

"Then I'll shoot to kill. I'll take no chances this time, young fellow. Open the door and give me that envelope, and we'll light out before the freight gets in."

Still, I hesitated, and I saw that the man was beginning to grow impatient at my delay, and I have since often wondered why he did not shoot me on the spot for my stubbornness.

"Come, now, I'll give you just one minute to open that door, and then, curse you, I'll shoot."

"Alright," I answered, calmly, as I determined to try and work a bluff on the man. "Shoot if you want to, but the moment you do, your pard is doomed. The combination of the safe is set now, and I am the only one outside the main office who can open the door, and then your partner will suffocate before you can get him out. Shoot if you want to and run the risk."

For a moment the man stood glaring at me savagely.

"Give me the envelope, then, and I'll skip; refuse and you are a dead man."

"It's in the safe," I replied, resolved to make as big a bluff as I could make him believe, and the bluff worked to a charm, for a look of baffled rage flew across his face.

"Open the safe, then, and get it out," he demanded, with an oath.

"I won't do it," I cried, for a sense of security came over me as I heard the freight coming, already beginning to slacken up its speed as it approached. I knew that I might possibly save the express envelope now, yet I realized that my own chances were mighty slim just then.

"Confound you," cried the outwitted miner savagely. "Take that for your trouble!" and quickly raising his revolver, he fired, turned, and sprang out of the open window, just as the freight came to a stand-still in front of the station.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying on the floor, surrounded by a group of rough railroad men. The bullet from the miner's pistol had just grazed the side of my head, dazing me for a few moments, and as soon as I could collect my scattered senses, I quickly told them of the man in the safe, and I crawled over on my hands and knees and tried to open it, and after several attempts I succeeded, and the ponderous door swung slowly open, and there, crouching inside, was the cowboy, in a limp, almost lifeless heap, with a huge revolver still clutched firmly in his frenzied grasp. At first we all concluded he was beyond recovery, but after we had worked over him a few moments, he slowly opened his eyes in a bewildered manner and looked about him in surprise, and then, pale and trembling, he was put aboard the delayed freight, and after coupling on the two empty freight cars, they proceeded with their prisoner, leaving a man behind to stay with me until morning. The next day I left the station in charge of my com-

panion and went over to the office of the mine to deliver the express envelope to the superintendent. He was greatly surprised when I delivered it and related my experience, but I was still more surprised when he told me that the men had already been paid off the day before in cash brought from a special messenger from headquarters. He took the envelope, however, and proceeded to open it in my presence, when we were both exceedingly surprised to find that the troublesome envelope contained nothing but several sheets of ordinary brown wrapping paper.

I returned to the station with my head full of wonder and astonishment, for I could not understand or compre-

hend the situation to save my life, and for several days I existed in a maze of bewilderment and perplexity.

At the end of the month I was summoned to the head office of the road and offered the position of chief operator at headquarters, which I quickly accepted, and it was then that I learned that the express envelope was simply a ruse to test my fidelity and pluck, and that the men on the platform, seeing me receive the envelope, took it for the regular pay envelope for the men at the mine, and one of them had slipped in and hid in the big safe, with the intention of relieving me of the envelope at his leisure as soon as the freight had gone, while his companion kept watch outside.

TO A COLUMBINE

BY HERBERT A. STOUT

Dainty little columbine,
Flushing with the spring's new wine,
May I safely call you mine?
Wee nodding fool's-cap, star-of-gold,
In your pendant cups you hold
Honey of the purest mold
Purple, pendant, dancing flower,
Rising from each dainty shower
Robed like Beauty in her bower,
All alit with dusky gold,
Radiant with the sunny cold.
Spring has found you,
Spring has bound you,
To her slopes of open green;
Winter tried you,
Spring untied you,
Clothed her hills with starry sheen,
Where the red bird reapers glean,
Made you watcher, crown'd you Queen.

NOT ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT

BY HALBERT H. SAUBER

UNACCOUNTABLE Nell! So Maud called her, and so Dick, at times, thought of her, though he wisely and loyally held his tongue. Most of the women and some few of the men of Prattville thought, and indeed spoke of her in far less blameless characterization, of which fact Nell, herself, was abundantly aware, and, I may add, placidly unconcerned.

It was not the first summer that Nell had spent amid the glorious green and unspeakable gray of the Big Meadows—the green of river and pine-top and verdant valley-floor; the gray of dusk of distant mountain, and of the soft, light vapor that rose from the misty marsh in the early dawn. Nor was Dick exactly a novice in the art of breathing the light, intoxicating air of the high Sierras, and still remaining in a fair degree sober. And if this last be not an art, the contrary thereto I have yet to be shown.

* * *
"Please, Dick, bait my hook!"

"Nell, dear,"—and Dick's tones were deeply paternal—"why do my earnest efforts in your behalf fall to naught. Fly-fishing, as I so poetically—and so frequently—assure you, puts the last touch of guilt upon the noblest of sports. It puts the angler on his mettle—it causes the pulses to thrill—it obliterates the prosaic, and intensifies— Hold on, here! Please remove that thing from my ear! You've made me forget the last line."

"Bait my hook."

These two, with others twain, had put out in the early hours of the perfect morning for a day's fishing up the valley. Four miles of rhythmic hoof-falls, over the damp, hard-beaten road

that skirted the meadows—a road that wound in graceful curve beneath the untrimmed branches of the lordly pines—a mile across the treeless level, and then the halt near the grassy bank of the stream.

Everything unlimbered—and Nell could curl a trace or unbuckle a neck-yoke strap as well as Dick, while Hank—U. C.—'07—half-back and all that, was as helpless about a team as Maud herself. Everything unhooked, unbuckled and unslung as regards the rig, and everything hooked and assembled and slung as regards the rods and baskets and fly-books, and the four were off at it. Hank and Maud drifted at once to the nearest spot where the bank was low and the shallow water prohibitive of trout. Dick and Nell as promptly sought the steep bank higher up, where the waters sucked beneath in threatening swirl.

Twice had Dick's lustful eyes caught the transcendent gleam of the rainbow's hues, as he flicked his brown heckle over the water, and the tension was beginning to tighten him like a fiddle string. Then it was that Nell negligently swung her hook in his face and asked him to bait her hook.

"It's an unaccountable thing to me, Nell," said he, testily, as he made a frantic stab, and brought the wabbling hook toward him. "It's a mystery to me that with your easy mastery of all the other vices that you have never learned to flip a fly."

"It's too dead-game sporty for me," sighed Nell, wearily. "I never could endure the arrogant assurance of your lofty fly-caster. Haven't you got it on yet?"

"Hold your pole still and I'll" (he struggled.) "So that's your opinion of

the disciples of the noblest of sports?" He added in fine contempt: "Bait-fishing is like eating tripe—common."

The tall, lithe girl, standing in such idle grace on the high bank hastened to bring forward a correction.

"Mercy, Dick," she said, sweetly. "You mustn't take offense. I don't consider *you* a fly-fisher at all. I've had three nibbles already, and I don't believe there's been a trout within a mile of your poor little fly."

Dick finished impaling a grasshopper upon the Number 6—impaled it with painstaking deliberation, cogitating the while a crushing rejoinder, but as he permitted the hook to swing from his hand he ventured a glance at the restful figure, and after a moment of portentous observation a broad grin disfigured his face.

"Nell," said he judiciously, "you're a terror to snakes."

When lunch-time came—and it comes early to those who taste of the morning air of Big Meadows—the party foregathered in a clump of solemn pines that stood some hundreds of feet back from the stream. These were but the outposts of a broad grove that lay in the very heart of the valley. Another fishing party had swung past during the morning and was now collected at their wagon, two hundred yards away in the edge of the grove.

"Bowers seems to have a part of last night's load left over," remarked Hank as a crisp howl arose from the neighboring lunchers.

"Was he on another skate?" queried Dick, pausing with the seat which he was lugging from the wagon.

"Another," sniffed Maud. "It's the same one he's had for a week! He wakens the camp every night about two, singing 'Red Wings!'"

"The color must appeal to him," suggested Dick.

"I should think some of you tent-dwellers would be tempted to appeal to him with a club," remarked Nell, busy amid the tarts. "I detest a man who yelps when he's drunk."

During the lazy hour succeeding lunch Dick interrupted Hank, who was

involved in a heavy recital of a college frolic by a gentle kick in the ribs.

"Hist!" warned he warily. "We are on the point of receiving callers."

Nell and Maud, both sprawled gracefully, patted at their skirts and fingered their hair.

"Who?" asked Nell, briefly. "Dick, if it's Bowers, you will have to coax him away or—kill him."

Dick canted his head lazily.

"'And manslaughter was, for the time, averted,'" quoted he with feeling. "I see Bowers headed for the river. It's Porky Rogers, I think, and Miss Shand—and that little Mrs. Rochet and her kid."

"Mrs. Rochet!" repeated Nell softly.

"Don't get up! Don't do it, I say!" commanded Rogers pompously, as Maud boosted herself erect by bracing her hand against Hank's tough stomach. Nell sat still, with her feet straight before her. "We've just come over for a 'how-de-do,' and a 'how's luck' call."

Dick assumed a degree of prudent animation.

"How many did *you* catch?" asked he, craftily, and in a moment the two were sparring nimbly.

Miss Shand was a blonde of splendid dimensions. Mrs. Rochet a nervous little woman of much by-gone prettiness. Nell greeted the former composedly, but reserved a warmth of cordiality for the nervous little woman, whom the others plainly treated with a speck of condescension. It was not long—the day's sport having recommenced—until the two drifted apart from the others. When they separated an hour later the rims of the little woman's eyes were pink, and Nell was casting her baitless hook with unwonted vigor.

"Trying to clear the river of snags?" asked Dick, amiably, coming up just in time to see her hook fetch away from the mud of the farther bank an oozy stick in its beak.

Nell did not turn her head.

"Dick, you've really caught something," she rejoined in a pleased tone. "I can tell by your arrogance."

But Dick was impervious to rebuff. "Now vat do you tink fer dat?" cried he triumphantly, dragging an eighteen inch trout from his basket.

"Oh, Dick, forgive me. It's a darling," for the atmosphere of these mighty meadows was in Nell's heart, and it were past all reason to expect her to refrain from enthusing over a two-pound trout.

She even listened to a detailed recital of its capture, and admired the draggled fly that did the mighty deed. Nor in the selection of the psychic moment for voicing her own interests did her woman's instinct permit her to err. Not until the twenty-seventh repetition of the "By George, but it was a lulu of a scrap," did she attempt to stem the flowing tide.

"Dick," she said seriously, "I'm worried to death."

"Who is he?" and Dick sought to assume the air of the forgiving papa. "His name?"

"Don't be silly, please. Really it's serious."

"Not Bowers," and suddenly, quite serious, Dick's voice keyed upward, harbinger of battle.

"No, not Bowers." Then impressively: "Have you ever heard of Humbard?"

"No. Excepting a fellow they call Crazy Humbard at Prattville."

"Crazy Humbard! Well that is he."

"What of it? He hasn't been asking you for letters of introduction or anything?"

Nell lifted her fish rod impressively.

"Over yonder, under that dark mountain, is a tamarack swamp."

"Yes."

"In the depths of that swamp Humbard has a hut."

"According to report—yes."

"I have seen it!"

"You?"

"Humbard never comes to Prattville without calling on me."

"But Great Horse-pistols, Nell! I thought he was a runaway, a dolt—a sort of outlaw."

"So he is. Yet he considers me his friend."

"So does Indian Bob."

"And little Mrs. Ratchet,"—Nell sighed—"she thinks me an angel."

Dick's lips moved, but, whether from astonishment or not, they emitted nothing but a dry hiss.

"I taught her kid," pursued Nell chastely.

"Not to do as you do?" gasped Dick.

"No. To do as I say. Now, if you think you possess sufficient intelligence to apprehend, I will tell you more."

"Proceed. I am bristling with intelligence."

Nell's voice drooped plaintively. "Please don't be foolish," she murmured, "for I need you—I need someone's help."

Dick's tongue was near to throwing off a racy "That's a cinch," but Dick was no slouch in recognizing the psychic moment, himself, so instead he said soothingly, laying a hand on Nell's arm:

"Go on, please; I'm interested, truly."

"What do you know of Crazy Humbard, as he is called?"

"Why, nothing—except that he's a—a Dago, or something, who hides out in the swamp over yonder, and shows himself occasionally in Prattville because— Well, I presume because there's never any one in Prattville to care a tinker's imprecation what anyone does, or how he does it."

"Do you know why he is hiding?"

"No. Has a mother-in-law at home, perhaps."

"He thinks that he killed a man in Marysville."

"Thinks he did?"

"Yes. But he didn't: he tried to, and fled. But the man recovered."

"Hold on, Nell. I thought he shot a constable from Chico?"

Nell sighed. "That is the worst blot on his career," said she dolefully.

"Did he kill him?"

"No, the constable recovered. I'll admit that Humbard deserves punishment for his—his indifferent marksmanship. He ought to have killed him."

"Nell!"

"It's true," venomously. "I never knew a man who deserved killing so badly twenty-four hours out of the day."

"On account of his trailing Humbard?"

"No. On general principles."

"Well, about this—guy from Marysville?"

"He deserved killing, too, but Humbard only crippled him."

"Why—why don't you step out 'neath the dewy sky of dawn, then, and—and acknowledge the corn? You've got me running zig-zag."

Nell grew more serious. She clutched Dick's arm. "Can't you see anything?" she cried despairingly. "Humbard ran away as soon as he hurt this—this Marysville guy."

"A good idea."

"And has never got word of the affair since."

"No."

"He thinks he killed him."

"Well?"

"But he didn't."

"How do you know?"

"Mrs. Rochet told me so this afternoon. She followed me from the valley to tell me."

"What in the—— What does she know about it?"

"Everything. She is crazy Humbard's wife, and the attempted killing was on account of jealousy over her."

Dick laid his fish rod gently down upon the grass. "Talk of romance in real life," said he impressively; then after a moment he appended gravely: "Wouldn't it bump you?"

"And it's up to us," pursued Nell, seizing Dick's collar and dragging him down to her level, while she spoke in a tone of the utmost intensity. "It's up to us, this very night, to hunt up Humbard in that crazy swamp and tell him, because," a sob caught at her throat, but she threw it vehemently aside, "because I promised that poor little thing that I would."

"But, Nell, you forget?"

"Forget what?"

"To-night. The little whizz we're in

for down at the Bridge. Duncan, with his divine inspirations—and Scott, with his cold beer—and—Miss Sanderson."

"Yes, Dick, I know of your coy, sweet love for Miss Sanderson, and"—Nell sighed sadly—"I confess that I crave cold beer, but——" she hesitated, then continued with no sign of frivolity: "If I could row the boat all that distance I'd go alone, and not ask you to sacrifice an evening's pleasure."

Dick raised his eyes and met Nell's, frankly troubled. For a moment these two foolish young people gazed upon each other in wordless understanding; then he whose purpose to serve was born of the strength of the other, burst out with boyish impulsiveness:

"Forgive me, Nell. Of course I will go."

* * * *

It was near ten o'clock at night when a boat left the Prattville landing and slid swiftly out into the stream. The sky was clear. Enough light fell from the star-lit heavens to cast an indistinct gleam upon the water that tumbled noisily from the gate in the reservoir dam, fifty feet up stream. The dam itself showed, a black band above the water. The tall trees in the corral by the stable, the one that stood between the stable and the hotel, and the hotel itself, on the slope above the reservoir, all loomed tall and dark behind the gliding boat; ahead only a fringe of willows marked the border of the stream.

Lights shone here and there in the scattered village, which lay between the water and the great, solemn forest. Downstream a short quarter of a mile a buxom log fire was illuminating a broad disk in the center of the camp grove, revealing a half-hundred campers still collected in picturesque groups for their evening's graceless amusements. Revealing, also, a helter-skelter array of tents that stood within its direct influence, suggesting others farther back, and leaving those more distant to blend with the blackness of the silent tamaracks.

Subdued voices and laughter arose

from the dark bank well away from the ruddy glow, and an oar-lock creaked suggestively from out of the gloom ahead.

"Be careful, Dick," warned Nell. "I'm nervous already, and it would annoy me unspeakably if you should upset a pair of innocent lovers."

"Where are they?" grunted Dick, twisting his neck unavailingly. "Which way shall I head her?"

"To the right, I think. Yes—there they are, over toward the tules."

Dick was pulling swiftly, and was favored by the rapid current. In a moment the other boat came into view, forty feet away, and lying toward the north bank. When the two crafts were abreast of each other a cheery, though unnautical greeting arose from the boat nearest the tules.

"Ah, there!" chirped a voice softly.

"Don't stay out late, children!" was Nell's ready rejoinder, and in a moment the two boats were lost to each other in the darkness.

No attempt at secrecy. No cause for it. For this was Big Meadows—land of the free.

A half mile with the strong current, then came the heavier work. Henceforth the course lay up the stream that flows through the western arm of the Meadows.

"Which channel shall we take?" asked Nell, as she perceived the bow of the boat to be pointing toward the fringe of willows.

"The upper one. It's shorter, and swifter only in one or two places."

"Those narrow places, Dick. Do you think we can make it? The other day—you remember—and it's so awfully dark in the willows."

"We'll make it, all right." Dick's voice was steady. "We'll take it slowly up the tight reaches. "Don't get—don't lose— Well, if I should foul the bow in the willows, just sit still and I'll let her drift back into open water again."

There was no farther remonstrance from the dark form huddled in the stern of the boat. Dick would have been astonished if there had been.

The particular channel of the river, which he had elected to follow was possessed of many curves. Likewise it was narrow and bordered by willows that grew so rank and aggressive that in many places they encroached upon the natural breadth of the stream, reducing it by many yards. On the left bank this wild hedge was practically unbroken, but on the opposite side it gave way in places to the rank tules that bordered the open meadow.

It was July, and the odorous scent of the marsh hay, as it lay mellowing in the shock, hung heavily in the damp night air. The fretful whistle of some night bird arose at irregular intervals, and the booming bellow of a bull came floating melodiously across the meadow.

Sometimes the rower was enabled to hold to the center of the stream by means of the narrow belt of light which fell between the bordering heaps of foliage, but much of the time he had veritably to feel his way. Many times the bow of the boat, reaching some unseen bend, would go rustling straight into the willows, whereupon Dick would lie on his oars and permit the swift current to pull him back into the clear.

Several times his heart leaped into his throat as the boat, caught suddenly full-side-on, tipped perilously, but never once was there a breath of alarm from the silent, alert passenger in the stern.

By and by the stream broadened, the head of the neighboring channel having been reached. Henceforth the path lay mapped, a spectral streak, but yet was the current strong and the rowing heavy.

Soon after pulling into the broader reach the bow of the boat suddenly grated against something that brought it slowly up. Then there was a dull twang, and Dick dodged beneath a sudden, sharp blow on the back of the neck.

"What the devil's that?" he snarled, but before he could fall to blows with the thing that had assailed him, Nell swiftly set him straight. Her attentive

eye had caught the dim outline of a rail fence on the right-hand bank.

"Look out, Dick," she spoke sharply. "It's old Gauche's barb-wires."

Dick remembered how old Gauche had maliciously strung wires across the river, wherever he had even pretense of a fence, merely to keep hunters and fishers off his swamps, and that irreclaimable young man thereupon said things that would not bear repeating here; and Nell, so far from reproaching him for his vehement outburst, secretly rejoiced.

Twice more were such diabolical entanglements encountered, but in regard to these Dick was forewarned, and consequently suffered no loss of blood—or profanity.

At length a broad stretch, with weaker current and more distant willow tufts was reached.

"It must be here," ventured Nell, uneasily. "We have to cross King's Pasture—and I think we must be there."

"How can we tell King's pasture?"

"That's the worst of it. There's no way to tell it. It's just open meadow. But— My goodness, Dick, if we can't find his cross fence to follow out into the woods, I'll never be able to find Humbard's in the world."

"Oh, I think this is the place, all right," said Dick, decisively, and he threw the boat toward the left bank.

"But"—apprehensively—"how can you tell?"

"Why," replied Dick with easy confidence, "this is open meadow isn't it?—and yonder is a fence—or a cow, or something. Anyhow, it might be a fence."

That they *did* find a fence, and strangely enough the right one, was merely a matter of good luck, for Dick, when he landed, had nothing about him which in the remotest way resembled a notion as to where he was. However, the fence discovered, the two followed it until they reached the border of the sombre wood. Without a moment's hesitation in among the dark trees they trod, keeping as straight a course as is permitted to the well-in-

tioned and the innocent.

But when once completely engulfed within the gloom of the tamarack swamp, Dick's confidence slipped away.

"My God, Nell!" said he. "This is like feeling for clover-seed in mud. Don't you think we'd better go right on letting this Humbard think he's a gifted murderer—while we hike back to Prattville?"

"We're alright, I'm sure," replied Nell, cheerily. "We can't be more than a mile or two from Humbard's cabin."

"A mile or two?" choked Dick.

"Yes, and I'll talk to him. You may stay back, for he may shoot, you know, our coming on him this way in the middle of the night."

Dick said no more. When the swamp met them, denser and more forbidding, he took Nell's hand, and together they stumbled forward. A deep silence lay all about them, even the faint night whispers that breathed restlessly over the open valley being shut out by the curtain of black.

At length a light flickered faintly before them, went out, then flickered again.

"That must be the cabin," whispered Nell, confidently. "He reads a great deal—and makes pictures. That is what keeps him awake so late."

Dick had no words for reply. Still clutching Nell by the hand, he approached the speck of light which grew and subtly assumed the shape of a square window. Straining his eyes, he at length made out the dark outline of a cabin, a few yards ahead.

"The door is on this end," whispered Nell, patting his hand in a motherly way. "You sit down here and wait till I call you. If he should see a stranger he would certainly become excited and do something foolish."

Dick began to swell.

"Do you expect me to sit on my haunches out here while you go in and stir up this bug-house party?" choked he between a sizzle and a snort. "You must think I'm a clam." But Nell pulled him back to sanity.

"If there were really danger," she

said in cheerful falsehood, "I should let you go. But it would be like putting coals to powder for you to show yourself now, and you know it."

When, a moment later, she tapped upon the door of this remote dwelling it was with a stroke neither timid nor abrupt—just such a knock as you would give upon calling at the house of your best friend. And yet for a moment there was no response. For a space of time long enough for a near-by toad to grate his boding cry twice and thrice there was no reply. Then Nell knocked again. Immediately there was a tense, false-pitched cry from within: "Come!"

Nell fumbled for the latch, found it, swung the door open and entered. The reception she met with, to say the least, was quite unconventional. In the center of the room crouched a wild-eyed man. His knees and left hand touched the floor—the attitude of a bayed beast, bent to spring. His right hand was elevated, and in it he clutched a revolver, cocked and pointed straight at the girl's breast.

For a long, dizzy second Nell's life was in horrible peril. For any number of seconds had she shrunk or cowered before the murderous wretch, tragic death would have been her portion. But she did not cower or shrink; instead she put out a calm hand toward that deadly revolver, and frowned.

"Put down your gun, Humbard," she said, steadily. "This light almost blinds one. I have come as your friend."

"Nell!" shrieked the haunted man, chokingly. "Nell!—My God, how near I was to taking your life!"

"Never mind!" rejoined Nell, soothingly. Then she laughed in slight embarrassment. "We are all apt to act a little excited when surprised. And I knew you would be surprised to see me to-night."

"Surprised," gurgled Humbard, and he laid his revolver carefully down upon the floor.

Ten minutes later Nell raised her voice and called:

"Come in, Dick; it's all right."

Dick stealthily lowered his revolver and stepped to the open door, blinking innocently.

"Good evening, Mr. Humbard," said he idiotically. "We—we just thought we would call in on a little matter which we—er—which Miss Nelly has doubtless explained."

* * * *

It was three o'clock in the morning when the boat approached once more, in its slow progress, the landing at Prattville. A dull gray band was beginning to show itself above the black forest to the east, and the gloomy chill of early morning crept into the bones. Over the meadow hovered the melancholy mist of the new day, and a deathly silence reigned supreme over marsh and wood. The cry of the night bird no longer was heard, and the deep-voiced passion call of the bull was stilled.

Nell crouched in the stern of the boat, shrinking and chilled, even under the protecting warmth of Dick's coat. Dick tugged at the oars, tired to the bone.

"Watch for the landing," grumbled he, wearily. "We must be nearly there."

A plaintive voice arose from the folds of the wrinkled coat.

"We mustn't let them know where we've been," pleaded Nell. "Or why we've been there."

Dick made a last final effort at animation.

"That's what I should like to know myself," said he savagely. "Why we've been there."

"Why, you know," said Nell, haltingly. "To carry a message to Hum—"

Dick lost all track of his oar-stroke.

"And I'm ready to understand, then," whistled he, sarcastically, "that you and I have been two such dah-dim—"

"Say it, Dick," whispered Nell, feebly. "I do so hate to hear a man mangle his profanity."

And as she spoke, the boat bumped softly against the sunken logs of the landing.

WILL OLD STAGE IDEALS BE PERPETUATED?

BY ROBERT GRAU

IT IS REMARKABLE what results one may arrive at by retrospection, and it is almost inconceivable that a conclusion should be reached after putting one's memory to test which places practically all of the great and stellar artistic careers that endure in the field of the theatre upon a quarter of a century basis. To be more concise, an effort to search for modern achievement disclosed the fact that more than ninety per cent of the great names, or rather celebrities, whose fame enables a manager to attract his public, were in evidence twenty-five years ago, and had then, too, begun their stellar careers. The few who have arrived at stellar heights in the last two decades have, as a rule, done so in the musical comedy field, or in the very lightest forms of drama. The day has passed when one can ask for a successor to Booth, Forest, Barrett or even McCullough. It is enough to ask if another Mansfield is in sight. In all the English-speaking world to-day there is not one woman on the stage who is even indicating an aspiration to the tragic goal attained by Rachel, Bernhardt or Duse. Here we point to a half century of stellar accomplishment, and the light is provided solely by what remains of the careers of foreign celebrities who have endured more than three decades. Modernism has either obliterated the ambitions for classical achievement, or its few possible exponents have succumbed to it.

Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe and a few others calculated to preserve the best traditions of the stage, but who are to-day no longer presented in the classics which gave them fame, have been before the public as stars for more than twenty-five years, and yet

there has been no succession to their artistry. Mrs. Fiske, than whom there is no more perfect illustrative example, holds sway as of yore, but look where we will, there is not the slightest sign that her successor will be found when she elects to bring her long and unexampled artistic career to a close.

Richard Mansfield left no heir to his mantle, and the superb repertoire with which he was wont to enthrall has been obliterated from stage use, because of an utter inability to find in all the world a player who could preserve the qualities with which he invested the roles that gave him fame.

Charles Frohman, always alert to provide new stellar material, one who furnishes the best incentive for artistic endeavor, has been able to reveal but one addition to stardom in Ethel Barrymore, and she is truly an inheritance, a genuine successor to her illustrious parents, Maurice and Georgia Drew Barrymore. All of Frohman's stars have been before the public longer than is necessary to record, and if one will but make an observation of the class of play or spectacle, which in this era is able to attract, no other conclusion can be arrived at than that the tendency is for the lighter form of amusement. We have yet our Belascos, and from the playwright's standpoint, never before was the American author so prolific or so potent, but great individual players, the kind that a public was wont to rave over, where shall we look for them? Who will provide the successors of our present reigning stars, who even though they are not seen to-day in the more classical of their achievements, at least their old-time personalities are still with us, and there is no need to deny it, they

are without competition from the rising generation of stage workers.

The New Theatre presents to the naked eye no indication that from its ennobling enterprise will emanate the stage monarchs of another generation. The most that can be hoped for is the preservation in an indeterminate form of the last resort to prevent the utter extinction of the one and only incentive for true and artistic endeavor, the stock company, which in New York alone, in a metropolis containing more than fifty playhouses, finds even partial exploitation.

Will the survival of the crop of modern playwrights compensate for obsolescence of what for centuries has been the vital force of the stage? Will the oblivion to which has been cast all but the memories of great individual figures reveal instead a perfect ensemble presentation? There can be no question as to the changes which another generation will be called upon to record, but one cannot prophesy at

this time what is to become of the immortal works of the greatest writers of all time, if there be no interpreters of the tremendous chief roles which all of their masterpieces contain. About the only striking possibility of the revelation of a great tragic actress in the future is suggested in the hope that David Belasco will bring forward a greater Nance O'Neill. Serious thinkers in the field of the theatre have long known that this tall, awkward girl combined the superlative qualities of Mary Anderson and Clara Morris, and the announcement that David Belasco, who kindled the divine spark in Mrs. Leslie Carter, was to be responsible for her future career, has caused the one ray of hope that through the coming into her own of Nance O'Neill there may be a revival of some of the works for which she is by nature so peculiarly fitted, and with their production provide at least a perpetuation of their grandeur instead of utter obsolescence.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

El Camino Real; The Road That Connected the Old California Missions

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

How it beckons, rising, sinking,
 'Midst the sumach and the sage;
 Thought of brisk To-day close linking
 With some long-past pilgrimage.
 Royal in its blue o'erbending,
 Royal in its sunshine free,
 Kingly was that course extending
 Through the hill-slopes by the sea.
 Rode it many a caballero,
 Pricking o'er the miles thereof;
 Senior dark and lithe vaquero,
 Champions to the court of Love.
 Rode by pillion and carreta,
 Donna, senorita fair;
 Calling forth the heart's oblata
 To dark eyes and raven hair.

Rode it many a swart soldado,
 Listed in the ranks of gain;
 With moustachios and bravado,
 Captain for the flag of Spain.
 Ambled gently many a padre,
 Cross and soul his only thrall;
 Face, like yon Sierra Madre,
 Lifted to the King of all.
 Don and damsel and Franciscan,
 Seeker high and seeker low,
 There is summons none, I wis, can
 Set them journeying to and fro;
 As in days of sweet tradition,
 As in days of holy flame, (sion,
 When there flourished flock and mis-
 Ere the bustling gringo came.

When this road lay regal under
 Caroled dawn and fragrant gloom;
 Ere the foot of lust and plunder
 Crushed the manzanita bloom.

THE PENALTY AGAIN

BY HAROLD DE POLO

I WAS IN THE EL ORO Club one evening, chatting with Severn—stout, complacent, well-groomed Severn. He was very silent, for him, and spent much time toying with his glass, always sneering in that politely offensive way of his; when he acts so, I know that he is thinking of something unpleasant. My connection with him is rather odd; we treat each other decently, but always in a sort of hypocritically friendly manner, for at heart we hate each other intensely. But for some unknown reason we both prefer seemingly to appear on good terms.

"Severn," I inquired, with that frankness that I sometimes use with him, "what kind of a devilish scheme are you concocting now?"

He traced a pattern with the moist bottom of his glass on the highly polished table, and raised his blonde, arched eyebrows with maddening superiority. He said nothing.

I knew he did this to goad me on, and, foolishly, I bit like a youngster of twenty—for something had gone wrong at the assay office that day, and I wanted to curse somebody; for I was sure that Severn had something to communicate that would make me do so: "Well, what is your scheme?"

"Scheme?" said Severn. "Scheme? Oh, nothing."

Why I was so idiotic as to bite the second time, I know not. "Yes," I mimicked, "Scheme! Scheme!"

"Why," he answered, with his elaborate indifference, "I was just thinking of a rather amusing little incident that came to my notice this afternoon."

This time I would *not* speak.

He lifted his glass with thumb and index finger, and swashed his drink

down smoothly. It is another of his traits that I abhor, for it always reminds me of a fish—an—an obnoxious fish.

"Yes," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "yes, beastly shame the way some of these young cubs go to the devil;" he set down his glass and flicked it along the table—and sneered.

Then I threw caution to the winds—as I said before, the day had gone wrong, and I was quite used up.

"Oh, what in the deuce is the game?"

Severn was vastly pleased; a smile of horrible satisfaction played over his lips. I believe his one object in life is to annoy people.

"Oh, quite a common episode," he commented. "Another youngster going to make an ass of himself. Intends marrying a peon's daughter. Stevens—you know; not a bad boy—quite sad." His eyes gleamed like a poisonous reptile's, for he knew that I liked Stevens—liked him exceedingly—and that I had been to Mexico City for a few weeks, and had just got back, and would know nothing about it.

"Stevens!" I gasped. "Stevens! And you—you——"

"Exactly, my friend," he drawled, "quite correct. I was just thinking in what terms I would couch my motion for having him expelled from the club. One *can't* have a man that's married to a girl who's father sells rope at the plaza—leastways, not while I'm a director in the club. The board meets Saturday. He commits his little indiscretion on Friday."

My nerves went to smash. I was like a bull that has powder-loaded

banderillos sticking into him. "Severn!" I exploded. "You—you brute—you hound—you——"

The hypocrite never takes offense. "Easy," he smiled, as cool and clear as an icy spring. "Easy; you will attract attention."

I lowered my voice somewhat. "I don't care what I do. I'd like to strangle you and your pack of directors. You're the worst class we have here. You kill more men than explosions, cave-ins, and all the catastrophes of the mines do, by far. And still—still, you people have the power to break a decent man."

"Ah!" he sighed. "Hopeless—quite hopeless."

"Hopeless! Hopeless! What you call hopeless is a feeling that any gentleman has—yes—even a peon himself has better feelings. But you—you—men like you come here and set themselves up as gods; they pay strict attention to conventionality, but sin as much as they will under the guise of it—you break an honest man."

"Hopeless!" the hound said again, stroking his smooth, shaven jaw.

"Yes, *hopeless!*" I fairly yelled. "Because a man marries beneath him—does the decent thing—you cut him from his club; your wives and daughters ignore him; you treat him coldly when you meet him, but politely, though, for you can't even do your dirty work frankly—God! and you're called gentlemen!"

I already said the fiend couldn't be insulted; now he only sneered some more.

"Why," I continued angrily, "you and your pack would rather have a man do the cad trick of not marrying the woman—and throw her over in a few months—they're many of you doing it now, you know it. And then—when a youngster with an unsoiled heart acts like a man—he—gad—you fiends send him to hell."

"How naive!" he commented quietly. "How amusing!"

"You fiend!" I threw at him, almost crazed at his baseness. "You know what happens then—you know it well. The one club in town is closed to him; he can't mingle with his own kind; his brain goes bad, and after a couple of years of boycotting, he either drinks himself to death or blows his head off—and all from one dirty little trick—killed by men like——" I broke off, exhausted; I could say no more. I knew it would do no good. Stevens was doomed. God! Killed for being a man.

"Are you finished?" asked Severn, blandly.

I glared at him, silent—my heart too full, my brain too numbed.

"Yes, my friend," he shrugged. "You know the penalty. Stevens goes."

My heart rose to my throat; an icy shiver went through my body; I gulped convulsively. "Stevens!!" I emitted, chokingly. "Stevens! Killed by a hound like you! God!"

Severn rose, diabolical satisfaction portrayed in his every feature.

"My dear boy," he said, and his voice cut like a razor, "it is only the penalty. The penalty again."



A JOURNALISTIC CORRESPONDENCE: WITH INTERLUDES

BY KATHARINE LYNCH SMITH

MR. EDWARD Townsend,
Editor, to Miss Marion
Wescott, Journalist.

Miss Marion Wescott—

Dear Madam: Your Southern California letter will appear in the next issue of the Argus.

We have just received notice from our special correspondent that she is giving up journalism for the present.

We offer you the place conditionally for three months. If your work continues to be satisfactory, we will make the position permanent. Our terms are twenty-five dollars for single articles, or twenty dollars a week and expenses on a regular appointment.

Please answer at once.

Very truly,
EDWARD TOWNSEND (Editor.)

*Miss Marion Wescott, Journalist, to
Mr. Edward Townsend, Editor.*
Mr. Edward Townsend.

Dear Sir—I accept your offer under the conditions stated. Please send directions.

Very truly,
MARION WESCOTT.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Mr. Frederick Willard.

Dear Fred—Town is beastly dull. Every one away for a summer outing, barring us slaves of the pen, who must sweat and simmer and evolve brilliant ideas for the delectation of our patrons who are killing time at the seashore or in the mountains.

Thank Heaven, I don't have to dig up news, as the poor devils on the dailies do. It's bad enough when your base of supply is an enfeebled brain and a pair of clipping shears.

I've found something rather good

in the way of a special correspondent to take Miss Brayton's place. She's doing Southern California letters for us at present. There is something quite fresh and spicy about her work. She handles her material like a man, but there's an undercurrent through it all that's distinctly feminine; something piquant and elusive. Suggests an attractive personality, but she's probably hatchet-faced and forty, off the paper. Brilliant women always are. Fortunate for the profession, perhaps; but for every-day life give me the sweet, womanly sort, with not too much intellect, and a pretty face not marred by over-education—bless them!

You can judge the emptiness of my brain that I'm led to a dissertation on female correspondents.

Glad you're having such a good time in the mountains. Remember me to your wife and the babies.

Yours,
NED.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Miss Marion Wescott.

My dear Miss Wescott—I have no further suggestions to make, unless perhaps that you continue to emphasize the personal element. That takes with the public.

It may be a good plan to give up Southern California for a time. Del Monte, next month, will call for a good write-up, and I should like to have you take the detail.

Call at the office when you are on your way. I wish to see you personally to give you some points on the situation there.

Very truly,
EDWARD TOWNSEND.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Mr. Frederick Willard.

Congratulations, old fellow! That bear hunt is the talk of the town. You were mighty lucky, I can tell you, to come out of it whole. As it is, you'll be the hero of the season, and you've given us poor drudges something to talk of for a fortnight at least.

No! Town is as dead as ever. Absolutely nothing doing; not enough to keep a fellow from going to the devil—if it weren't so hot that even the thought of his Satanic Majesty is insupportable.

You ask how Miss Wescott is coming on. Queer you remembered. I believe I did write a lot of stuff about her once to fill space. She'll do, I think. I suppose you haven't had time to read the *Argus* since you've set out to emulate Nimrod; she's appearing regularly. Probably I'll see her next week, by the way, more's the pity! One should know that sort of woman at long range only.

Yours,

NED.

Miss Marion Wescott to Mr. Edward Townsend.

My dear Mr. Townsend—I was detained in Los Angeles and had to come straight through to get here for the polo match. Sorry I could not get your instructions in person. Will you write any directions you think necessary?

I felt the South was getting worked out, so am glad for the new detail.

Very truly,

MARION WESCOTT.

Miss Marion Wescott, Del Monte, California, to Mrs. Robert Fairbanks, Paris, France.

Ethel, dearest, picture me, if you can, living at Del Monte in the lap of luxury, consorting with the sacred inner circles of the "two hundred and fifty," and carrying it off as if to the manner born!

Can you believe it?—remembering how you left me six months ago, eating my heart out in that stupid little town, planning a spring outfit on noth-

ing a month, and cutting my new summer shirt-waists out of last summer's skirts.

But I'll not keep you in suspense, for I know your excitable nature, and blue blood, even at twenty-five, is not free from apoplectic tendencies, I hear.

Behold in me, Marion Wescott, the Special Correspondent to the *Weekly Argus*, arbiter of the social destinies of the two hundred and fifty as recorded therein; and therefore a person to be treated with respect and circumspection!

How did I do it? Why, by sheer, unmitigated audacity; nothing less. You know the desperate mood I was in. Well, something had to come of it. Suicide seemed preferable to the matrimonial outlook, as embodied in the available suitors; but suicide in any form is more or less distasteful and unbecoming, and I didn't feel quite up to it. So, in utter desperation I sent a correspondent's letter to the *Weekly Argus*. The gods were propitious. The special correspondent had just resigned; the editor was probably suffering from softening of the brain; at all events, he accepted my article, called for more, and offered me the proud position which I at present occupy, with expenses paid and twenty dollars a week beside.

Think of it, my dear! Twenty a week and expenses, as opposed to my buried past. And all owing to my own genius? No, not genius; magnificent audacity—that's the fun of it. I tell you, Ethel, it's only when you get desperate, utterly desperate, that Fate ranges herself on your side. When you're so reckless that you don't care what comes, something wakes in you that makes for success. I've always thought so, but never dared to live up to my convictions before. But for the future—*me voila!*—I'm a Soldier of Fortune—I throw down the gauntlet to Fate. And when Luck fails me, why, there are always the Suitors—or Suicide, if I can reconcile myself to it's being so unbecoming.

But enough of myself. I'm longing

to hear from you. How does Paris suit you? And is Robert still the most adorable husband on earth? Ah, lucky Ethel! If only the Suitors were like Robert! or even one of them, for if all three were so near perfection, I could never decide among them. I'd have to transplant them to one of those fabulous places in the South Seas where the world is made for the women, and success is measured by the number of husbands you have. For by natural consequence, one being good, a multiplication of the kind should increase the blessing. *N'est-ce pas?*

By the way, my chief, Mr. Edward Townsend, editor of the Weekly Argus, must be a peculiar example of his species; unless, indeed, all editors are queer. At least he has evidently a lot of spare time on his hands which he employs in writing me the most unnecessary letters. Business, of course, with a lot of questions and directions that strike me as highly superfluous.

Naturally, I have to be diplomatic and answer them with deep seriousness, but it's an awful grind. I fancy he's one of those fussy old duffers who think the success of every part of the paper depends on their personal supervision.

I've not seen him as yet, and I'm not over-anxious for a personal encounter. I've been very business-like and exact in all my correspondence, and I'm afraid if he should see what a frivolous, inconsequential young woman I am in the flesh, the scales would be lifted from his eyes, and then my brilliant effusions might cease to charm. If so, good-bye Del Monte and its attendant joys, and back to Suicide and the Suitors. But the thought is too horrible to contemplate.

Adio, dearest. Write soon.

MARION.

Miss Marion Wescott to Mr. Edward Townsend.

Things are closing up here. What do you want next?

Very truly,
MARION WESCOTT.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Miss Marion Wescott.

My dear Miss Wescott—Please report in San Francisco. Will give instructions in person.

Very truly,
EDWARD TOWNSEND.

Miss Marion Wescott to Mr. Edward Townsend (by special messenger.)

My dear Mr. Townsend—Am at the Palace. Sorry I did not find you this morning. Have just received an invitation to join Mrs. Mountjoy's yachting party to Sitka, Alaska, with privilege to write it up exclusively for the Argus. What do you advise?

Hastily,
MARION WESCOTT.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Miss Marion Wescott (by return messenger.)

Accept by all means. Will call with instructions eight-thirty this evening.

E. TOWNSEND.

Miss Marion Wescott to Mr. Edward Townsend (wire.)

Left with party for North, six-thirty train. Wire instructions Rainier Grand, Seattle.

M. WESCOTT.

Mr. Edward Townsend, Editor, to a slip of yellow paper, messenger boy in retreat.

"Damn!"

Mr. Edward Townsend to Mr. Frederick Willard.

For God's sake, Fred, give up shooting bears and come back to this forsaken hole if you want to save my reason. It's been the dullest, hottest, most damnable season on record, and the bottom's dropped clean out of everything.

Thanks for the invitation to join you at Shasta, old chap, but I can't possibly accept. I'm chained to the mill and have to keep stepping.

My thanks and best regards to your wife.

Yours,
NED.

P. S.—No, I haven't seen Miss Wes-

cott, and I hope I never have to. As a correspondent she's invaluable; but preserve me from that type of woman at short range. It's too disillusioning.

E. T.

Miss Marion Wescott to Mr. Edward Townsend. (Six weeks later.)

My dear Mr. Townsend—Returned last night. Will call at the office, four-thirty, as requested.

Very truly,
MARION WESCOTT.

In the official sanctum of the Argus; time, four-thirty p. m. Miss Wescott to Mr. Townsend (blandly):

Mr. Townsend, I presume. I am Miss Wescott. (To herself, with demure rejoicing): He's not old—and he isn't a duffer; and he has the most adorable eyes.

Mr. Townsend to Miss Wescott (in his official manner):

Ah, Miss Wescott, I am glad to meet you. Be seated, please. (To his heart, which is thumping madly under his left waistcoat pocket): I knew it, I knew it! But you double-dyed idiot, don't show your hand at sight; she'll think she is in the presence of a raving lunatic—and she is.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Mr. Frederick Willard.

Fred, it's all up with me. I've met her, and she bowled me over at sight. Not that I wasn't about bowled over before, for it isn't only her beauty and her snap and her style. Hang it all, old fellow, there's got to be more to a woman than that. Beauty and grace are all well, too; but the woman to tie to for life must have heart and soul as well—and *mind*—mind first of all. It was that attracted me to her first. And I thank God I fell in love with

her mind, Fred, before my senses were caught by the spell of her personal presence. How many poor fools think that's all there is, and find their awakening only when they are shackled for life! That's bondage, Fred, chained to a pretty face and an empty head; and what a lot of poor devils are gall-ing under the fetters to-day!

But this hasn't anything to do with my Love, bless her! Not that I've any right yet to call her so, or to think of her so, even. She's most elusive and difficult when you try to approach her on a personal footing. But when a man loves a woman as I love her—when two people are so utterly in sympathy in all their tastes as we are, she must respond in time. And I'll win her, if trying can do it.

Not that I'm good enough for her—God knows I'm not—but just because she's so fine herself. That sort of a woman always finds her happiness in making some unworthy sort of a devil happy. And if she'll have me, Fred, I believe I'll be man enough to make something of myself for her sake.

Forgive this letter, all about my own affairs; but if you knew her you'd understand.

NED.

Mr. Edward Townsend to Mr. Frederick Willard.

Who the devil am I raving about, did you say, Fred? Why, Marion, of course—Marion Wescott. Who else could it be?

Hastily,
NED.

Three weeks later. Miss Marion Wescott, Journalist, seemingly to the buttonhole in the left-hand lapel of a coat which is manifestly the property of Mr. Edward Townsend, Editor.

"Yes, Ned!"

AN ECONOMIC QUESTION: FAIR TRADE VERSUS FREE TRADE

BY THOMAS B. WILSON, LL. D.

THE SIXTY-SECOND Congress of the United States is now in extraordinary session, and as was to have been expected, tariff revision is deemed by the majority to be the paramount duty of the Congress. But tariff revision has been a popular theme of discussion in all sections of the country ever since the Payne-Aldrich enactment became operative, and distinctly so since its enforcement demonstrated the un wisdom of its schedules, especially in that they caused a substantial increase in the cost of living. They were not long in making their requirements felt by adding new and heavy burdens to the already overburdened public. The present Congress, being Democratic, is in honor bound by pledges to relieve the public of what President Taft himself considers an injustice.

In approaching the issue, it is comforting and encouraging to see that Congress is giving little if any thought to the doctrine of free trade, and that the doctrine of fair trade has warm friends and advocates. There is a distinction and a difference between the two propositions. Free trade is not necessarily fair trade. The one contemplates wide open and unguarded doors to commercial interchange of commodities, with the nations of the world. They both contemplate customs duties on imports, but at the minimum of customs exactions. Free trade stands for a national economic policy, while fair trade belongs in the realm of international comity, and for the betterment of the conditions of existence of the peoples of the nations bound by ties of mutual helpfulness.

Therefore, the spirit and intent of fair trade finds no solid basis for international trade interchange other than through and by reciprocal agreements which provide for trade doors that are upon hinges; doors that swing inward and outward at the command of commerce, but whose sentinels or doorkeepers are ever on the alert to see that fair trade includes fair play. If the Sixty-second Congress shall accomplish such a revision of the existing customs duties, it need have no fear of a subsequent Congress undoing its work. With the exception of a few ultra high protectionists, the sentiment of the country is as firm as the everlasting hills in its demand for fair trade and fair play with the commercial nations of the world; for a live and let live policy, and for consumption commodities that shall represent value received and not merciless extortion.

It is amazing that the credulity of the mechanical and labor world of the United States is accepting the absurd and fallacious argument of high protectionists that the foreigner or importer pays the tariff tax. However, a good many eyes have been opened to see, under the glaring light of the customs duties exacted by the Payne-Aldrich high protection schedules, that high protection inevitably advances the cost of consumption commodities. That is to say, high protection increases the cost of living. Moreover, the American workingman is beginning to understand that he has to pay the cost, with added profits, of converting raw materials into food products and wearing apparel—and that the cost to him of home produced commodities is

based upon the cost of foreign produced goods and wares and food with the customs duties added. It is true that in a sense the foreign manufacturer or producer does pay the tariff duties, or rather he advances them to the United States Treasury, but in the distribution of the imports through our channels of consumption, consumers return the customs tax to him in the form of exactly that much higher cost of living.

To demonstrate this fact, one has but to refer to any Liverpool prices current, in which he will find the quotations for American meats, American flour and American merchandise generally lower than the prices quoted to our own home consumers at our meat packing houses, our flouring mills and our factories. In other words, the Payne-Aldrich schedule of import duties permits the American producer of commodities to add the sum of such duties to the prices quoted to our own people which averages about 52 per cent more than what the goods could be sold for after adding a reasonable profit for converting the raw material into the finished product. But enormous as is the percentage of increase of the cost to the consumer which the existing tariff duties permit, it is not confined to meats, flour and the other staples. The same unfair preference is guaranteed to the buyer of American-made boots and shoes, hats and caps, farm machinery, sewing machines, and about every other product of the American mill and factory in the markets of Europe. It is easy enough to see how an American manufacturer can undersell foreign competition in their own markets. It is because he is permitted by high protection to exact from the consumers in his own country the sum of the customs tax above his prices in foreign markets. It is an idiotic fallacy that the "foreigner pays our customs duties." As a matter of fact, the American producer, by adding the sum of the duties to the cost and reasonable profits for production, enables the same producer to market his products

in foreign lands. The actual working of high protection in this country results in taxing American consumers for the exclusive benefit of the consumers of Europe by giving them our make of goods and wares cheaper than we can buy them in our own markets for our own use and comfort.

Another economic fallacy and gross misrepresentation is that high tariff and high wages are synonymous. The so-called "iron law of wages" is an economic deception. There is no such law, unless it be the iron law of the "wages of sin." Wages must be measured by their purchase power, and wages are high only when the income is sufficient to leave a margin between income and the cost of frugal maintenance for the savings bank. In this connection it might be suggested that labor is never protected by legislative enactment. Labor's employer is protected against foreign competition, and the only protection labor can ever hope to have is protection against the greed, avarice and beast-like selfishness of his employer, who would rather lower than raise wages, and labor has long since demonstrated to its entire satisfaction that the only way to secure and hold "fair trade"—protection against a soulless and grasping employer—is in organization for offensive and defensive warfare. Labor organizations necessarily stand for fair trade, but never for free trade, in labor. The high cost of living that has prevailed in this country during the last few years, or more, has taught labor two very important lessons: that high protection is the mother and father of the food combines, and the direct cause of the high cost of living; also that wages is one thing and what wages can buy under high protection, and consequently under the grasping favoritism created by class legislation, is quite another thing.

Under the beneficent power and influence of steam and electricity, the nations of the earth are not only near neighbors, but are all members of one family. Whatever is good for one, commercially speaking, is necessarily

good for the others, and nothing is so well calculated to divide the house of nations against itself and engender hatred, conspiracies and war, as antagonistic and unfair methods in conducting international commercial intercourse. The spirit of retaliation is at once aroused; which in turn adds fuel to the fires of anger which culminates in the horrors of armed conflict. Free trade is as inhospitable as protection. The aim of the one is to give the nation greater prosperity, as is also the aim of the other. And yet under free trade the nation suffered great adversity but no greater than under high protection. Neither is a sound or safe economic principle of Government, as each has fully demonstrated in turn. Both failed to accomplish the purpose desired. Nor can it be said in truth that the country suffered worst from financial panics under free trade than it has during the last half century under protection; besides, the largest percentage of increase in national wealth in the history of the country was during the decade from 1850 to 1860, when high protection had no advocates outside of the old Whig party, and, moreover, there were no more nor no less disastrous panics during the years that free trade prevailed than there has been since high protection became the policy of the Government. Nor was speculation more rampant under free trade than under protection. It cannot be said, therefore, that either free trade or high protection has been a stable benefit to the nation. This, however, is true: the more arbitrary the customs duties, and the longer they prevail, the more uneven becomes the distribution of the nations' gains in wealth, some getting a large share, and many getting little or nothing. The industries of the nation that grew great and powerful under the encouraging influence of high protection, and subsequently became combines and trusts, are now capitalized at over ten billion dollars, and it is estimated that fully one-third of that sum represents imaginary value, which is but another way of saying that fully one-third of

the stock issues of the nation's industrial combines is clear water, but upon which the combines exact dividends from the consumers of their products, and although they are amply protected against foreign competition by the Government under the guise of customs duties, the home consumers of their products have no protection at all against their ravenous appetite for still higher prices and still larger dividends.

The history of commercial and industrial America proves that neither free trade nor high protection secures to the nation a solid basis for continued national prosperity, and that of the two economic fallacies, high protection is the greater hindrance to a fair and just distribution of accruing wealth. This assertion is substantiated by the fact that less than 300,000 families in the United States are possessed of more of the nation's wealth accumulations than the remaining 14,000,000 families. High protection is legalized; Governmental favoritism and free trade is an economic delusion, for unqualified free trade is not known to any nation in the world. Even "Free Trade England" does not maintain an international trade interchange policy of "go as you please," as some seem to believe. England rigidly maintains the industrial and commercial policy of perfectly fair trade with every nation and every market in the world, and mutual helpfulness, mutual gain and mutual advantage constitute all there is to England's commercialism and industrialism, when entering foreign markets or receiving merchants from foreign lands upon her own soil. Every business transaction the English people have with the outside world is on the basis of reciprocal benefits or fair trade, and it is the flag of reciprocity that commerce follows, and not the flag of free trade or high protection, both of which flags demand more in exchange than they are willing to give.

All the nations of the world are getting ready to cast free trade and protective tariffs upon the junk pile of re-

jected and abandoned economic fallacies and absurdities. The proposed reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada will be an exemplification of the economic principle of fair trade relations, with the free trade fallacy and the high protection monstrosity completely eliminated. Canada has enormous quantities of raw materials of all kinds, and our mills and factories need them to transform into finished products. When they are so transformed, Canada will want them to supply her commodity markets. In framing the treaty, the basis of negotiations was such concessions on both sides that would secure a square and fair exchange of the commodities of commerce, without reference to existing tariff exactions. That is to say, Canada would exchange with us such articles of hers that we need for such articles of ours as she needs on the basis of fair dealing from which both sides of the border would receive great benefits. Such a commercial treaty could not be framed with either free trade or protection material. It would present the very essence of the principle of fair trade. That great advantage and benefits would accrue to any two nations bound by such a treaty is made clear by Germany's unofficial intimation that unless she is permitted to do business with the United States on the same basis of reciprocal or fair trade that is accorded to the Canadians, her Parliament would retaliate by inaugurating a tariff war against the United States.

If Germany sees what advantages would accrue to Canada by the operation of a fair trade treaty with the United States, and demands equally advantageous commercial relations with the United States, we may be sure that the other commercial nations will not be long in demanding the same favors. In that event, the authorities at Washington may expect international wars of more serious consequences than would come from a tariff war. This suggestion is made on the ground that the State Department of the United States has said that all applications for fair trade treaties with this country, similar to the concessions granted Canada, would be refused, evidently because the Secretary of State is wedded to the doctrine of high protection and is not willing that this country shall adopt the principle of reciprocal or fair trade and apply it in our commercial relations with the nations of the world generally.

But can these United States afford to assume such an independent and arbitrary position with the commercial world? It should be clear to every American that the United States will go from commercial, industrial and agricultural strength to greater strength in material wealth exactly in ratio to the nation's unobstructed entrance into the commodity and merchandise markets of the world on the basis of reciprocal commercial or fair trade friendship and mutual advantage.



MOTORING ALONG THE WASHINGTON COAST

BY R. S. McKENNY

Photos by the author and Felix J. Koch

IMAGINE A LONG, sandy stretch of some forty odd miles or more by the water's edge, on wet sands, gliding in an auto. The only thing I can compare it to is the ease with which a seagull skimmers close to the surface of the water without a waver, without an obstacle to hinder the gliding smoothness ahead. And

with this delightful sensation, not a sound but the steady, steady roar of the great breakers as they toss pell-mell over one another in a mad race to reach the shore.

We started out early, one mid-summer morning. The sun was only an hour high, and the ocean, the dear old Pacific, was one stretch of won-



Beach near North Head.

drous blue, that delicate blue blue that the heavens often assume on one of our many picture days in this Northland.

This line of blue blended into the horizon, as far as eye could see, and did not vary only at the line of beautiful white foam of the surf.

Gliding smoothly, deliciously along (*deliciously*, somehow, just applies here), we passed the picturesque wreck of the Solano, and still further on, the once graceful little French ship Alice, both wrecks but a few miles apart: wrecks telling the sad story of rough winters, along this same, now quiet summer coast.

Now and then, we surprised a flock of "snipe" skimming in a countless number, making a black streak close to the water's edge. Ah, but they are delicious eating? It makes one hungry for the season again.

It had been high tide, some hours previous; it was very low tide now, and the beach at intervals was strewn with fish big and small, and still alive, floundering around on the wet sands. They had been left there by the tide, deserted by the receding waters.

Our next stopping place was the Life Saving Station. Here we saw them go through their semi-weekly

practice, doing just as is done when a ship is signaling distress outside the breakers.

They roll the great life-boat down its prepared path into the surf. Here the captain and his crew push it out some distance to meet the incoming breakers, and with quick action, they all jump in, rowing hard and riding straight through a breaker and then another to the ocean beyond. Now, as they head toward land again, as they take a breaker, capsize the boat (practice work), the men skillfully going under, all disappearing for the fraction of a moment, then up, the boat in its proper position, each man climbing and assuming his place and work as they skillfully meet the next breaker, then riding into the shallow surf, to where they jump out and drag the boat to its roller.

'Tis good work, and well done. These Government life-saving stations along the Northern California, Oregon and Washington coasts do a fine and noble work, on a shore dangerous beyond understanding, but beautiful beyond description. Seeming to entice the ocean wanderers inland to its splendid, rugged beauty, but sure death.

Leaving the life-saving station,



Seal Rocks, Washington Coast.



North Head Lighthouse.

again along the wet sands we flew like the wind. Gradually the beach became narrower and narrower, until our turning-off place at the foot of the great bluff, where stood the North-head light-house.

After leaving the beach, our way lay along a three-mile, planked Government road to the light-house.

All the distance up-grade, amid tall pines and firs. On either side of the road, one had but to put forth his hand to the high bank, and pluck salal-berries, huckle-berries, dainty five-fingered ferns, or a beautiful shrub known as the Oregon grape-vine. Nature has provided a varied and wonderful selection from which to choose.

At the end of this three-mile drive—and one more picturesque and delightful could not be desired—rises the massive piece of masonry, the North-head light-house.

It stands at the very edge of a rocky precipice, a great light, a symbol of life and encouragement to the storm-beaten ship. The never-ceasing breakers beat upon the great base or rock

upon which it stands, and one mis-step at the summit would send you to sure death amid the rocks, which even at low-tide are an enticing death-trap.

Wandering away from the light-house, you are drawn by an inviting path beneath the thick underbrush amid the dense area of trees on the summit of this bluff. Following this path downward for over a mile, its beauty is almost indescribable.

Looking upward, you see the great mass of leaves and branches, with hardly a place where the sun can creep through. But ever and anon, you do see it, and then the beauty of the dancing sunlit leaves amid the heavily swaying branches of green is a marvelous sight. Then you drop your eyes and follow the path downward—over a single-cleated plank, which bridges the waters of a hidden spring—along a narrow edge, with a high bluff on one side and a precipice on the other. One mis-step and a fall through the underbrush to depths unknown.

The whole was too charming and impressive to describe, and too dark,



A youthful chef by the roadside.

though in broad daylight, to take a picture.

When still some hundred feet from the sea-level, the beach can be seen in the distance, the great rocks, and the ocean, which mark the end of the tramp, and brings you to Deadman's Hollow.

From this point of one hundred feet you go downward, almost a perpendicular height—cautiously, carefully, over rocks, ladders, and every device

man can rudely construct to aid in a climb.

It is strange, indeed, that so often the picturesque and most beautiful places of nature are so strangely named.

Deadman's Hollow—beautiful, picturesque in the extreme, an enticing, rugged spot of a dangerous coast, has been so called because of its treacherous tides.

Lovers of nature and lovers of fishing have gone out on those splendid rocks, and loitering too long, have found themselves stranded amid high waters. The incoming tide, rising higher and higher, beating against the rocks, surging over it, cutting off all means of escape, until at last the victim, wet and stiff with cold, can no longer hold on, surrenders to the inevitable. By-and-by, the tide brings in the evidence of a sad, but oft-repeated story.

After a plunge in the ocean, and a refreshing drink from a spring, falling from the heights you have just come, you are quite ready to make your ascent over the same pretty tramp.

And somehow, as you go upward, you are so impressed by what you have seen and the marvelous sacred feeling Nature wraps about you—you are speechless, to enjoy the very stillness and breathe the strange, damp air of fallen dead leaves over which you trod.



NEW AMERICAN DOCTRINES

BY EDWARD PERRY

(The following article, written by an American, residing in Panama, who is a deep student of Latin-American affairs, deals with a subject of vital importance to every citizen of every American republic. The statements made are startling, but they are supported both by the writer's standing as an authority on international conditions and policies, and by the figures that he offers in support of his contentions. While some hare-brained sensationalists are exciting themselves and trying to excite others over the possibility of a war between the United States and Japan, Mr. Perry shows clearly that it is in the South American machinations of European powers that the real danger lies. It is a full realization of this fact, no doubt, that causes the Government at Washington to keep the greatest American fleet in the Atlantic Ocean.—EDITOR.)

SINCE HER LATE skirmish with Old Spain, people have been boasting that the United States is a world power; that it is one of the strongest as well as richest of the nations; forgetting, seemingly, that mere possession of riches tends to weaken and to make cowards of their possessors.

That the United States has been a real world power is true. That her real power is rapidly leaving her, is as true. If it were a fact that she is now a great world power, it would not be because of her army, for that has ever been notoriously unready and inadequate in time of threatened danger. It is even now scarcely big enough to garrison her few fortifications. Her recent short strife with a nation that was weakened by corruption almost beyond belief, proved that the Government of the great republic was unable to move armies quickly and without enormous loss. That war proved beyond dispute that the Government of seventy millions of industrious and wealthy people was unable to prevent or to punish that treason by her own citizens in high places which robbed

the nation, even when their lootings caused wholesale death among the men who volunteered to save the lives and the property of their robbers.

Any real world power the United States may have is not from its navy, for that is not enough to protect both of her coasts. Her power cannot come from her manufactures, for most of their products have been used by her own people; and when they go abroad they must make demands on the nation for protection by arms or by diplomacy: and what is international diplomacy to-day but suavely striving to get the best in international bargaining, chiefly in the interest of manufacturers? And what family ever became rich and powerful by making things that were not sold to others than the family?

Yet, long before she ventured to claim place as a world power, and thoroughly aware of the weakness of her army and her navy, the United States often thwarted designs of other powers. She boldly and at times truculently forbade them from doing a thing which good statesmanship, a wise regard for the vital interests of

their people, required them to do. The great nations of Europe have long felt urgent, almost vital need of thinly peopled and fertile fields to which they might send workers who would be crowded out from their native lands. Those powers wanted broad new fields in which colonies under the auspices of their mother countries might make homes, and provide food for those left behind in the mother land; colonies which would at the same time furnish new markets for the products of the hands of those who would stay in their old homes. Vast, sparsely peopled and fertile regions of Latin-America offered such fields, which became more and still more tempting to the Old World powers, shut in among other overcrowded nations, or by sterile deserts.

America has said, and says now in effect: All may come and freely share the opportunities we have; all may buy and sell wherever they wish; all may return with their lawful gains to their mother country; all may fight with her against any American Government, if they will; but none shall set up on American territory any form of government which will be controlled by any power hostile to republican ideals, or antagonistic to the interests and welfare of the American nations.

Meanwhile, Europe saw her more enterprising, more skillful and therefore more valuable workers, flock to that part of the New World which offered the more tempting opportunities, that part where their ingenuity, industry and daring had widest scope, and where the rewards of these were beyond the best they could reasonably expect to win in their old surroundings. Such emigrants helped to strengthen the younger nation, and hastened the day when it began to be, in the great markets of the world, a formidable competitor with those who, through lack of confidence in their own abilities, because of lack of courage to face the unaccustomed, or for other reasons stayed at home to help to sustain the power and to contribute to the wealth

and ease of those who had long ruled by the hereditary "divine right" of kings. Such ruling classes would naturally see with alarm the growth of emigration which not only cost them the services of good producers of riches, but also built up abroad dangerous competition that threatened to reduce the tribute paying power of the workers left behind.

For self-preservation, if for no other reason, such ruling classes would strive to secure dominion over fields to which they might direct the overflow of the home population. So they might possibly keep a hold on the emigrants, and at the same time create new markets that would favor the producers at home. Denial of the right or privilege of so using regions almost unoccupied, practically unused for the good of humanity at large, has been and is an offense to such ruling classes. It has been resented in deed, and more often and recently in words.

Why, then, knowing as they have known the weakness of the armies and the navies of the American republics, have these European powers endured without armed resistance this doctrine of "America for Americans?" Why was the military post at Black River dismantled and left to the republic of Honduras? Why were the Bay Islands abandoned to that country after they had been seized? Honduras had not so much as an armed launch with which to attempt to retake these places. Why was the Mosquito Shore restored to Nicaragua? Why was the scheme of converting Mexico into an empire under the auspices of European powers suddenly abandoned? Why were claims to lands commanding the approaches to the valley of the Orinoco, and to the head waters of the Amazon, submitted to arbitration after a powerful nation had declared that nothing in her claims to that territory would be left to such decision? Why did other Old World powers conclude that they would not seize Venezuelan ports to compel settlement of claims?

Because all that a man hath, that

will he give for his life; and food is his life.

The United States long gave to Europe the food that was necessary to keep its millions from starvation. That food could then be got nowhere else. No nation was strong enough safely to check the movement of the vast supply of food, that river of life which flowed without ceasing eastward from America. Had it been stopped, Europe would have been hungry in a week—starving in a month. Had any nation possessing strength even threatened to check that mighty stream, its neighbors would quickly have made their remonstrances heard. Had that flood actually been dammed, the guns of nations would have thundered demands for removal of the obstruction. Had any government held back that tide of life, the subjects of that nation would themselves have destroyed their rulers; for while the masses may still be led to become food for powder in the behalf of their ruling classes, those masses will not in these days allow their governments to keep them hungry; none intelligent enough to become an efficient soldier of the day would permit such rulers to starve himself, his family or his friends. Such people can no longer be deluded into risking such evils, to further schemes of the especially privileged.

Because any intelligent and virile people would quickly pull down in ruins their government should it bring famine upon them in efforts for its aggrandizement, the farms of the United States have long safeguarded this country better than would all the battleships and all the forts it could have built; its farmers have defended it better than could all the soldiers it could muster. Her farms may continue so

to do so long as they can supply to Europe food she can get nowhere else. In this alone has been the real and sufficient reason for endurance of the Monroe Doctrine by Old World powers. Here lies the best of reasons for the continuance of such Pan-American doctrine as will serve to keep the Western world—Latin-America at least—from falling in dismembered fragments or as a whole, under the domination of powers antagonistic to the principles for which all America endured the privations, hardships and dangers of pioneer life, and gave life and limb on the field of battle whenever that seemed necessary to shake off the strangling clutch of rulers by hereditary "divine right."

But the day is at hand when the big republic of the North will lose all such protection against armed attack from Europe: when she will be unable to feed her rapidly increasing millions, and will be compelled to buy food from other lands. She harvested 147,788 millions of pounds of corn and wheat twenty-one years ago; in the year that ended with June, 1909, she gathered 189,364 million pounds of those foods. Here was an increase of 41,576 million pounds, or 28 per cent; but while in the earlier year 12,308,000,000 pounds were sent to other peoples, in the later year 8,968,000,000 pounds only were exported. Here was a decrease of 27.3 per cent, or 3,340 million pounds in these two foods sent abroad.

Nor was that all of such shrinkage. Comparison of exports of our principal foods in the year 1899 with those of the year 1909, given in millions of pounds, and the percentages of decrease, presents these shrinkages in more striking form, as follows:

| Articles— | 1899 | 1909 | Decrease | Per Cent. |
|---------------------|--------|--------|----------|-----------|
| Beef, fresh | 534 | 258 | 276 | 51.7 |
| Lard | 711 | 529 | 182 | 25.8 |
| Bacon and ham | 788 | 457 | 331 | 42.0 |
| Corn | 9,912 | 2,128 | 7,784 | 78.5 |
| Wheat | 13,380 | 6,840 | 6,540 | 48.9 |
| Totals | 25,325 | 10,212 | 15,113 | 59.7 |

Lest it may be suspected that these were chosen because they are alarming, it may be well to add that in the year 1906 exports of salt beef from the United States were 81,000,000 lbs.; they were 45 per cent, or 36,500,000 lbs. less than in 1909. In 1903 we sent abroad 76,000,000 lbs. of canned beef; in 1909 only 15,000,000 lbs. Here was a decline of 80 per cent. Exports of salt pork dropped from 150,000,000 lbs. in 1908 to 52,000,000 lbs. in 1909—more than 65 per cent. Of lard our exports were 742,000,000 lbs. in 1906; in 1909 they were but 529,000,000 lbs., a decrease in three years' time of 28.7 per cent.

In the year 1900 the United States had 76,303,000 inhabitants; ten years later that number had risen to 91,290,935, or 16.4 per cent. Experts tell us that 250,000,000 people will dwell in what is now the continental part of the Great Republic a century from this time, and that the year 2100 will see this country occupied by five hundred millions of inhabitants. What the food problem will then mean to this country may possibly be guessed. At the recent rate of increase of food production in this country, and of population, the United States will be able to supply little food to any other country twenty years from this.

What will then take the place of the protection which our food exports have given?

What consideration other than need for securing a permanent and ample food supply has constantly tempted Europe to get possession of fertile regions in South America? What else has led to her repeated attempts to break down the Monroe Doctrine? But what other than her necessity for a daily supply of food, which she could get nowhere except in America, has kept Europe from defying all the American nations, and seizing such fruitful field as she needs? A single one of the Latin-American republics could feed all the world; and any power that could control the daily bread of the world could control the affairs of the world. Would it be

creditable to their intelligence to imagine that these truths have not long been considered by all statesmen worthy the name? Would it be wise to believe that European statesmen will cease watching for opportunities to break through, or to break down completely the obstacle which has so long kept them from taking possession of part at least of those thinly peopled and naturally most rich and productive fields?

What but fast-failing ability of the United States to supply the food required, together with the increasing needs of Germany's growing multitudes, started, inspired and sustained the recent and now active campaign of anti-Americanism throughout all Spanish-America?

Having a possibly sincere belief in the hereditary or divine right of kings, and of nobles created by kings, to rule and take tribute from the producing classes; determined to fight until the last that ever retreating battle which special privilege wages against the ever-growing army of democracy, such privileged classes may naturally feel exasperated by, and treat as enemies all ideals which forbid the establishing of monarchies in any territory which would yield large supplies, in return for the toil of their subjects. Such governing classes would scarcely be content merely to secure sources of food; they would want so to manage as to keep control of those subjects, to make them afford a market in which preference would be given to the products of the labor of those who would be left behind by the colonists. So most of the profits from products of such colonies, and nearly all gain from supplying the colonists with manufactures from their old home, might be kept in the family, to strengthen it and prolong reign of those people who are in the position of rulers.

Some measure of the need felt by the several nations of Europe for territory in which to colonize their surplus population, may be found in a comparison of the area and the number of inhabitants of each.

| Countries— | Sq. Miles | Population | Per Mi. |
|----------------------------|------------|-------------|---------|
| British Isles | 121,391 | 41,976,827 | 345.8 |
| British Colonies | 11,222,315 | 352,247,360 | 31.3 |
| Austria-Hungary | 261,035 | 46,973,360 | 179.9 |
| Belgium | 11,373 | 7,074,910 | 622.0 |
| Germany | 208,830 | 63,886,000 | 305.9 |
| German Colonies | 931,460 | 12,910,000 | 13.8 |
| Netherlands | 12,648 | 5,591,700 | 442.1 |
| Netherlands Colonies | 783,000 | 35,755,480 | 45.7 |
| Norway | 124,129 | 2,240,032 | 18.0 |
| Sweden | 172,875 | 5,294,885 | 30.6 |
| France | 207,054 | 38,961,945 | 188.2 |
| French Colonies | 4,089,076 | 53,569,380 | 13.1 |
| Greece | 25,014 | 2,433,800 | 97.3 |
| Italy | 110,550 | 32,475,253 | 293.8 |
| Italian Colonies | 338,400 | 4,350,000 | 12.9 |
| Portugal | 35,490 | 5,423,132 | 152.8 |
| Portuguese Colonies | 802,952 | 9,158,952 | 11.4 |
| Roumania | 50,720 | 5,912,500 | 116.6 |
| Spain | 194,783 | 18,891,574 | 97.0 |
| Spanish Colonies | 255,537 | 400,881 | 1.6 |
| Totals | 19,958,632 | 745,527,971 | 37.4 |

Conditions other than area and population have marked bearing on the need a nation may feel for territory; as the question of fertility, of climate and water, of transportation, and, perhaps, the character of the emigrants also may have. If these lack that training which gives independence of thought and of action; if they are not industrious and skillful, and above all else, if they want persistence, they are likely to be assimilated by the people among whom they go, and thus become more than lost to the home country, because they help to build up a rival nation. Many millions from Europe have so been lost to their fatherland.

The foregoing table suggests that while England has territory enough to house her surplus population for generations, if not for centuries, Belgium, Austria-Hungary and Roumania are greatly in need of more room; that Greece, Italy and the German Empire come next in their want for such room for expansion. Many of the subjects of those countries emigrate, those from all except Germany seeming unrestrained in their choice of fields. The German Empire has, for several

reasons, more urgent want of room for those of her subjects for whom she cannot find at home employment and bread enough.

Were one to accept at their face value stories recently told about the military and the naval preparations by Germany, he could scarcely doubt that she could at an hour's notice put into action an army larger and more effective than all America could muster in months. In number of ships and guns, the navy of the United States may be greater than that of Germany; but that Empire's navy might keep the ships of the United States occupied while an army might be landed in the very heart of the biggest South American Republic. Once in possession there, such an army would be hard to put out. Great temptation has long been offered there, and Germany has been suspected of a leaning toward consideration of such a possibility.

Brazil is only 398,354 square miles smaller than the United States, including Alaska; but Brazil could feed fully three times as many people as the United States could be made to feed, by like effort. In the United States,

agriculture is burdened by the necessity of paying the cost of construction, of operation and of maintenance of thousands of miles of railway, and dividends on all these, and more: In Brazil, the Amazon and its tributaries give immediate and easy access to nearly all parts of her vast territory, to any one who can bring into service any kind of a carrier, from a bamboo balsa to a stately steamer that could to-day sail thousands of miles into that republic. And transportation over this vast system of inland waterways is never interrupted by ice, nor hindered by other noteworthy obstacles.

Brazil has 118.6 acres for each of her inhabitants. There every day is literally a seed-time; and every day there is also a time of harvest. North of Brazil is Venezuela, with 163.6 acres for each inhabitant; and a little south of Brazil lies Argentina, stretching more than thirty degrees from north to south, having 117.1 acres for each of her 6,210,400 people, and with a climate far more favorable to agriculture than is that of the United States or Canada. Where is a better field for the emigrant? Where is a field in which a colony of industrious and thrifty people could become rich more surely or more quickly? What people were ever better fitted to create such a colony than are the men of Northern Europe, or of the United States and Canada? What people had ever better right, for that matter, than have the half million Germans who are said to have settled in Brazil? They carried to that country capital, skill and diligence. They are peaceful, law-abiding and valuable. They are converting the raw natural resources of forest, of mine and of soil into forms that give employment and comfort to humanity.

Fear that the Octopus of the North will grasp and swallow all America has been created and successfully cultivated throughout Spanish America, until it has become an hysteria in some of those countries. But, knowing Germany's urgent need for room for her people, and markets for their manufac-

tures; understanding the monarchical principles and aims of her rulers, many Latin-American statesmen see with grave uneasiness this growth of German influence in South America. Some suspect that Germany has encouraged her subjects to go to Brazil, and discouraged emigration to the United States. It is suspected that this is part of a long-planned and cautiously fostered scheme of the German Empire to secure dominion over that part of the Western world which presents advantages of climate and fertility, of area and transportation facilities far better than are offered by any other thinly peopled land.

Some are uneasy lest these newcomers shall, by superior industry and persistence, acquire most of the property and commerce of Brazil; lest they, by trained skill in organizing and acting in concert, developed by years of training in the German army, should soon secure large part in making and in administering the laws, and so become in effect the nation. But, on what theory can any power stop such a movement? How can Brazil discriminate against the German? Why should she do so? So long as they buy property and pay for it honestly; so long as they pay taxes to support the Government; so long as they are peaceful and law-abiding, what power on earth will have any right to deny them a fair share in making and administering the laws by which their conduct is to be ruled, and their rights conserved?

Even should Brazil become a German-American nation, and undertake to annex a neighboring republic, what outside nation would have a right to forbid? Should all South America be so absorbed, by what right would North America interfere? And why should any oppose such development? On the ground that a monarchy is trying to set up on American soil a Government repugnant to all American peoples? What if that monarchy would deny such purpose? What if the colonists would avow that they act wholly independently of the

fatherland? How could such intent be proved, in face of such denials? What if all their conduct were peaceful and lawful, yet their design were to create a German American nation that would govern all South America? Where would the Monroe Doctrine, the Tobar Doctrine or any other doctrine of America for the Americans, do then? How will they quarrel with law-abiding folk?

But is it likely that the German Government could control, even in its infancy, a colony of its subjects in South America, any more than it could control the cities of Cincinnati or Milwaukee? They are largely German colonies. To-day in the national councils of the German Empire the most autocratic of ruling monarchs, and his loyal supporters, find it expedient to yield much to the socialists, those most pronounced of democrats. Not long ago, Germany openly laughed at its Emperor because he reaffirmed the "divine right of kings," a dogma which few dreamed of denying a little while ago. Will careful students of the theory and the practice of government, who have left their native home for freedom's sake, favor planting in their new home that system of special privilege, that "divine right" which drove them to the privations and hardships of a wilderness? Many Germans have left home because they detest what

they describe as the brutal tyranny of its militarism. Will they suffer that militarism to dominate their new home? They seem to hate that system which enforces servility all along the social as well as the official lines, from peasant to emperor. Are those who have escaped from that system likely to endure it again, having escaped? It is said that the German militarism has taxed its subjects unbearably, to strengthen its hold upon them. Will the builders of any colony in America invite Germany to impose anew on them such taxation? The German emigrant knows the character of the old system—of the ruling classes which rarely produce anything other or better than heirs to inherit or to gather tribute from those who alone produce wealth. Will the builders of a German-American colony or State ever incur an obligation that might give those classes any show of claim to right to control that colony or new nation?

But when such colony shall see fit to demand a share in governing South America; when it shall begin to extend its sphere of influence over its neighbors, what will be the logical consequences? What of the rights of the present owners of those countries? What will be the attitude of the other nations of the New World? What is to be the new American Doctrine?

WHEN LOVE IS DONE

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

Our brief, sweet day dies with the summer's end,
 And like the rose leaves drifting on the grass,
 The hours of dreaming, and of deep content
 Lie unremembered, save by one alone,
 Who mourns the passing of all happiness
 With every leaf that falls, and flower that droops
 Beneath the winds of Love's adversity.

MODERN MECHANICAL MINERS

BY ARTHUR L. DAHL

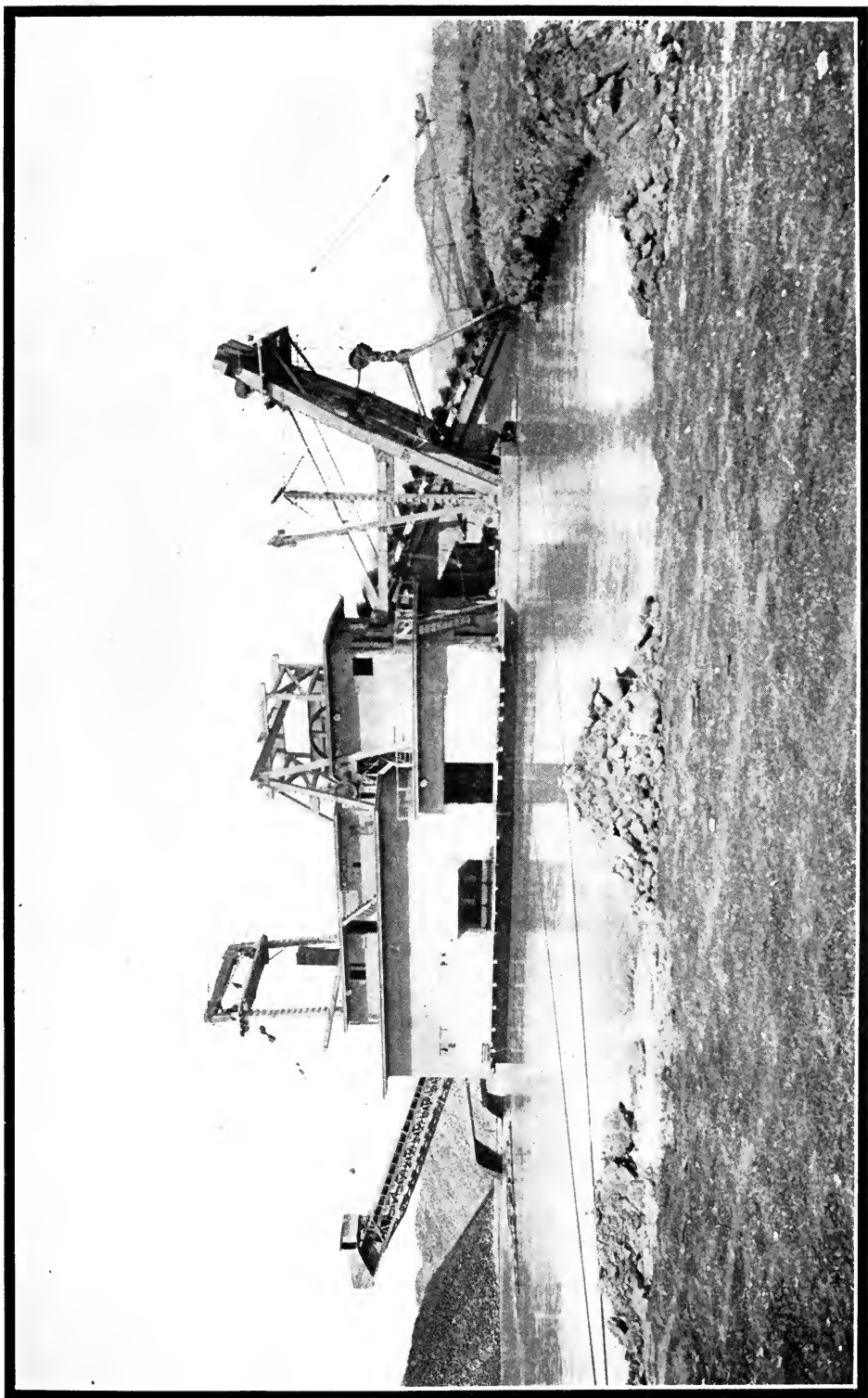
STYLES HAVE changed in gold mining as they have in millinery. The modest miner of yesterday, who felt his equipment to be complete when it comprised a pick, frying pan and a side of bacon, has been relegated to the sphere occupied by last year's hats, and the down-to-date placer prospector who expects to be in the fashion should start with a bank roll running into six figures, as a prerequisite to his mining adventures. His equipment must consist of something more than a burro load, for the modern method of placer mining is by mighty dredgers, each weighing more than a thousand tons, and made up of the most complex combination of cogs, wheels and buckets ever seen outside of a machine shop, and costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. The work of the old-time placer miner has not been supplanted, but rather supplemented, by these machines, for ground which would prove too poor to pan by hand, will return tidy dividends to dredge owners because of the immense quantity of gravel which can be handled by one of the dredges, and the cheapness with which it can be operated. One dredging machine will handle ten thousand cubic yards of earth per day, or equal to the labors of 2,500 placer miners, and the 65 machines operating in the California field alone are therefore doing the work of an army of over 150,000 men, and adding to the world's wealth at the rate of more than \$7,000,000 per year.

Gold dredging is the latest of a series of successive steps in the recovery of placer deposits, following the pan, the rocker, the long-tom, the sluice box, the ground sluice, drift

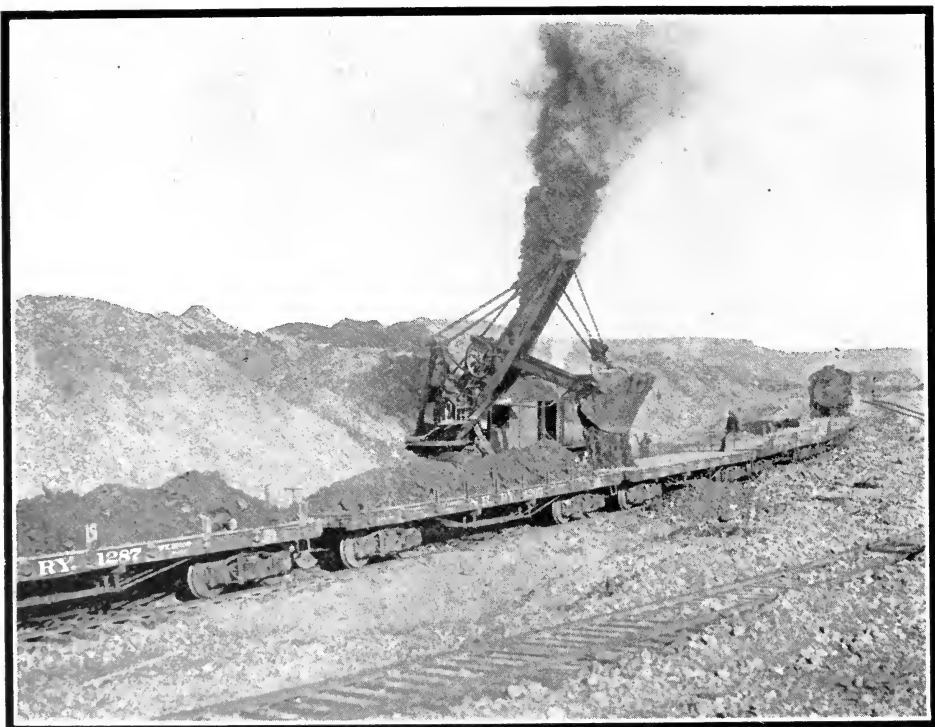
mining, the monitor and the hydraulic elevator. All of these had their places and some are extensively employed to-day, but it remained for the dredge to solve the problem of recovering value in ground below the water level, where the flow was too great to admit of success by other means.

Dredges have been operated in New Zealand for many years, the construction of a chain-bucket dredge dating back as far as 1867. The first steam-actuated dredge was built on the Molyneux in 1881. The need for such a machine was long felt in California, and many attempts were made to develop it before success was achieved. Many abandoned hulks of dredges that would not dredge lay buried in the shifting sands of California's gold-bearing streams, mute exhibits of the blasted hopes of the pioneer dredge men.

The first successful gold ship introduced into the American field was built by W. P. Hammon and Captain Couch, at Oroville, California. Mr. Hammon was a successful fruit farmer, with an idea but little money, and Captain Couch was a man with plenty of money and faith in the idea. The idea was born as a result of Mr. Hammon's search for water for his fruit trees. His orchard was located on land bordering the Feather River, and had been subject to overflow many years before, when Nature spread devastation and debris along her water courses during the period of heavy rains. In the process of sinking the well, Hammon encountered sufficient gold flakes to arouse his interest, and soon the Yankee in him was working overtime, trying to invent a way for extracting the gold out of the ground without waiting



A modern gold dredge.



Loading dredge tailings on cars for use as railroad ballast.

for it to blossom forth into golden fruit. The gold was too widely scattered to warrant success by ordinary placer methods, so the dredger method was evolved. All earlier efforts to mine by dredgers in that locality had resulted disastrously for the promoters, but Mr. Hammon had faith in the dredging machine which he devised, and his faith was echoed by Captain Couch, his partner in the enterprise. Their dredge, crude and primitive when compared to the present-day one, was a success, and was quickly followed by the building of others, and owners of "rattlesnake farms" along the river washes awoke to find their rocky homesteads worth huge fortunes, for good dredging land sold for as high as \$5,000 an acre.

The center of the gold dredging industry in this country is near the towns of Oroville, Hammonton and Folsom in California, and the proven fields are along the American, Yuba and Feather

riders in the Sacramento Valley. The dredging areas here comprise about 25,000 acres, all of which have passed into the hands of the dredging operators, and will be mined within the next twenty-five or thirty years, by the fleet of gold ships now working there. Of the 65 dredges operating in California, 60 are in the Oroville field; one is on the Bear River; one on the Tuolumne, one at Clear Creek near Redding, one on the Klamath near Callahan's, and one at Jenny Lind, on the Calaveras River. A promising field has also been discovered in Siskiyou County, but so far no dredge has operated there.

As a result of the success met with in the California field, dredges soon began to appear in other Western States, and at the present time there are 5 operating in Montana, 3 in Colorado, 1 in New Mexico, 2 in Idaho, 1 in Oregon and more than a score in Alaska. There are ten near Dawson,

four on Forty Mile Creek, one on Stewart River, two near Nome. Four are operating on Frazer River in Canada. Dredges have also been built in Mexico and other Central and South American countries. There are three in Brazil, one in Columbia, one in Terra Del Fuego, while two dredges are working on the west coast of Africa and two in the Philippines.

The three principal dredging fields of California, those at Oroville, Ham-morton and Folsom, owe their existence to a fortunate combination of geological conditions. Three principal rivers, each draining a gold-bearing territory and debouching upon a plain, have made these deposits of sand, gravel and gold. The geologist reads an interesting story from the buried channels, the alternating strata of gravel and clay and lava, and the evidences of upheavals and erosions in the Sierra Nevada Mountains where these have their source. Gold-bearing quartz ledges, eroded and disintegrated through the centuries, have yielded their precious metal, and the rivers have carried the lighter particles to the valley below, depositing them with the sand and gravel as the shifting current built higher and higher the channels of the streams.

The Feather River field, where the dredging era began, soon developed into the leading gold-dredging field of the world, and holds the position today. In no other place has there been proven so large an area, and in no

other place has there been built so many dredges. No less than thirty-four are now in operation there, comprising a fleet of gold ships, such as will probably never be seen in another field, and yet the area proven there is only seven thousand acres. The Yuba River field has an area of about five thousand acres with fourteen boats in operation. The Folsom or American River district comprises in all sixty-five hundred acres, and there are fifteen dredges at work here.

The present day dredge is a monster affair, original in detail, its peculiar devices, adapted and adjusted to the needs that experience has demanded. The development of electric power has contributed largely to the success of these machines, for they require the mighty power generated from the falling waters of the mountains to keep whirling and whirling the combination of buckets, cogs and riffles of which they are composed.

A modern dredge costs a small fortune, and is composed of massive but intricate machinery for doing its work. There are sixty-eight buckets on the endless belt which digs down fifty feet or more in quest of the gold, and each bucket weighs about two tons, a total weight in empty buckets alone of 136,000 pounds. Each of these buckets will hold thirteen and a half cubic feet of earth. The average empty dredge weighs complete over 2,000,000 pounds. One tie-post of solid steel to which the dredge is lassoed while at



Rock dredging plant utilizing dredge tailings.

work weighs over 200,000 pounds. A big machine of this sort will scoop out 10,000 cubic yards in a twenty-four hour day, for all dredges work night and day. During August of last year, the record dredge of the Natomas Consolidated handled 309,000 cubic yards.

The method of operation is very simple. The ground down to bed rock is scooped up by the great buckets and deposited in great revolving screens. Here it is washed, the finer particles dropping through the screen on to gold plates, where the gold is caught by quicksilver, thus forming an amalgam. The debris is washed away, while the cobbles and larger stones are carried directly from the screen to what is known as the "stacker," and by the stacker they are carried to the rear of the boat and piled in great orderly heaps.

As originally designed, the dredges were operated in the bed of the stream itself. This method, however, soon aroused the opposition of the agriculturists, who claimed the river beds were not only polluted, but were being filled up by the silt and debris thrown out by the machines, and the custom came into vogue of creating an artificial lake or reservoir in which the boat works, advancing farther and farther inland as the gold-bearing gravel

is devoured along the path. Enough water is taken into these reservoirs from the river to operate the boats. The Federal Government has even utilized the gold dredges in the work of throwing up great restraining walls along the Yuba River to protect the surrounding country from floods. To this end, the dredging machines would proceed along a prescribed course, throwing up in their wake a mountain of cobble-stones and boulders taken from the river washes.

In this work for Uncle Sam, however, the dredges would not forget to gather up the grains of gold which were to become legal tender when stamped with the eagle-head, and add to the bank balance of the lucky holders of the gold-dredging stock.

Foreign capital to a very large extent has been interested in the dredging industry, several of the largest operating companies being almost entirely controlled by English stockholders. London capitalists were quick to see the possibilities in this new industry in this country, and evinced a willingness to finance the companies for any amount needed. This may be due, at least in part, to the fact that gold dredging has long been one of the lucrative industries of Australia and of other British possessions.

A BROWN LEAF

BY FRANK H. SWEET

In the woods to-day a leaf fluttered down,
It was wrinkled and old and bent and brown;
But it met the wind, and began to play,
And I watched it until it whirled away.

And I could but wonder, when time and grief
Should have made me old and bent as the leaf,
Would my heart be as young and full of glee
As the brown leaf playing in front of me?

THE MAKERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

RING! OH, RING for Liberty!"

It was only the clear, excited cry of a boy that rang out, one hundred and thirty-five years ago; yet it was the signal awaited by a tottering old bell-ringer up in the tower of Philadelphia's State House.

Ah, the waiting had been weary. All day long the aged man had listened while hope grew faint within his heart. Many times he shook his head, sadly muttering: "They will never do it; they will *never* do it!" A boy had been stationed at the door of Congress, to tell him the message, that he might proclaim it to the tense, waiting crowd, and now it came.

"Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"

Instantly, twenty years slipped from the old man's shoulders, as grasping the bell, he hurled it back and forth a hundred times. Its wild clanging electrified the throng for a second, then "there was great tumult in that city."

From these facts were gleaned the material for the poem on the Liberty Bell, known to, and recited by, thousands of American school children.

The old Liberty Bell, which proclaimed our independence, is known throughout the world. It was imported from England in 1752, to grace the State House in Philadelphia. While on its way it became cracked, and was recast in Philadelphia, under the direction of Isaac Norton, Esq., Speaker of the Colonial Assembly. The bell weighs 2080 pounds, and was hung April 17, 1753. Two years later, on the seventeenth of May, it rang a warning to George II that the assembly refused to make laws by dictation of the Crown.

There is an erroneous impression among many that the quotation, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to the inhabitants thereof," was inscribed on the bell *after* the issuing of the Declaration of Independence. On the contrary, these words were placed on the bell when it was cast three years previous to the Continental Congress assembled in the old State House, and the words seem prophetic.

On October 5, 1765, muffled, this bell "toll'd" the arrival of the hated stamps. When the assembly considered the calling of a Continental Congress, again it rang forth a warning, and when the Stamp Act went into effect on October 31, 1765, it "toll'd" the knell of liberty the whole day long. In the case of the tea ship "Polly," it called the people to action, and it "toll'd" the closing of the port of Boston on June 1, 1774. On the 25th of April, 1775, it warned the multitude to hearken the news from Lexington, and it proclaimed the blessed Declaration of Independence on July 8, 1776. The surrender of Cornwallis was announced October 24, 1781, by the ringing of this bell, and it proclaimed peace on April 16, 1783. While tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall on July 8, 1835, it cracked, and since then has remained mute. So, this wonderful bell, remarkable for its active part in America's history, and which loudly proclaimed our Declaration of Independence, spelling "Liberty," now hangs mute, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The most precious relic in the United States is Independence Hall, the cradle of the nation's birth, for it was within the walls of this historic

building on the Fourth of July, 1776, that our nation had its actual birth. Here the visitor finds the chandelier brought from France in 1735, and in Independence Chamber sees the room, in the main, as it was when the Declaration of the Independence of the colonies from Great Britain was adopted. The Colonial Speaker's chair, which Hancock occupied, is also here, and the Speaker's table, on which the famous Declaration was signed. Many of the old chairs in which the delegates sat are still preserved, as is the silver inkstand from which the ink was dipped by the signers of the Declaration. The Continental Congress met here on May 10, 1775, and in this room Washington accepted from Congress the appointment of General of the Continental army. The articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States were adopted and signed here on July 9, 1778, and on September 17, 1787 the Constitution of the United States was adopted and signed, with Washington sitting as President of the convention.

To Thomas Jefferson is accorded the high honor of having drafted the famous document of 1776—the Declaration of Independence, though authentic records prove that it was the work of no single individual, nor did it emanate from any one section. "The pen, mightier than the sword," wielded by many hands, various minds of honest, earnest thinkers, and numerous tongues, fluent with silver speech, contributed to the making of the famous document. Yet one hundred and thirty-seven years ago Patrick Henry spoke prophetically, when in his speech he said: "When Louis XVI shall be satisfied by our serious opposition, and our Declaration of Independence, that all prospect of a reconciliation is gone, he will form a treaty with us, offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Our independence will be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth!"

It is claimed by North Carolina that the Mecklenburg Declaration of Inde-

pendence was promulgated on the 20th of May, 1775, almost fourteen months previous to the Declaration proclaimed from Philadelphia. Yet, though her claim has been combated by historians, she bases her priority tenaciously on many matters of history. When news of the battle at Lexington reached Mecklenburg, the citizens of the latter county met in convention, and enacted a declaration, somewhat as follows:

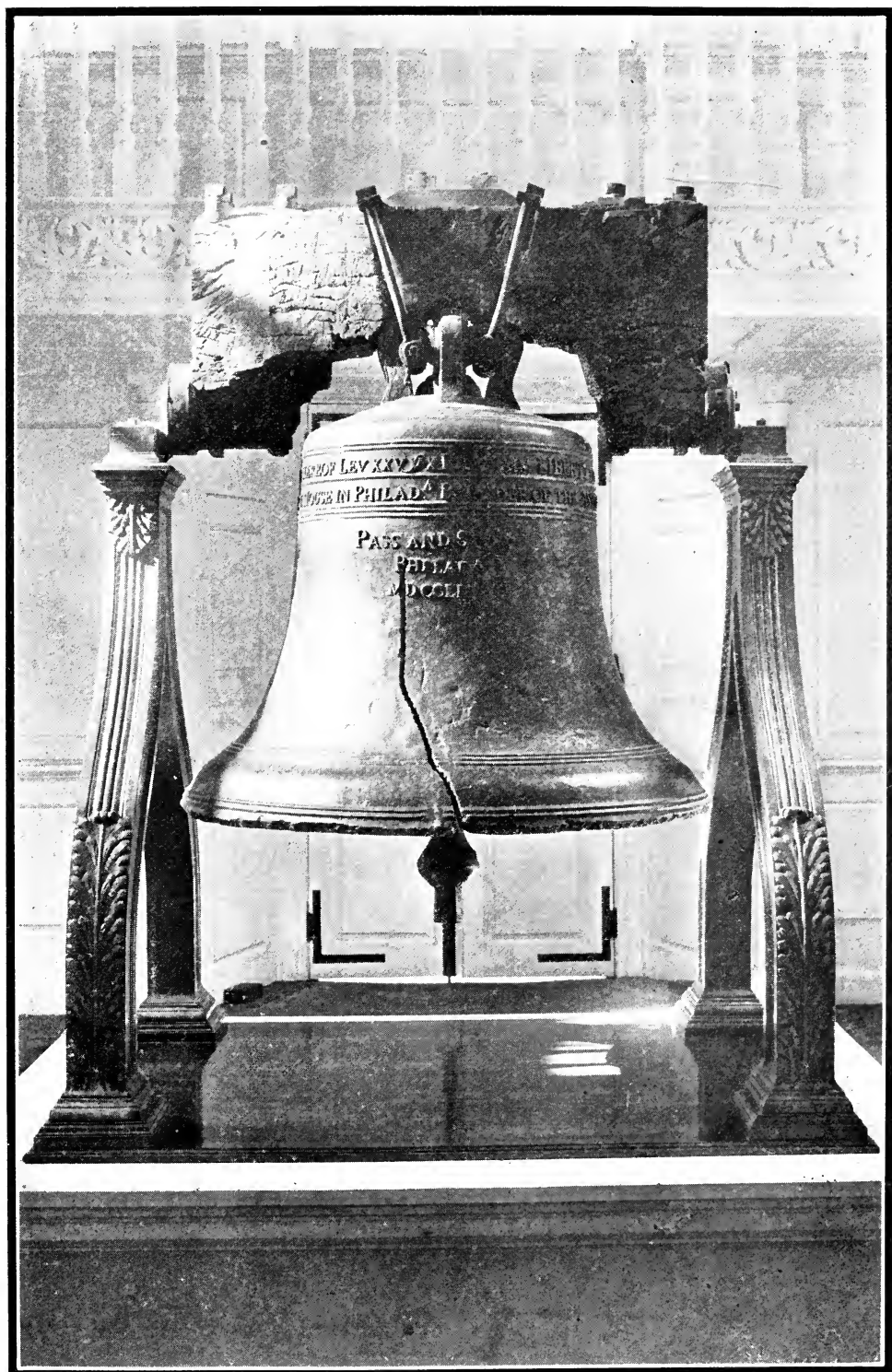
"May 20, 1775.

"That whosoever directly or indirectly, abets, or in any way, form or manner countenances the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and undeniable rights of man. "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connection, constraint or association with that nation, which has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanely shed the blood of patriots at Lexington.

"That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of a right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general Government of Congress, to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

"That as we acknowledge the existence and control of no law, nor legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt, as a rule of life, all, each and every of our former laws; which, nevertheless, the Crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities or authority therein.

" That it is further decreed that all, each and every military officer in this



Liberty Bell, which proclaimed the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

county is hereby re-installed in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to the regulations, and that every member present of this delegation shall be henceforth a civil officer, viz:—A justice of the peace in the character of a committeeman, to issue, process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws; and to preserve peace, union and harmony in said county, and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized Government be established in this province.

“(Signed) Abraham Alexander, Chairman. John McKnitt Alexander, Secretary.”

John Adams accidentally came across a copy of this declaration in a New England newspaper in 1819. The editor claimed to have copied it from the Register of Raleigh, N. C. Adams, who corresponded regularly with Jefferson, forwarded the paper to him, at the same time calling attention to the similarity between Jefferson's draft of the Declaration drawn up at Philadelphia, and that of this recently discovered declaration. Adams questioned why such a document should not have been widely circulated, so as to command the public attention. Jefferson, much angered, replied that he believed the paper to be false. Jefferson's letter was made public, and the Legislature of North Carolina, as a matter of State pride and honor, took up the cudgels, and demanded an investigation. This investigation proved to the satisfaction of North Carolina, at least, that the declaration was not a plagiarism. However, as far as is known to those who took sides with Adams and Jefferson, the original document has never come to light, and proves that the first printed appeal for independence was published in Paine's *Common Sense*, a pamphlet appearing about the beginning of the year 1776, by the author, who had only resided two years in America. Dr. Rush, an intimate friend of Paine's, was the instigator of the publication of the

powerful plea for independence.

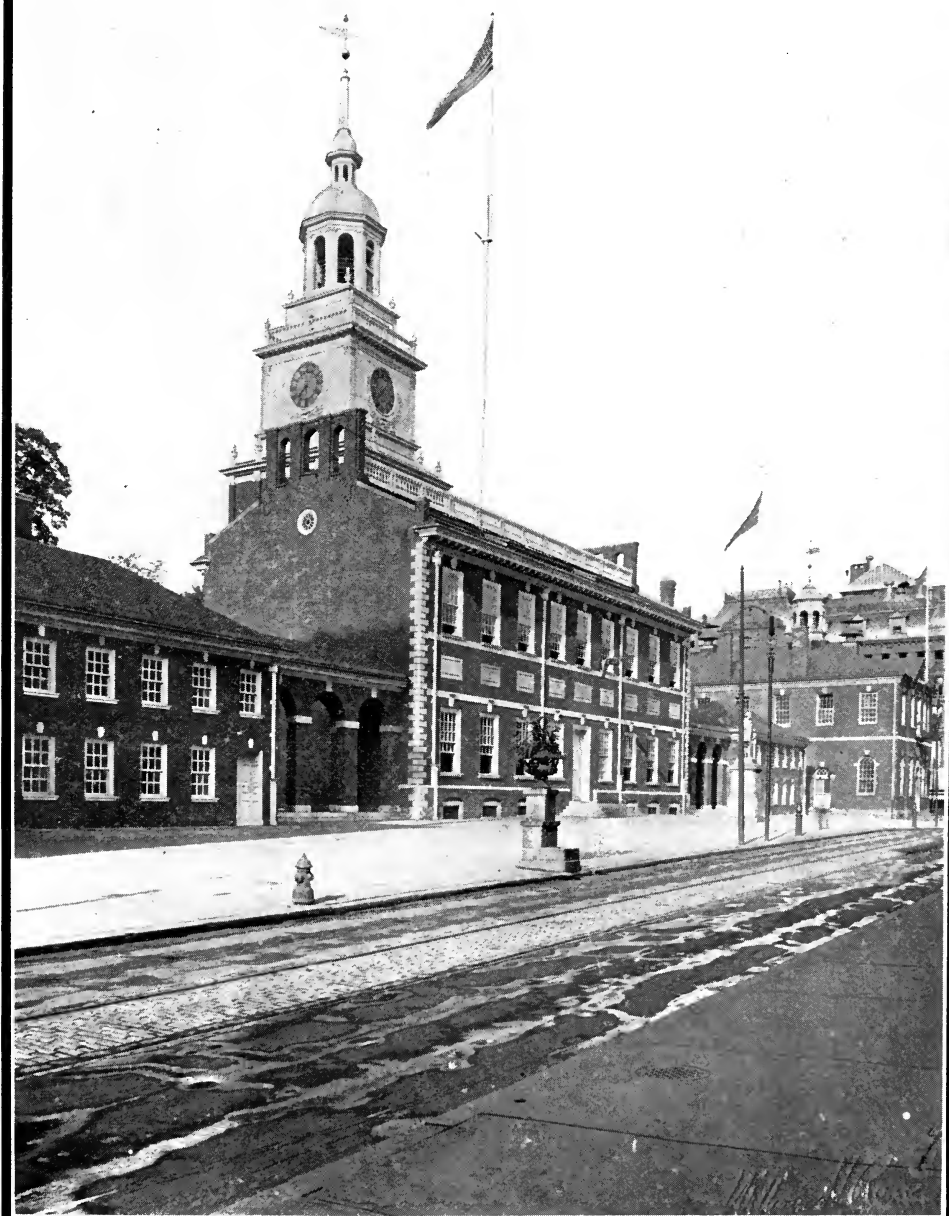
North Carolina had suffered more from the insolence of British officers than any other colony, and fearing the co-operation of her slaves with the oppressors, she submitted to systematic robbery. Edward Fanning was chief among the oppressors, and becoming intolerant of his repeated crimes against them, the people appealed to the courts. Their rage was awful when the court, after finding Fanning guilty, fined him six cents. The people then formed, in 1768, the “Regulators,” a band to help thereafter to regulate their own affairs. Revolution was in the saddle, and for three years the fires of civil war smoldered, finally to brake into flame when Governor Tryon led his men to meet the regulators assembled on the banks of the Alamance. The first battle for rights took place there, and the regulators were defeated. The Governor and his victorious army marched through the country, confiscating, plundering and burning, while terrorizing the people into oaths of loyalty. The home Government commended Tryon for his acts, and appointed him Governor of New York. Many of the regulators were put to death, some were exiled beyond the Alleghanies, where they formed the settlement of Tennessee. Others took the oath of allegiance, and remained in North Carolina “to fight another day.”

The tiny seed of independence germinated in Patrick Henry's undaunted speech of 1773, took firm root in many minds, and on the seventh of June, 1776, another of Virginia's sons, Richard Henry Lee, had the distinction of bringing the subject of independence before Congress for discussion.

He then read the following resolutions:

“That these colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States; that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.”

Though John Adams seconded the motion, objections arose from many



Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the cradle of the nation's birth.

on the score of the measure being premature. Only seven colonies were favorable to the passing of the resolution of June 10th. The position that Lee should have held afterwards was taken by Jefferson, Lee being at the bedside of his sick wife.

John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Livingston, Roger Sherman and Thomas Jefferson were those appointed as the committee of five named to draft a declaration. Adams and Jefferson were chosen to write the draft, but Adams urging that Jefferson was the better penman, accorded the honor to him. On the 24th of June, 1775, according to Jefferson's version, the draft was made, in the house at the corner of Market and Seventh streets.

The adoption of the Declaration which the committee reported on June 28th, depended on the adoption of the resolution expressed therein. On the first day of July, Benjamin Harris introduced Mr. Lee's motion of June 7th. After a day's debate, a decision was reached on the second of July, and it is claimed by historians that the second of July is the day we should celebrate, as it was merely the form of the declaration which accompanied the resolution adopted on the fourth. Be that as it may, Delaware, Pennsylvania and South Carolina did not concur until the fourth, while New York held back for five days succeeding the fourth. The final decision was announced between two and three o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth of July by Secretary Thomson, to the assembly in the hall. To this gentleman, too, was accorded the honor of announcing to George Washington, then at Mt. Vernon, his unanimous election to the Presidency of the United States. An intense stillness prevailed after the secretary's announcement. Thousands were patiently awaiting outside the decision of Congress. They had seen a messenger from Delaware, a few hours previously, dash up to the door, carrying that State's consent to the Declaration—but no word from New York. "Would the others act—would they?" were the tormenting questions.

Then, of a sudden, rang the cry: "Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!" And the clattering tongue of the great bell unloosed, announced the glad tidings of the total emancipation from British rule, and the joyful Declaration of Independence.

Swiftly the news of the declaration spread, and there was much rejoicing throughout the land. On the 8th of July, in Philadelphia, John Nixon read the Declaration of Independence from a balcony in the rear of the State House. When he had finished, the crowd tore down the Royal Arms from the court house and gave full vent to their merriment.

The Declaration was announced to George Washington in New York, on the 9th of July. He then commanded his army to line up, in what is now City Hall Park, and there the Declaration was read. Mighty cheers rent the air, to the accompaniment of clanging bells. Trinity and St. Paul's churches, being in sympathy with the Crown, kept their bells mute, but the wild populace getting the better of them, sent the Tory bells ringing with all the fervor of American vim. Bowling Green witnessed the tearing down of the leaden statue of George III. This statue was afterwards fashioned into bullets that leveled to the dust many hundreds of soldiers of the English army.

On the 18th of July, the Declaration was brought by stage coach to Boston. It was the people of the South and of the New England States who had provoked Parliament. The struggle with the Ministry had taken shape in Boston. The day dawned in a cloudless sky. Banners fluttered from every post of vantage, and the shimmering Charles river flung back the gleaming sunlight, as though millions of diamonds had been scattered over its glittering sapphire surface.

Promptly at one o'clock, a gentleman, rather old than young, rather feeble than robust (as the older novelists would say), rose in the hall of the old State House, and in a quavering voice, read the "Declaration," stop-

ping at the end of every sentence, while it was repeated by a tall man with a singularly resonant voice, who stood beside him. William Greenleaf said the words first, and the task of giving fitting dramatic enunciation to the thrilling phrases was entrusted to Colonel Thomas Crafts, one of the well-known and picturesque characters of the Boston of that period. In the meantime, a surging mass had swept into State street, and waited on tiptoes of expectancy, while the Town Clerk read from the balcony the Declaration of Independence. This document held crystalized the stir and movement of mighty hopes—the storms and aspirations after nationhood that had seen the poison of tyranny give the flash of scarlet to the flowers of Liberty. The words rang out, and the Credo of popular aspiration took form in phrases that left no doubt as to their meaning.

As the last words died into a hush, it was evident that that splendid leading tumult of phrase, vocal with a peoples' hopes, would flame into crimson blood before the end was achieved, as one who to-day in the seclusion of his study reads in Gabrielle d'Annunzio's "*Francesca da Rimini*," sees that the red roses of revolution always presage a storm of death and blood. But the Southerner and the New Englander were strong-willed men, who had built a policy that should last, that would weather the toy storms of a German princeling over the water, who had trifled with immemorial rights and privileges.

After the reading of the Declaration the crowd tore the sprightly lion and unicorn from the State House, and then spread a banquet and lit bonfires. The citizens gave themselves up to the spirit of the occasion. Military bands paraded the streets, their uniforms making bright splashes of color where the sunshine played upon shining buttons and accoutrements. Austere and stately scholars, bred in the delightful air of quiet studies, touched elbows with the lower type of townsmen. Everybody seemed to feel that the new voices in the air—the triumphant

voices of democracy and liberty, presaged events whose end no man could foresee.

The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester Neck, Nantasket and Long Island, swelled the chorus of jubilation, each saluting with the significant thirteen guns. The event was celebrated in Newport and New London, in the North, while the South was gay with rejoicings, especially at Charleston, Savannah and Williamsburg, the leading cities.

Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence only three claim to have been self-taught. Harvard graduated eight; Yale four; Princeton four; William and Mary, three; Edinburg two; Cambridge, England, three; and Westminster one. Several others received private tuition as high and costly as given at any university in the world. Evidently higher education did pay, over a century and a quarter ago. Of the signers, two became presidents of the United States; two vice-presidents; seven were justices and fourteen governors. The signers were on the whole favored of fortune. The majority of them lived to a good old age, and were crowned with public honors. Twenty-one of them survived the advent of the nineteenth century. Adams, Jefferson and Carroll were the last two to succumb, Adams and Jefferson having both died on the same day, July the fourth, 1826, just a half century after the Declaration of Independence. Carroll, the last of the signers, died in 1832.

The first one to pass away was John Morton of Pennsylvania, who died in April, 1777. Thomas Lynch was drowned at sea, and Buxton Gwinnet was killed in a duel (by General McIntosh of Georgia), the two latter being the only signers who met violent deaths.

The five oldest signers of the Declaration were Benjamin Franklin (70), Francis Hopkins (69), Francis Lewis (63), Matthew Thornton (62), and Philip Livingston (60). The five youngest were Benjamin Rush (31), Thomas Jefferson (33), Thomas Lynch

(27), Thomas Stone (33), and Arthur Middleton (33).

Eight of the signers were foreign-born. Three were of Irish birth; two of Scottish; two of Welch; one of English; Secretary Thomson was born in Ireland, and twenty-one came from south of Mason and Dixon's line. Benjamin Franklin, George Clymer, Caesar Rodney and Francis Hopkins were devotees of science and literature. Two of the signers were practicing physicians—Josiah Bartlett, Benjamin Rush and Matthew Thornton, the former being the first man to sign after Hancock. He is also noted as the first physician to introduce Peruvian bark. Lawyers, in the signing of the Declaration, were in the majority; next came the planters, then the merchants. Four of the signers afterwards became ministers. Six only of the signers took active part in the Revolution, and only one of them, Thomas Nelson, Brigadier-General, was present when Cornwallis surrendered. The majority of the signatures on the Declaration of Independence are well-written. Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, next to the oldest signer, betrayed his tottering condition as he inscribed his name by grasping his trembling right wrist with his shaking left hand, grimly remarking as he wrote: "If my hand does tremble, John Bull will find my heart won't."

On the day of its adoption, the Declaration of Independence was signed by John Hancock, President of the Congress. It was then ordered to be entered in the journal and engrossed on parchment, when the delegates should sign it. In the advent of August, fifty-four delegates had signed, and a trifle later the other two affixed their signatures. In the State Department Library there is on view a facsimile of this Declaration. The original is jealously preserved in an indestructible steel safe. A party was entrusted to make a facsimile of it in the early century, but the process rendered it actinic, and as the signatures began to fade and the document to show signs of wear, it was then carefully secreted from the light of day.

However, its light has been shed on countless millions, and wheresoever an American dwells, to him the "Glorious Fourth of July" proclaims sweet liberty, just as one hundred and thirty-five years ago a nation was aroused when the clear voice of a boy calling "Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!" loosened the aged bellman's rope, and the famous Liberty Bell pealed forth the glad tidings—"The Declaration of Independence."

" 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume."

THE MINOR MUSE

BY F. L. ROERS

A minor muse, alas! is mine,
I have no skylark wings.
I cannot build the lyric line,
A minor muse, alas! is mine.
The lark breathes notes that stir like wine;
The linnet lowlier sings.
A minor muse, alas! is mine,
I have no skylark wings.

BY CHURCH AND STATE

BY DOLORES BUTTERFIELD

REMEMBER," said Mauricio, solemnly, "I have advised against this marriage from the first."

"Remember," retorted Luis, impatiently, "I have never asked thy advice."

"Oh, thou hast fully made me understand that," answered Mauricio, in a voice of great injury. "But some day when thou hast come to thy senses and hast learned to regret this blind folly, I shall be pleased to have thee call to mind that I, at least, did my duty as a brother in spite of thee."

"Thy duty, indeed!" sniffed the prospective bridegroom, as he twisted his head savagely to get at his collar-button. "I consider that you and mamma have meddled abominably, and have set all my friends to meddling, too, in the most unwarrantable way. Why, the whole town

has put in its say, as if it were concerned in the matter. I never saw such a town for mixing into people's private business! When I was away at college I used to be homesick for it. Yes, that's the truth. Even the

Capital itself could not make me disloyal to Cuauhmecca. And now, when I come back and expect to get married, the way every one gossips and gapes and puts in is enough to make one wish to go away and never come back."

Mauricio sarcastically applauded his brother's anger.

"*Bien dicho!* That's thoroughly proper. Quarrel with mamma and with me, and with every one else who wishes thee well—and go thy headstrong way. Thou shouldst be grateful to people for taking an interest. But I've done with advising thee."

"That's one blessing, at least," muttered



Dolores Butterfield.

Luis, "for which one could afford to have a mass sung!"

"Oh, *thou* couldst afford to have a mass sung, couldst thou?" jeered Mauricio. "And about to be married to an extravagant girl with a pocket even emptier than thine own and a head still emptier. I see thee affording anything."

"Oh, I know thou wouldst have me marry for money—preferably Estela Galindo, who would not have me if I asked her, and whom I wouldn't have if she had all the money in the world. Why dost thou not marry her thyself, since thou art always grinding at me about her?"

"I have my eye on something else," placidly replied the other. "Carmelita, the daughter of the banker in Mendoza, can compete even with Estela. She is just as rich, almost as pretty, and hasn't got such a terrible father."

Luis leveled at him a glance of scorn. "Mercenary!" he growled.

Mauricio shrugged his shoulders. "No, only sensible!" he said. "Love and money frequently go together—or at least, with proper attention, they may be combined. But thou hast never had any sense."

"I don't want any of that kind," retorted Luis. "Marry for money indeed! And be a little dog at my wife's heels ever after! A woman's money is her own—her husband can't touch a cent without going begging to her. I think, on the whole, with thy gracious permission, I shall marry a girl no richer than myself."

"Well, well, that's thy taste, I suppose. But why Cuca Rojas? Aside from having nothing in the world except a certain position in society—here in Cuauhmeca—and a degree of good looks, she's the flightiest and silliest girl in town. I should have thought thou wouldst have acquired better taste—coming from the Capital!"

"What's wrong with Cuca?" demanded Luis. "The only trouble with her is that she has some spirits, and in this dead-and-alive town a girl with any vivacity about her is instantly criticised as '*loca*.' Come and help me

with my necktie, canst thou not? What a best man I have!"

Mauricio leisurely crossed over to where his brother stood before the mirror. "She is *loca*," he observed. "Thou hast been away for several years, and consequently thou dost not really know how she is. Why——"

"I've certainly heard enough about her heinous doings since I came back," said Luis. "What do they amount to, anyway? She has a gay disposition, and doesn't always stop to think. But when one analyzes the famous *locuras* that have set the town agape, there is no harm in them."

"She's a coquette," said Mauricio. "She's had sweethearts beyond count, one after another ever since she was fifteen. Last year it was Valdespino, a young man from Guadalajara: just the kind of man to take her fancy—a handsome rascal with plenty of money. I guess she really cared for him as much as she could ever care for anyone except Cuca Rojas herself. I don't know what they quarreled about, but I know she was crazy about him. Why, she actually let him kiss her one day through the window bars! The girls across the street from her house saw it."

Luis growled contemptuously. "Prove it, and I'll give her *calabazas* at the church door itself. But it's not true. She told me herself it wasn't true. Who answers for it, anyway? The girls across the street! A pack of backbiting, malicious old maids. I don't wish to hear any more about it."

"Oh, well——" The exasperated Mauricio relapsed into silence.

"I'm ready now. Come on," said Luis, turning away from the mirror.

"Thank goodness! I'm afraid we'll be late. Another piece of foolishness, this putting the wedding forward a whole week unexpectedly, after she had put it off for a month! What next, I wonder?"

Luis, looking desperate, started toward the door. "Come on, I say," he cried. "The boys have been waiting in the carriage since I don't know when. Let's get started—and for

Heaven's sake, don't keep this up after we get to church!"

II.

Now, tho' Mauricio Izurieta was not an altogether admirable young man; he had some justice in complaining of his brother's choice. True, it may be said to have been no affair of his, whatever his opinion, but he was Luis's brother, and thought that it *was* his affair; and he had a very firm conviction that Luis was marrying Cuca Rojas more because—as he slangily put it—"ella le echo garra," than because he really entertained any overpowering love for her. The city of Cuauhmeca, as a whole, entertained this opinion, too.

As a matter of fact, when Luis returned from college, people had thought he showed a preference for Estela Galindo. Estela lived in the neighboring port of Mendoza, and was visiting her married sister in Cuauhmeca when he met her. But when she returned to Mendoza he did not follow her, although his mother (some said she did it purposely to make Luis accompany her) went to live permanently in Mendoza at about that time. If her object really was to keep Luis within reach of Estela's attractions, she failed most signally, for her son, who worked in Cuauhmeca, remained in that city, seeing more and more of Cuca Rojas, and falling more and more a victim to her charms.

People said she threw herself at his head. They said she was piqued about Valdespino, whom she had expected would formally ask her to marry him. They said she was anxious to get married because she was twenty-three (confessedly) and had flirted with so many men that, while all would flirt with her, none was so fascinated as to wish her for his wife; and that she had selected Luis for two reasons: firstly, because he did not know her as well as others, and secondly, because he was an industrious young man, without vices, and apt to be successful. They said so many things, in fact,

against Cuca and in favor of Estela, that the perverse Luis was only the more determined to assert his independence and listen to no one. And Cuca was skillful enough to manage the affair quite well, indeed. She was very witty and bright, and as pretty as Estela, in a different way. She was very little, which made her vivacity charming, and was of the *morena* type over which Spaniards rave, having a complexion of a clear, pale brown. She had long black eyes, by turns languid and merry, and bright red, laughing lips, which gave glimpses of dazzling little teeth. It was no impossible matter for her to persuade Luis that he was very much in love with her—and after that to lead him on to a definite proposal of marriage was only a matter of time.

But no suspicion of her as a designing person entered Luis's mind. If it had, it must have vanished at sight of the dainty little bride from whose blushing face he pushed back the filmy white veil, with awkward hands enough and who, as they came out of the church together, followed by the brilliant crowd of guests, glanced up at him with shy, bewitching eyes. He was still lost in contemplation of the fairylike little creature when, as they descended the broad, shallow steps before which the bridal carriage awaited them, a boy shouldered his way forward from the crowd of *curiosos*.

"Excuse me—an urgent telegram for the Senor Izurieta. I have been waiting ever so long."

Luis seized the yellow envelope and tore it open. The message contained these words:

"Thy mother dying. Come immediately. Advise Mauricio. May not live twenty-four hours. CLEOFAS."

Luis rumbled his hair ruefully. "Ah, *que carambas!*" he muttered. "Now, what's to be done?"

Cuca had read the telegram even before he handed it to her—not over his shoulder, for she was by no means tall enough, but by glancing past his arm—and uttered a little exclamation of alarm and concern.

"Oh, Luis, how terrible! What art thou going to do?"

"I have to go—I don't see anything else to be done," said Luis. "Let's see the time. *Vaya pues!* Just time to change my clothes and catch the train." He considered a moment, Cuca looking at him anxiously. "I see nothing for it," he went on presently; "but it's too bad to have to rush off this way. Poor mamma——"

Don. Pepe Rojas and the bridesmaids, and as many of the guests as could, had crowded up to learn what the trouble was. The telegram passed from hand to hand, amid a babel of exclamations. "Of course there won't be a dance now," said one of the bridesmaids, in a tone of great disappointment; but was nudged into silence by her sister. No, of course, there would be no dance. People began to press forward to offer their sympathy and their congratulations in one breath, and to take leave of the bride and groom at once. Luis tried to push a way to the carriage with Cuca. In the midst of the commotion, Don Pascual Salcido, the notary who performed the secular marriages in Cuauhmecca, raising his voice, made himself heard.

"Luis, art thou not going to wait for the civil ceremony? My clerk is waiting at the house with the books and register."

Luis again looked at his watch. He knew, having seen it performed for others, that the civil contract of marriage is lengthy and awe-inspiring. "I am afraid I haven't time," he said. "I'll barely reach the train as it is. I really haven't a moment to spare." He laughed nervously as he pushed on toward the carriage. "You will have to wait until I get back, Don Pascual—and that will be as soon as I possibly can."

At last he had gotten Cuca into the carriage with two of the bridesmaids. The rest of the wedding party climbed into the other carriages, and with a rattle of wheels upon the *empedrado* surrounding church and plaza, the brilliant line of vehicles started away.

III.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Luis stepped off the train at the Mendoza station, and hastily getting into a hack, drove to his mother's house. There he was received in a great flutter by Cleofas. Cleofas was a girl whom his mother had baptized out of charity, and whom she had since taken into her house partly as a companion and sort of adopted daughter, and partly in the capacity of sub-housekeeper and head servant. Her acquaintance with Luis was slight—she having entered the house while he was in college, since which time he had not been much with his mother. But her admiration of him was great, indeed, and though she assumed toward him the attitude of an adopted sister, so to speak, the confusion and agitation into which the sight of him invariably threw her would have proven to any one interested in observing the case that her feelings toward him were not particularly sisterly.

The room in which the invalid lay was darkened, so that at first glance it was difficult to see her face; but her eyes burned restlessly in the dull light. She seemed unable to raise herself to embrace her son, but he took her fondly in his strong arms—forgetting and forgiving in that moment her opposition to his marriage, and the unkind things she had written in her letters about his bride to be. He noticed, with a little wonder, that she was alone—that there were none of those friends who usually throng a Mexican sick room, nor any doctors, nor even a priest.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, "why didst thou not allow me to know sooner that thou wert ill?"

"I was ill so suddenly. But hast thou come alone? Where is Mauricio?"

"Thou knowest my memory," he said remorsefully. "I only remembered him when I was on the train. I was so hurried! Still, he was with me when I received the message, and must have known. Shall I telegraph him to come?"

"Cleofas will do so; but he may already have started. Oh, I hope so, for if he delays, I may not see him."

"No, mamma," said Luis, hopefully, "I am sure thou art not so ill as thou dost fancy."

"Ah, Luis, there is no fancying about it. I am going to die. If I might leave my children happy——"

Cleofas was sobbing beside the bed. "Oh, what will become of poor me?" she wailed. "I have no one in the whole world but my *nina*. What will become of me?"

Her godmother smiled indulgently. "My children shall care for thee as a sister, Cleofitas. Is it not so, Luis? Thou wilt never forget to care for the girl who has been the companion of my loneliness, with both my sons away?"

"No, I won't forget," said Luis huskily.

A priest appeared in the doorway, but his entrance did not stay the immediate expression of Cleofas's gratitude. Though she did not speak, she seized Luis's hand in a fervent clasp, looking at him with wet, grateful eyes. Then, with a glance at the waiting priest, she rose hastily from her knees. The sick woman drew her down close to her.

"Take him into the parlor for a moment," she whispered, indicating the priest with a faint motion of her hand. "I wish to speak to Luis alone before I see him."

The girl went to the door, saluted the priest, and left the room with him. Luis bent over his mother. "Thou wouldst speak to me alone?" he asked. "We are alone now, mamma."

"My son," said the sick woman in a weak voice, "thou hast always heeded my wishes; thou hast sought always to please me. Wouldst thou let me die and deny me my last prayer?"

"Mamma, how canst thou ask me? I will do anything for thee."

"Thou art going to be married," his mother continued. "How, I scarcely know; for thou wert only *de novio*, and and no one thought the matter serious—and then suddenly thou wert to be

married almost before one could cross oneself."

"I advised thee," said Luis.

"And wert thereafter deaf to all I said. Luis, Luis, that girl will never make thee happy. She is too frivolous and careless ever to be a good wife. But she has thee bewitched, and thou wilt not hear me."

"Mamma——" began her son, but she interrupted him.

"I know what thou wilt say. Thou hast gone too far to draw back. But if needful, leave the town—leave the country—anything to get away from her. Luis, I implore thee! do not marry her. If the commands and prayers of a mother are at all times sacred, how much more so when they are delivered from her deathbed?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Luis. "This is cruel indeed! for under no circumstances could I in honor and conscience withdraw from Cuca, being once engaged to her. But Heaven has spared me the dilemma. Our wedding was put forward. I received thy message at the door of the church. I am already married."

"What!" cried the invalid, suddenly bounding out of bed with all the energy of fifty hale and hearty years, while her astonished son rose slowly to his feet. "Married already! To that giggling, brainless, heartless little flirt! Then indeed art thou worthy of her! Go back to her at once, and let me not see thee again until God puts it into my heart to forgive thee!"

Luis, gazing at her with round eyes of amazement, ventured a protest.

"But, mamma, how can I go and leave thee ill?"

"Ill? Do I look ill? I feigned it to save thee if I could from the life-long misery of this marriage. It would have been time enough to recover after receiving the promise to break with her, which I never thought thou couldst deny me if thou shouldst believe me dying. And who knows but Heaven will punish me for the pretense, well as I meant it, by making it true? But go now. I have not heart to see thee. Married to *her*! Call

Cleofas! Where is the priest? I must confess now in earnest. Cleofas! Cleofas!"

Too angry and hurt to speak at discovering the deception his mother had practiced upon him, Luis took up his hat, and, avoiding the priest and Cleofas, who were still in the parlor, he crossed the portal and went out of the house.

IV.

Formerly communication between Cuauhmecca and the port of Mendoza was carried on by stage-coach, or by ships, which, coming up the coast from Mendoza, touched at Atachitlan, from whence a railroad leads to Cuauhmecca. But of late a new railroad going straight down the coast through both Cuauhmecca and Mendoza, has done away with the old-time *diligencia*, and has reduced the steamers and the little railroad running between Atachitlan and Cuauhmecca to a state bordering on nothingness. Of course the up-to-date, fashionable way to travel from the one place to the other is decidedly *not* to go by steamer. That is left for cheap, ordinary people, to whom the fare is an item.

However, Luis Izurieta, seething with anger, and with a powerful impulse upon him to leave Mendoza as far behind him as he possibly could, in as short a space of time, flung off for the wharf, where the Melchor Ocampo was to weigh anchor at ten o'clock, rather than wait until nine in the evening, when the train would leave for Cuauhmecca.

He had traveled on the Melchor Ocampo before, in days when the little vessel teemed with passengers, and had no conscience about taking twice as many people on board as it could really accommodate. But now there were few enough traveling first class, and of those whom he saw, Luis knew none. He had a strong suspicion that they were people who would have traveled second class had not the rates been cut, and divining their probable station in life, he held coolly aloof

from them—as those who belong to the *alta sociedad* quite frequently do, in other countries and republics besides Mexico.

Quite bored at having no one to talk to—for the ship's officers were busy—he sat down to read a translation of Jules Verne, and so passed the time until almost noon. When he at last rose to take a turn about the deck, he was surprised to see a lady on board whom he had not seen before, and in whom, when she presently turned toward him, he recognized Estela Galindo.

She looked prettier than he had ever seen her, though she was pretty enough at all times. The sea-wind had brought a touch of color to cheeks usually too pale. The gleaming curls of her soft brown hair were blown about her face. There was an unwonted sparkle of excitement in her beautiful, clear eyes, though there was also something strange and nervous in her glance. He was delighted at finding some one that he knew, and shook hands with her warmly.

"Art thou going to Cuauhmecca?" he asked.

"Yes, to stay with Sara," answered the girl. Luis, thinking of her arbitrary and overbearing old father, whose temper was notorious throughout that district, and with whom she lived all alone—save for the servants—when she was in Mendoza, did not wonder that whenever she could she escaped to Cuauhmecca and her married sister.

"But art thou alone?" he asked, recalling suddenly that he had seen no one in whose company she could be traveling.

The question seemed, for some reason, to confuse her.

"Alone? How—how could I come alone? I come in the captain's care. Papa always recommends me to Captain Suarez when I go to Cuauhmecca. And then, there is usually some family aboard that one knows. I—I forgot that now every one goes by railroad, and so—there is no family to take charge of me. But the captain is such

an old friend, I really have felt quite at home."

Luis thought there was something hurried and nervous in her manner, but did not greatly remark it. He continued talking with her about other things, and presently took her down to dinner. In the afternoon, to his honest regret, he saw no more of her, and so was left to his own ill-humor and impatience.

The train runs between Atachitlan and Cuauhmeca every second day. The steamers, wandering along in a haphazard fashion, are quite as apt to arrive at Atachitlan on the off-days as any other time, causing people to hire a special train if they are rich and important, a hand-car if they are plain people in a hurry, or to meekly wait over in Atachitlan if they are neither the one thing nor the other. So it was no great matter for wonder for the Melchor Ocampo to waddle into port (one hates to use the term "waddle" in connection with anything named Melchor Ocampo; but the truth is that it *did* waddle, then and always), on a beautiful Thursday morning when there was no hope of a regular train until one o'clock on the following day.

Luis and Estela were the only passengers on board who could not resign themselves to spending the night in the little port. Luis looked over what passengers there were, and wondered if it would pay him to telephone for a special. Having decided that it would not, he thought of asking for a hand-car, when suddenly his attention was attracted to Estela, who had come ashore with him.

"Oh, Luis," she said tremulously, "I hadn't thought of this at all. Captain Suarez is all very well while I am on the steamer, but now I am all alone, and I can't stay here all night—and——"

Luis was afraid she was going to cry. "Why, what's all this, Estela?" he asked cheerfully. "Sarita must certainly have come up on yesterday's train to wait for thee. She wouldn't risk thy having to stay here all alone!"

Estela flushed, and pushed the wan-

dering curls back from her face with nervous hands. "But—Sara doesn't know—I didn't telegraph her when I left Mendoza—she——"

"Estela!" cried Luis in amazement. "And thy father—does he know?"

"I can't stand him any more!" the girl broke out, her eyes flashing. "I might as well tell thee the truth, for I suppose after all the truth will look better than a falsehood would. I can't stand him! I have been trying for ever so long to have him let me go to Cuauhmeca, where I could get away from him, and he wouldn't. He simply wouldn't. He keeps getting worse and worse. I think if I hadn't come away I should have gone crazy. And I had no money to telegraph Sara—only enough for my passage, and scarcely a cent over. Thou dost not know what it is to have papa for a guardian, and not be able to touch a copper even of my own, that my mother left me, without his leave for it! But what am I to do now?"

"Well, well, don't cry," said Luis, soothingly. "I'll call up Cuauhmeca and have them send a special, and notify Sarita so that she and Ciro can come for thee, or thy uncle if they should be unable."

"Oh, please do," said Estela. "I don't know what I should have done, Luis, if I had not met thee."

"And I was to have married her for her money," thought Luis, remembering Mauricio, as he entered the station and sought the telephone.

"Somebody in Cuauhmeca has been going wild ever since the Ocampo was sighted," said the clerk. "Maybe you are the person he's so anxious to talk to."

The bell just then began to ring violently. Luis, as soon as he could rang a response and put the receiver to his ear.

"*Listo*," he said.

An impatient voice was shouting: "Atachitlan? Atachitlan?"

"Yes," said Luis. "Is it Cuauhmeca?"

"What passengers arrived on the Melchor Ocampo?"

"I beg your pardon, but I'm not the steamship company's agent. I wish to send a message to——"

His speech was drowned out by a volume of sound from the other end of the wire, from which the question finally evolved itself: "Is Estela Galindo one of the passengers?"

"Yes; I wanted to ask you to send a special for her, and kindly send word——"

"A special will leave this moment Good-bye!" The receiver clicked.

"Ah, carambas! what a temper," soliloquized Luis, as he rang again. After a moment came the response, and Luis again raised the receiver. A terrific "*Que hubo?*" exploded in his ear.

"I only wanted to ask you to do me the favor to send word——"

"I can't send word to any one!" Again the receiver clicked. But apparently the station agent of Cuauhmeca now took the telephone, for the lazy voice of that individual came over the wire. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I should be glad if you could let Sarita Galindo, the wife of Ciro Guzman, know that you are sending a special, and that her sister is here."

"I think she knows it already. Her husband was here a moment ago, and her uncle, Don Meliton, ordered the train."

"In that case it's all right. Thank you. Good-bye."

He went outside where Estela was waiting for him. "I suspect thy father telegraphed them from Mendoza to look for thee on the Ocampo," he said. "They seemed to have everything started already, and thy uncle is coming. Ciro seemed angrier than I thought Ciro could be in a thousand years, so perhaps thy father has set them against thee. But when thou hast explained things to them they will get over that. Sarita ought certainly to be able to sympathize with thee. I say, Estela, it's one o'clock. Let's have dinner."

At four o'clock the train arrived, from which emerged Estela's portly uncle, a thriving notary of Cuauhmeca,

who lived with Sara. Vouchsafing few words and no information, in answer to the poor girl's queries, he fenced her into a seat by the window, while Luis, glad to be clear of all further responsibility in the matter, repaired to the platform to smoke a meditative cigarette.

"What the devil possessed me to come this way, anyhow?" he asked himself, severely. "I could have been in Cuauhmeca since early this morning if I had waited for the train in Mendoza, and I wouldn't have been mixed up in this. If Cuca hears of it—— She always has bothered me about Estela, and the least thing makes her jealous! She will be sure to think that I had no need to take any notice of Estela at all!"

V.

It was seven o'clock when the special steamed into the station at Cuauhmeca. Some carriages stood about, and the portly notary handed Estela into one of them, and prepared to follow, himself.

"Won't you take a seat with us, Luis?" he asked affably, as the young man descended the station steps. "We can get out at our place, and the carriage can take you on to yours. Come, now"—as Luis hesitated—"do me the favor." He gently laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder and pushed him in.

Luis and the notary talked as they drove through the streets, but Estela was silent. Presently they rattled up to the door of Ciro Guzman's residence and Estela and her uncle alighted, bidding Luis good-bye from the sidewalk. Luis watched them go into the *zaguan*, while the coachman was re-lighting one of the lamps, which had been blown out, when suddenly from within he heard the notary calling his name.

"*Luis! favor de venir tantito.*"

"What is it?" asked Luis, jumping out of the carriage and entering the house.

In the parlor—which opened directly from the short, wide hallway of the

zaguan—he was amazed to confront Don Gabriel Galindo, Estela's father—a fierce-looking old gentleman, who looked much the fiercer for having a large revolver in his hand. Ciro and his wife, looking meekly indignant, stood on one side. The notary, pompous and self-important, supported the shrinking Estela with one hand while he raised the other as if to enjoin quiet.

"I will kill her!" Don Gabriel was vociferating violently. "I will kill her!" Luis recognized the voice he had heard on the telephone.

"Hush!" commanded the notary. "Here is Luis. Ciro, despatch the carriage and lock the *zaguan*. Luis——"

"Excuse me," said Luis, turning back to the door in great embarrassment. "I thought you called me."

"I did," said the notary. "Do me the favor to remain." Luis heard the sound of wheels rumbling away, and the *zaguan* clanged to. In great perplexity he looked at the notary.

"Don Meliton," he began, but was interrupted by an outburst from Don Gabriel.

"Is this the villain?" shouted the rampant old gentleman, advancing towards Luis in a fury. The notary restrained him.

"Be calm, Gabriel; self-control is always a great virtue," said Don Meliton in a silky voice. "How well I knew I was the one who should go to Atachitlan, and not thou, *hermano mio*! Thou wouldst have made a great scandal and gained nothing. As it is, I have them both here—taken in the act, one may say."

"What do you mean?" demanded Luis, his anger rising.

"Taken in the act, I say," repeated Don Meliton. "Do not all the circumstances point to it? Here is Estela, who left home secretly, without advising her sister here any more than she advised her father there; who was

traced on board the Melchor Ocampo by her father; who then came to Cuauhmeca to intercept her. And here are you, who traveled with her on the Melchor Ocampo; who landed with her at Atachitlan; and were waiting with her in the station at that port to board the train together! What do you say to that, young man?"

"I'll have his life!" roared Don Gabriel, again making an advance upon Luis, and again having to be restrained by Ciro and Don Meliton.

"Be quiet for a moment," said the notary, as he shoved his brother back. "Now, Luis, what are your intentions? Are you going to marry my niece?"

"Marry her?" cried Luis. "Why, of course not. I'm——"

"You *shall* marry her!" thundered Don Gabriel. "Do you think you can mock *me* with impunity?"

"Now listen to me, Luis Izurieta," said the notary sternly. "My niece is under age; she won't be twenty-one for eighteen months. She's a respectable girl. The law will compel you to marry her. You can't trifle with a minor and expect to evade the consequences. *Now* are you going to marry her?"

Estela's cheeks were scarlet, but she was past speech. She covered her face with her hands, looking guilty enough, for that matter, to satisfy them. Luis glared angrily about at the group.

"You are doing both of us a terrible injustice," he said. "I should be ashamed, Don Gabriel, to cast suspicion upon my own daughter—if I were your age and had one——"

"Ah-h-h!" cried the old man, with a snarl like a wild beast. "You are the man to preach sermons to the father you've injured! Scoundrel! Fiend! How dare you bring disgrace upon an honorable family! I ought to blow your brains out without letting you say another word!"

(To be concluded in August Number.)

"A CLEAN THING OUT OF AN UNCLEAN"

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor London* and Brooklyn Tabernacles

*Pastor Russell, on the occasion of a recent visit to London, England, accepted the pastorate of the London Tabernacle Congregation. The call was given with the full understanding that Pastor Russell would not think of leaving his large work in America, which centers at Brooklyn, N. Y. It was urged, however, that his acceptance of the pastorate would insure his giving them a goodly share of his time. He promised about four months in each year. He has able assistants there as well as in Brooklyn. Really, London will have about as much of the pastor's time as he gives to Brooklyn, because in America his Sundays are scattered over a considerable area, Brooklyn having the first Sunday of each month so far as possible. Pastor Russell travels much in Great Britain also, but gives his Sundays to London and his week days to the other large cities. Reports indicate that he has large audiences at all his meetings—besides the still vaster audience reached weekly through his sermons printed in more than a thousand newspapers in the United States, Canada, Great Britain and Australia.

PERHAPS the most difficult thing for people in general to believe respecting Jesus is the claim of the Bible and of all orthodox creeds that He was born of a virgin—that He was born differently from the remainder of the race, and that, on account of this miraculous birth, He was perfect physically, mentally, morally—"holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Some can exercise a simple, child-like faith and accept this proposition set forth in the Scriptures, and progress in the building of a faith structure thereupon. Others of different mental construction find faith more difficult and inquire for the reason, the philosophy and, if possible, to know the processes by which Divine power was thus exercised, as well as the reason why such a stupendous miracle was required to be wrought. The subject is not only a delicate one, but very abstruse, and, as a matter of fact, the philosophy of it is rarely if ever thought of or attempted.

The point, however, is fundamental. No one can Scripturally believe in the Lord Jesus Christ without believing in His miraculous birth. No one, therefore, can be a Christian, in the Scriptural sense, without this belief. So long as we held that only true, saintly Christians would be saved, and that all others were foreordained to eternal torture we properly enough felt a delicacy in mentioning particularly the items of faith necessary to the obtaining of a standing with God as a true Christian. Now, however, since we see that only

the saintly few will be members of the elect Church, and that through these (in their glorified condition) will come a great blessing of restitution opportunities to human perfection and to an earthly Eden to all the non-elect, we may feel free to treat all matters very candidly.

Belief in the Miraculous Birth Necessary.

By and by, when all the darkness and clouds of ignorance, superstition, etc., shall have passed away, and when clear knowledge of God and clear Revelation from Him will be freely granted to mankind, all, of course, will understand the philosophy of this great fact of our Lord's immaculate birth. But in the present time such knowledge is withheld, because God is seeking a special class which will trust Him where they cannot trace Him—a class which will be willing to walk by faith and not by sight. To such faithful, trusting ones God will grant special privileges and blessings as the Bride of the Redeemer and joint heir in His Kingdom and glory. To these it is given to know something respecting the mysteries of the Divine arrangement in connection with the Kingdom class, which are still hidden from the world in general. These are guided by the Divine Revelation of the Bible and aided by the illumination of the mind through the Holy Spirit, which they receive at the time of their full consecration. Only these may be expected to see very clearly on many of the important subjects of Divine Revelation

in the present time—others must wait until the night is passed and until the morning of the New Dispensation shall have been ushered in with its rising of the Sun of Righteousness. Meantime, as we near the glorious day, the illumination of the early dawning gives clearness of vision on every subject and enables honest minds, even amongst the worldly, to grasp certain great doctrines and principles of Truth as never before.

The importance of the doctrine is acknowledged by all creeds, though many of those who hold to the creed fail to see the connection—the reasons—the necessity. The erroneous view held by some that Jesus was, at the same time, the Heavenly Father in Heaven and the Heavenly Son on earth—equal in power and glory and “one in substance”—has made confusion worse confounded in many minds. We must leave all the unscriptural rubbish on the subject and confine ourselves to the Bible teachings, directly and indirectly.

It was necessary that Jesus should be perfect—“holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners”—because the first man Adam had been all that. Jesus left His heavenly glory with the Father, as the *Logos*, and took the human nature for the very purpose of redeeming the first man Adam, and thus Adam's family and his estate. Since sin and hereditary imperfection have tainted and blemished every member of Adam's race, “There is none perfect, no, not one,” and “hence none is able to give a ransom for his brother”—neither for Father Adam nor for any man.—Psalm 49:7.

If there had been a perfect son of Adam, God could have made to such a one the very offer that He made to the *Logos*, “the Only-Begotten of the Father.” He could have offered him glory, honor and immortality as a reward for the sacrificing of His perfect earthly life to be a price for Father Adam's life, and thus a ransom price for his race, etc. But no perfect man could be found. God could have made the proposition to Gabriel or one of

the inferior angels—to become a perfect man and to redeem Adam and his race. But instead of so doing, Divine Wisdom chose to make the proposition to the Only-Begotten Son of God, the *Logos*. He gladly accepted the undertaking to be transferred from the spirit plane to the human plane and to carry out to the full the Divine will, as step by step it would be revealed to Him.

Our Catholic friends go a step beyond the Scriptures and claim that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was miraculously born; that she was perfect, and that this had to do with the perfection of Jesus. We cannot accept this, because there is no Scripture for it. Besides, if Mary could be thus miraculously conceived and born free from the taint of heredity, why would it be necessary, since Jesus could be born in like manner of an imperfect mother? And this is the Scriptural proposition—the one we are discussing—the one that is so difficult for some well-meaning people to grasp and believe. Its importance lies in the fact that a sinner could not redeem himself, and that, unless Jesus were miraculously born, He would have been partaker of the blemishes of Father Adam.

The secret of the matter lies in the fact (which is daily coming to be more fully recognized by science) that all life comes from the father, and that the mother merely furnishes the nourishment for that living organism which comes from the father, by which it is developed and becomes a creature of the same nature as the mother, although its life is wholly from its father. Thus the word *father* is synonymous with the word *life-giver*.

Divine Life Transferred.

We must not be wise above what is written. God has not revealed to us the particular process by which life originally given to the Only-Begotten, the *Logos*, was transferred without cessation to the womb of Mary, the mother of Jesus, for her to nourish and develop it to birth on the human plane

of existence. This great fact we accept for two reasons:

(1) Because it is the statement of the only Book which bears the stamp of Divine Revelation.

(2) Because we perceive that just such a condition of things is necessary to the working out of the Divine Program as originally intended—a Program which the Almighty Father could have arranged otherwise had He desired. The point of special interest to us is:

How could this clean thing, this life of the *Logos*, be nourished in the womb of an unclean, imperfect, mother not separate from sinners? The Prophet inquires, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" and replies: Not one. No man would have such power. But this is the very power which God possesses, and claims to have exercised in the miraculous birth of Jesus.

Science for some time has been closely approaching the solution of this question. Science is finding that a perfect creature can appropriate to its own use such elements of nutrition as are necessary, advantageous and healthful, and can reject and pass by the unhealthful nutriment. More and more this principle is recognized, not only in laboratories, but also in daily life. A healthy man may eat almost anything with impunity. His system will reject and purge of unhealthful, poisonous elements and retain, absorb, appropriate the healthful. This is in harmony with the old proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison." And in proportion as one is bodily weak and degenerate, he is susceptible to diseases of every kind. In proportion as he is strong, full of vitality, vigor, the various microbes and bacteria are repelled by his system. Applying this principle in the case of Jesus, it solves the riddle; it shows us how the perfect germ of life from the spirit plane could appropriate to itself the necessary nourishments for its own perfect development. Thus we are better enabled to-day to see the philosophy of the immaculate conception of

our Lord than were any of our forefathers. And to-day also we understand the philosophy of the Atonement better than they: we may the better see why Jesus must needs have been perfect—why no imperfect one could have been the Redeemer.

Not a God, But a Man.

Thus seen, the Redeemer was not a mere man in the sense of being on a common plane with the remainder of mankind, imperfect, fallen. He was a man, nevertheless—a perfect man, an image of God in the flesh, as was Father Adam before he sinned. The Divine Law stipulates "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a man's life for a man's life." And it was the requirement of this Law that Jesus came to meet on man's behalf. He became a man. He became flesh and dwelt among us, because this was necessary. It was not necessary for Him to become a man to utter the words which He uttered during His earthly ministry. True, indeed, "Never man spake like this Man," yet He spoke to the people in parables and dark sayings—"without a parable spake He not unto them." Our Lord's words could have been otherwise conveyed. The explanations of His words are given by the Apostles. Without His enlightenment through the Apostles His words would to-day be dark and not understood. Jesus came into the world, not to be a Teacher, but to be a Savior—a Redeemer. Thus it is written, "A body hast Thou prepared Me" "for the suffering of death." (Heb. 10:5; 2:9.) Had it not been necessary for Jesus to suffer death, "the Just for the unjust," He would not have come into the world. His death as a spirit being would not have redeemed mankind, for the same reason that the death of bulls and goats, under the Law Covenant, could not take away sin. It was necessary that He should give Himself a ransom-price for all. The word ransom, as used in 1 Tim. 2:6, signifies in Greek a price to correspond. And the only price that would correspond

to the life of the perfect man who sinned in Eden was the life of a perfect man who had not sinned. It was this ransom-price that Jesus gave and on account of which it is written that He bought us and bought the world.

Strictly speaking, the purchasing is not yet accomplished. The price is ready in the hands of Justice, but not appropriated to the world. It is to be appropriated or given to Adam and his race under the New Covenant arrangements of Messiah's Kingdom. Meantime, the merit of Jesus' sacrifice, which is in the hands of Justice, is imputed to His disciples, to all who turn from sin and accept Him as their Savior. After making full consecration of their all they are begotten of the Holy Spirit. The imputation of the merit of Jesus' sacrifice to His followers continues all through this Gospel Age. And not until the last member shall have passed beyond the veil victorious will he be ready to appropriate His ransom sacrifice fully for the cancellation of the world's sins. In harmony with this the Scriptures tell us that "the whole world lieth in the Wicked One"—only the Church is now being delivered. The Apostle says, "We (the Church) were children of wrath even as others (still are.)"—Eph. 2:3.

In a word, two salvations will result from the faithfulness of the *Logos* in doing the Father's will. The Undeified One's sacrifice is sufficient for the sins of the whole world. The Church class, through the imputation of His righteousness, obtains now their share of the merit of that sacrifice and are thereby enabled to be justified freely from all sin and to join with the Redeemer in His sufferings, in His sacrifice, and thus be prepared to share in His coming glory. The reward to this class is glory, honor and immortality, the Divine nature—"far above angels, principalities and powers and every name that is named."

The World's Salvation.

The human nature which Jesus laid down sacrificially He did not forfeit.

The Divine nature to which He was raised on the third day was not in exchange for His human nature, but as a *reward for His sacrifice*. He, therefore, still has that right to human nature, and it, in harmony with the Divine Plan, He purposes to give to the world of mankind. This will constitute the world's salvation.

It will be given, however, only to such of mankind—after being brought to a knowledge of the Truth—as during Messiah's reign, will gladly and heartily accept the Divine terms. The uplift of humanity from sin, degradation, meanness, death, to perfection and all that was lost in Adam, will be conditioned upon obedience to the Divine requirements. Assistance out of sin and death conditions will be supplied by the great Redeemer and His glorified Church, His Bride.

Thus seen, the Church's salvation will soon be completed in the First Resurrection and the world's salvation will then be ready to begin. It will be participated in by all to a certain extent, but all who eventually reject Divine favor will be destroyed from amongst the people in the Second Death. (Acts 3:23; Jude 12.) We note another difference between these two salvations. The first, as we have seen, is a salvation to heavenly or spirit nature by a process of "change," "begetting of the Holy Spirit," and the sacrifice and death of the fleshly nature. The other, the world's salvation, will not be by sacrifice, will not be by change of nature, but by obedience and resurrection—the human nature retained will be gradually restored and brought to perfection in all the willing and obedient. They will get to the full the earthly life rights, privileges, etc., of Jesus, which the Church gets only in a reckoned or imputed sense, not to keep, but to assist them by making their sacrifices holy and acceptable in God's sight.

In view of these things, we see the importance of this great fact of the immaculate conception of Jesus—"holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Under the catchy title, "California the Golden," Rockwell D. Hunt, A. M., Ph. D., has written a compact, clear, well-ordered, profusely illustrated and thoroughly satisfactory history of California. It is neither too short nor too long. It is a condensed narrative of the State's history, as far as known, compiled from the most reliable sources, and provides a text book of California history for the benefit of both student and average reader. The story is straightforward, betraying no prejudice either for or against any of the prevailing influences, religious, political or racial, that produced the California of to-day, although the effect of each and every influence is plainly set forth. The book begins with the early Spanish pioneers, from Columbus to Cortez, from Cortez to Cabrillo, and thenceforward, until the advent of the Americans, the Mexican war, the discovery of gold and the admission of the State into the Union. The history is brought right up to the year 1911, and is accompanied by statistical data including those of the year 1910. The illustrations, maps and diagrams are admirable. The book as a whole is one that should be in the library of every Westerner at least. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, San Francisco, etc.

There is a gratifying increase at the present time in the literature of universal peace. Following the Carnegie gift to advance the cause of peace, books and pamphlets are being produced constantly, their themes being the abolition of war. The goal at which the writers aim is one that we may all hope to reach.

But many of these well-meaning persons injure rather than aid their cause by their discussion of it. While some are sensible, practical, logical

and well informed, others are not. While some appeal to reason, others appeal to sophistry and sentiment, and are quite impractical, leaning to theory rather than facing actual conditions. Such a one is President Arthur E. Stilwell of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad, whose book, "Universal Peace; War is Mesmerism," is replete with appeals to the emotions, picturing the horrors of war—the evil of which no one denies—and making wholesale quotations from the Scriptures. Mr. Stilwell gives the impression that he is a dreamer, whose dreams are unpleasant, but not capable of realization for generations to come. He scurries over the best suggestion that he makes—namely, a gradual reduction of armaments until they become one-tenth of their present size. He hints at, but does not dwell upon the plan of an international military force—army and navy—composed of this reduced establishment, to enforce the mandates of an international court created to decide all disputes between the nations. It is a pity that this idea, which seems to be in an undeveloped stage in Mr. Stilwell's mind, was not cultivated and presented in amplified form.

The book, as a whole, is calculated to embarrass those who wish to see war banished. It appeals more to the emotions than to the reason.

The Bankers' Publishing Co., New York.

"Bell and Wing" is a capacious volume of poems by Frederick Fanning Ayer, a prolific versifier, and one of versatility. The subjects of his verses cover a wide range, mostly, however, of much human interest and all quite meritorious in their poetical technique.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
\$2.50.

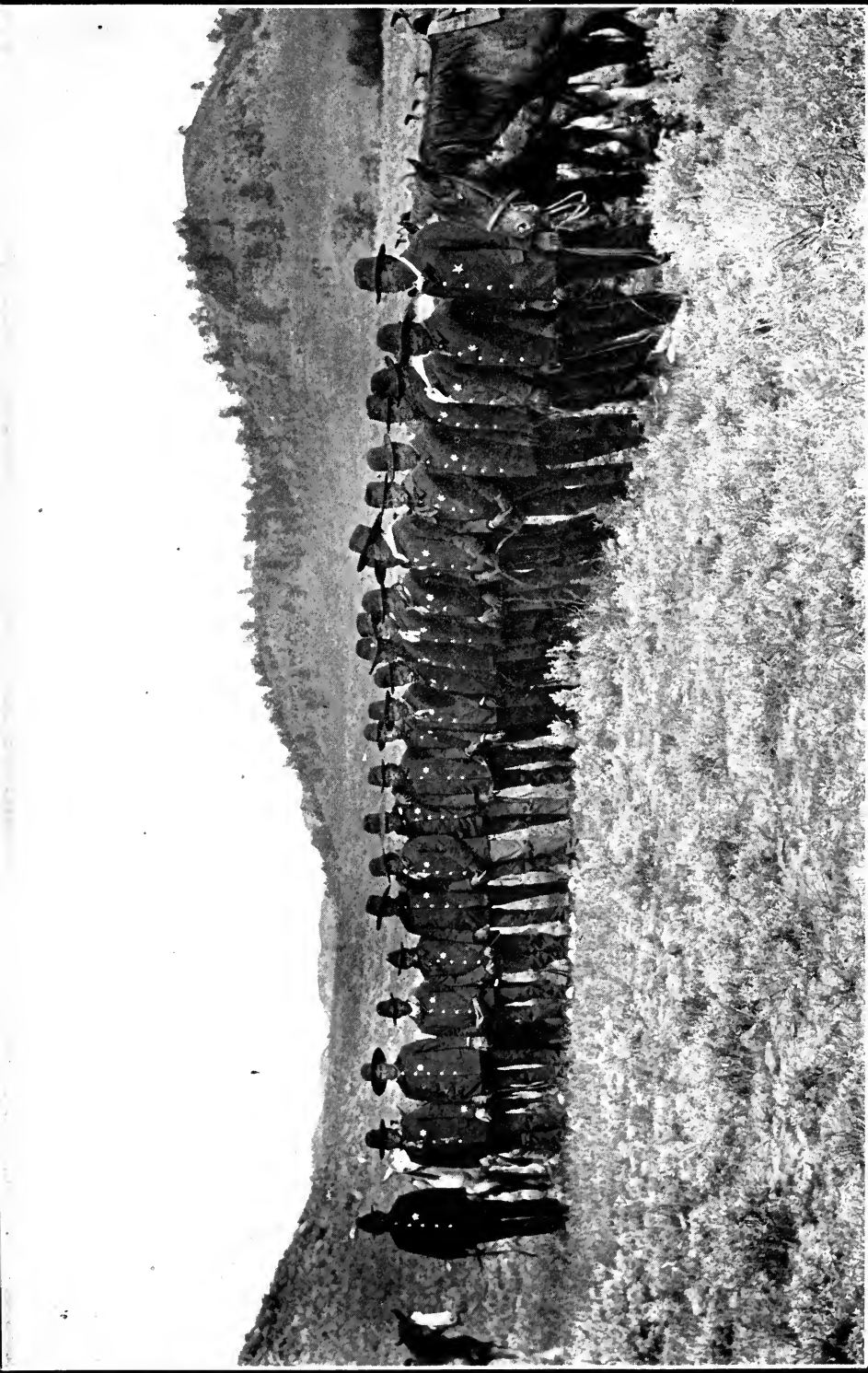
INVITATION

BY ADDISON NEIL CLARK

There is nothing half so rare
As a California summer;
There is nothing half so fair
As her blossoms everywhere,
As her skies beyond compare—
Free to every tired comer.

There is vigor in her air,
In her ozone-laden breezes;
And enough of it to spare
For the weary ones who dare
Take a respite from their care
In the land where Nature pleases.

So pray come and get your share—
You who love the sun's caresses,
Who have more than you can bear
And on whom dark sorrows wear—
Come and meet her fair and square;
California: "She Who Blesses."



Cheyenne Indian mounted police.

Photo by L. A. Huffman, Miles City, Mont.

AUGUST 1911

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A FRONTIER TOWN OF THE OLD DAYS

BY FRED A. HUNT

HAVE YOU ever been in Miles City, Montana? Not the present city, situated on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with its up-to-date accessories of civilization and its adjuncts of gas, steam heat, sewerage system, water works, etc., that make for the comfort and luxury of its denizens; but the primitive settlement that was first thrown haphazard in an irregular line facing the bank of the Yellowstone, and whose architecture was the outcome of the limited pocketbook, building facilities and individual artisanship of its erector. That village was located on the south bank of the river, and some distance below where the subsequent town was built near the *embouchure* of Tongue River. Its inhabitants were a heterogeneous assemblage, and had two dominant characteristics; an inordinate desire to look upon the wine (or any other anti-temperance fluid) when it was red, and gave its color in the cup and to the nose of the imbiber, and a decided *penchant* for games of chance.

Upon the establishment of the cantonment, these wild spirits were naturally attracted, and came, some in rags and some with "jags," and some (a very few) in what to them stood for velvet gowns. They were a hardy lot of pioneers, called a spade a spade

with a profane qualifying adjective to make the noun more vehement, and were a law unto themselves, and that law frequently received its enforcement at the muzzle of a gun. One of these early acquirements of human flotsam and jetsam was a lady who rode astride her steed, with a Winchester across the saddle-bow, who came from Deadwood; another was Johnny Brooks, a handsome and stalwart frontiersman who looked, but did not act, like a cleric, and who came with credible credentials of six souls that he had hurled across the Great Divide; and so they came from hither and thither, uncouth perhaps in speech and dress, intolerant of control, reckless of life, brave as Galahad, chivalric toward the opposite sex to a degree that seldom obtains among the most cultured of our advanced civilization, and with hearts, when they were touched, capable of the most exalted generosity and renunciation. It was a boarding-house hash of a community, and especially resembled that renowned comestible, in the occasional discovery of utterly unexpected ingredients in its composition, a *carmagnole* of constructiveness.

Anent the chivalry, there was a lady who did chores for the commander of the cantonment, whose physique was of the rail fence order, and whose

beauty was as that of the witch of Endor. "For her own person, it beggared all description." This damsel used to disport herself during the wet weather in a pair of men's hip-length rubber boots, and in the abbreviated skirts that are now *de rigueur*, but that served to manifest a pair of limbs that were not mates. She was ungainly, and age could not wither her any more than she was, nor custom stale her infinite variety and acerbity, but when the deep-chested, leather-lunged citizens of Miles City encountered this *genre* female, they accorded her respect, courtesy and deference that but few society belles now receive. Women were scarce, for one thing, but then those old-timers were not blackguards. They would shoot at the snap of a finger, but they would not utter a disrespectful remark in the presence of a woman, and any one who inadvisedly did so was apt to bitterly regret his temerity. The strength and endurance of the stalwart oak was in them, and, also, like the oak, they were to be relied upon.

Of course, the nucleus of the settlement was a saloon, and the article that was handed out to the thirsty wayfarer was condensed tarantula juice.

One soldier drank of some Hecate brew, not wisely but too liberally, and the next morning was found sitting on his bunk with his arm around a support, dead as a herring and limber as willow—arsenic doesn't stiffen a cadaver. Most of the beaux dressed in Mackinaw shirts, and their pantaloons were met above the knee, or shortly below the knee, by stalwart boots, and each man was his own fashion-plate.

Many of these argonauts arrived per Mackinaw boat, a boat constructed only for navigating down stream, and made with as little damage to the lumber constructing it as was feasible, because on arriving at the navigator's destination the boat was knocked to pieces and the material sold or used to build a shack and furniture. Large amounts of produce were thus transported from the upper regions of the river, and the cargo disposed of to the

decided emolument of the vendors; potatoes and onions having retailed at six for a quarter during their scarcity. But the people deemed they had to have anti-scorbutics of the potato and onion kind, not knowing that in the fleshy pulp of the cactus, which grew on every hand, against whose spines the leather leggings of the horsemen were constructed as effective guards, was a sovereign specific for and preventive of that dread malady. They did not know that in that ungainly plant there was succulent feed for animals when the spines and uncountable spicules were destroyed by burning over a hot flame, and in the mucilaginous pulp a deterrent of the maddening lust for water in an arid time.

Of course, the freighting of supplies was part of the current industry, and the Carroll and Broadwater and Hubbell trains were soon trying to make their way to and from the settlement while the infrequent steamboats also helped along.

A frequent visitor to Miles City, in common with other civilian employees at the cantonment, was the celebrated scout, Luther S. Kelly, commonly known as "Yellowstone" Kelly among the whites and among the Indians as "Okshena-sea," or White Boy. Kelly was chief scout to the command operating in the Yellowstone country, and was undoubtedly "*primus inter pares*." A man with a collegiate education, always cool and self-possessed, unacquainted with fear, a magnificent shot, he was a striking and admirable contrast to some of the alleged scouts whose whole stock in trade seemed to be long hair and bombast. I have never seen a more capable scout, nor a braver man than "Yellowstone" Kelly, and withal, a more gentlemanly associate or truer friend. The only man comparable to him is Ben Clark ("Mie-no-to-wah," or Red Neck), who is now custodian at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, after fifty years of service as scout and Cheyenne interpreter. After many years in the Government service, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, Kelly was commis-



Hank Wormwood, City Marshal, Miles City, 1879-80.

sioned lieutenant of volunteers, and was afterward Captain of Philippine scouts. Subsequently he was provincial treasurer, and while in the occupancy of that office the following episode occurred as detailed under date of March 24, 1904:

"Governor Taft, of the Philippines, has sent the following report to the War Department:

"'Affair at Surigao turns out to be escape of ten prisoners sentenced for long terms for ladronism, who, with sixty or eighty of their fellows, returned to Surigao, succeeded in surprising and rushing the constabulary barracks, obtaining constabulary arms and ammunition, killing Constabulary Inspector Lewis M. Clark, and thus taking command of the town.

"Nine Americans, including two women, retreated to the provincial building, where, under the direction of Luther S. Kelly, provincial treasurer, formerly Captain of Volunteers, and still earlier Indian scout, known as 'Yellowstone' Kelly, they barricaded the building against the attacking party. The Americans, armed only with a few shotguns and short of ammunition, maintained their defense against the ladrones, refusing to yield to an ultimatum demanding guns by the reply of Kelly that they would not give up a single gun, and would kill on sight any ladrones within range. Assistant Chief Taylor arrived at Surigao with constabulary force about eighteen hours after the attack. On his approach ladrones disappeared, and many columns are now following them."

Captain Kelly is now U. S. Indian agent at San Carlos Agency, Arizona, and in referring to the besieging of the party, remarked that they passed a few very bad hours while the hyena ladrones were clamoring that they surrender. The only fear in the hearts of the defenders was for the women, who ably assisted the men in loading their weapons. This is by no means the first time that Captain Kelly was in a tight place; nor the first time that he extricated himself and his associ-

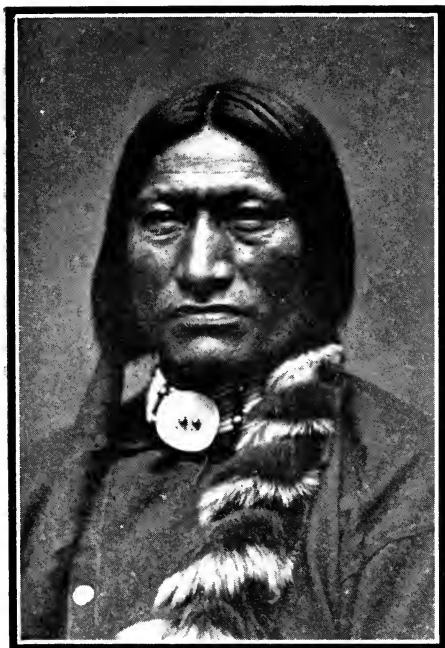
ates therefrom by his calm bravery and readiness of acumen.

An item of interest that occurred at the cantonment on December 16, 1876, was the arrival near Tongue River Butte of a party of Sioux Indians, who approached the post with their hands opened, slightly apart from their sides and singing: that is, they were making a noise that was their imitation of singing; thus typifying that their mission was pacific. They were the plenipotentiaries from the main camp to arrange terms of surrender. There were a party of Crow scouts at the cantonment at the time, and hearing their hereditary enemies approach, they surrounded and massacred them in very short time. Miles arrived on the scene of carnage, and the language he used to those misguided Crows was terse, detonatory and emphatic, so emphatic that they slunk into their camp and pulled out for their agency. This ended all possible negotiations for some time.

The female relatives of the dead Sioux came to the post and mourned for their dead. Pending their being covered by the earth of their graves—they were interred American fashion, not on scaffolding, according to their custom from time immemorial—the squaws stood over the dead bodies, and with loud cries of lamentation, gashed their arms and breasts with knives of steel and flint, letting the blood flow upon the corpses.

Widows among the Sioux pointed with pride to the many weals and cicatrizations on their torsos as evidence of the intensity of their affections for the bucks, and of their own stoical sacrifice on the altar of connubial devotion.

On the Miles City calendar is the record that on June 25, 1877, Captain Heintzelman, Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Army, with two hundred mechanics, reached the cantonment for the purpose of building the new post of Fort Keogh, whose site was about one and seven-tenths miles from the old one. Miles City rejoiced because of the era of prosperity that would ac-



*High Bear Ogalalla, Sioux warrior.
Copyright by L. A. Huffman.*



Mrs. Josephine Bruguier, wife of J. T. Bruguier ("Swift Bird.")



"Bill" Bullard, frontiersman and packer.



*"Cowboy Annie," a frontier type.
Miles City Studio, Photo.*

crue on account of the expenditure of money by the employees. July 8, 1877, Colonel Michael V. Sheridan returned from Fort Custer with the bodies of General Custer and nine other officers who had been gathered in by the Angel of Death on that fateful battle-field. On July 16th, the steamer Rosebud came to port, having on board the General commanding the United States Army (General William Tecumseh Sherman) accompanied by Colonels Poe and Bacon of his staff, and by Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, Department Commander, with Major Benjamin C. Card, chief quartermaster of the department, and Captain Edward W. Smith, Eighteenth Infantry, aide-de-camp. Two days later, glory was resplendent at the cantonment when, at 6:30, the band and eight companies of the Fifth Infantry

paraded on the plain near the post; the first battalion (Companies C, D, E and K), commanded by Major Geo. Gibson, and the second, mounted on captured Indian ponies (Companies B, F, G and I), commanded by Captain Simon Snyder, now Brigadier-General U. S. Army (retired.) The mounting of the Fifth Infantry on the Indian ponies was a most effective cause of the success of that regiment in maneuvering against and whipping the Indians, and also gained for it the sobriquet of the Eleventh Cavalry—there being then but ten cavalry regiments in the regular establishment. As soldiers, the men on the parade presented a somewhat grotesque appearance, as they were attired in their useful field raiment, but as Indian fighters and seasoned campaigners they were unexcelled. Preceding the review, General Sherman presented the men with some thirty medals of honor, which were pinned on their breasts by Mrs. Miles. July 24th, at retreat, the steamer Silver City arrived with Lieutenant-General Philip Henry Sheridan ("Little Phil") with Colonel George A. Forsyth (Major, Ninth U. S. Cavalry), and Colonel James W. Forsyth (Major Tenth U. S. Cavalry), and Colonel Delos B. Sackett of his staff, and Brigadier-General George Crook and his staff.

During all of Sitting Bull's incursions, he was ably aided and abetted by his nephew and prime minister, "Johnny" Bruguier, or, as his right name was, John Thomas Bruguier. He was afterward a most valuable help to the troops operative along the Yellowstone, and because of his inestimable services in this behalf, he was exonerated of the murder charge in his trial at Fargo, N. D. He surrendered to the authorities to answer for the killing at Standing Rock Agency, and General Nelson A. Miles eloquently testified to the frequency and value of his service to the troops. He was murdered, however, in 1898 by unknown parties. One of the two murderers confessed to the participation in the crime on his death-bed, impli-



X. Biedler, one time organizer and head of the Vigilantes, and City Marshal of Miles City.

Photo by David F. Barry.

cating another man who is supposed to be in hiding in South Dakota.

One of the prominent and solid citizens of the modern Miles City is Frederick William Schmalsle, who was a daring scout in the early days. One of his notable achievements was the capture of a train-robber who had made his abode in a cabin some distance up Tongue River Valley, where he was in a condition of alert and armed watchfulness. General Miles was informed by the civic authorities at St. Paul of his presumed concealment somewhere in the vicinage of Fort Keogh, and also of the fact that there was quite a large reward offered for his apprehension by the railroad people who were the sufferers by his predatory attack on the train. Miles was desirous of arresting him, but knew if he sent troops after him it would mean the killing or wounding of many of the posse, and Miles was ever solicitous for the preservation of the lives of the men of his command. So he sent for Schmalsle and acquainted him with the possibility of making some money by the capture. At that time, Scout Schmalsle was not endowed with a superfluity of wealth; in fact, he was conducting a small store with a small stock of wet goods. He decided that the adventure would be agreeable, and the results of the capture, if made, more so. He attired himself in dilapidated costume; rode a meek and sorrowful steed, and led by the lariat a forlorn mule, as pack-animal, with a most impoverished-appearing mess of traps for tentage, equipment and cooking utensils. His shooting-irons were in first-class order, and he had plenty of ammunition, which he was eminently capable of expending with the best results—and Schmalsle didn't know what fear was.

He proceeded up the valley, and ultimately came within range of the cabin, at the door of which sat the object of his quest with his Winchester across his lap, and a whole arsenal of weapons attached to his belt. Schmalsle had seen his quarry ere the latter saw him, and had quickly and furtive-

ly loosened the lashings of his pack. He slouched up near the bandit and passed the customary "How!" and then ensued a desultory conversation, the scout meanwhile industriously tightening the cinches and adjusting the slings of his pack. The bandit keenly surveyed the poverty-stricken outfit, and perhaps relaxed somewhat of his vigilance as he realized how indigent it was, and how unlikely that its proprietor could be a law-officer or an under-study for one.

But he kept Schmalsle away from him, and the latter had no chance to get the drop on him. Shortly all the adjustment to the pack that was necessary was completed, and Schmalsle pretended to resume his journey, having remarked that he was contemplating pulling through to Deadwood. He suddenly dropped the reins of his sad-



Miss Jennie Wallace, a young lady of the Mountain Crow tribe.

dle animal and the lariat of his pack-animal, and advanced toward the robber, who dropped his gun into the palm of his left hand and fingered the hammer, warning Schmalsle that he wanted him to continue his journey. Schmalsle stated that he was going ahead in a minute, but that he was out of tobacco, and would the bandit relieve his nicotine craving? The theatrical mendicancy of Schmalsle's outfit had evidently had its due and anticipated effect, for the robber let the butt of his gun rest on the ground, while he groped for the desired tobacco in his cabin, within which both of them were by this time. On turning to hand Schmalsle the tobacco, he stared into the muzzle of a Colt, and behind it were the glittering, steely eyes of Schmalsle. When he saw those eyes he knew the jig was up, and allowed himself to be disarmed, while uttering volley after volley of the most ingenious and frightful imprecations. He was mounted on the seedy pack-animal, his hands tied behind him, and afterward led at the chariot wheels of his captor into Fort Keogh and into the guard-house, whence he was transferred to St. Paul, and to the penitentiary. Schmalsle received the reward which, mayhap, was the nucleus of his present prosperity, and which he assuredly deserved, for every moment he was in the presence of the bandit before disarming him, he was in deadly peril of his life; for, had the latter had the slightest suspicion as to Schmalsle's purpose, he would have unhesitatingly shot him down without mercy.

With the growth of Miles City, more pretentious saloons became the vogue, and "hurdy-gurdies" appeared. These are known to the denizens of the East as dance halls, the ladies attendant upon which are principally distinguished for their freedom of manner and impropriety of behavior. But, as remarked before, women were scarce, and this paucity made the inhabitants none too critical. An acquaintance of mine, who had spent some time in the wilds of Alaska, informed me that he

had at one time deemed an Aleut squaw handsome.

At one of these resorts one evening, a young soldier of the Second Cavalry became involved in an altercation with one of the aspirants for the companionship of the "fairy" with whom he had been dancing, and as the argument became quite personal and the soldier reflected on the maternal ancestry of the gentleman whom he was addressing, the latter promptly shot him. The shooter was sequestered in the little hewn-log jail and the soldier taken to the post, where it was estimated that his wound might terminate fatally. A number of his comrades armed themselves and slunk out of the post, crossed Tongue River, and massed around the jail, where they demanded the surrender of the shooter to them that he might be expeditiously and systematically hanged. Within the jail, prepared for their coming, were the City Marshal, a volunteer deputy, and the shooter, and arrayed on an adjacent table were plenty of arms and ammunition. The Marshal replied to the courteous request for the yielding up of his prisoner tersely but decisively, whereupon the soldiers retired to some little distance from the bastille and commenced to make a colander of it. The three guardsmen inside did their part of the volleying, and this interchange of ballistic amenities was continued until a company of cavalry from the post arrived on the scene, before whom the besiegers melted away and incontinently disappeared. The occupants of the donjon-keep were unharmed, save one, shot through the leg, which afterward had to be amputated, conferring upon the defender an undesirable memento of that manful defense of the integrity of the law in Miles City.

With the augmentation of these manifestations of the luxuries of life, another one developed—a photograph gallery that was established in a dug-out by L. A. Huffman, a thorough Westerner and a splendid, good fellow. To his skill we are indebted for many genre pictures of men and places of



Diamond R bull train, Main street, Miles City, 1880.

Photo by L. A. Huffman.

the primitive Montana, and if any of our readers desire such mementoes of a dying—perhaps dead—age, they should obtain from him some of his series of Western views. Like the rest of us, Mr. Huffman is attaining the autumn of life, but the spring of his disposition is unimpaired, as witness his regrets over the decadence of the untrammelled West. Thus his Jeremiad:

“Fate had it that I should be Post Photographer with the army here in the Yellowstone—Big Horn County—during the late seventies, in the stirring Indian campaigns close following the destruction of Custer’s command. The Northern Pacific Railway had not yet entered Montana. George had not yet made the Kodak, but thanks-be, there was the old wet plate, the collodion bottle and bath. I made photo-

graphs. Yes, it was worth while, despite the attendant and ungodly smells of that old process.

"Round about us the army of buffalo hunters—red men and white—were waging the final war of extermination upon the last great herds of American bison seen upon this continent.

"Then came the cattleman, the "Trail Boss," with his army of cowboys, and the great cattle round-ups. Then the army of railway builders. That—the railway—was the fatal coming. It was then, as Emerson Hough puts it, that 'the belt slipped, the engine raced.' One looked about and said: 'This is the last West.' It was not so. There *was* no more West after that. It was a dream and a forgetting, a chapter forever closed."

True, there was no more West.

In closing this reminiscence it may be written as a deserved encomium of the early town that, for its size, it was probably as warm a spot as could be found on the earth's surface; and that the once popular ditty, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," would have been glaringly inappropriate to Miles City, for the hot time was maintained from early morn 'til dewy eve, whereupon a new deal was made from dewy eve 'til early morn. The



Miles City in 1878.

Copyright by L. A. Huffman.

denizens of Miles City were stalwart and unsuspected of timorousness; they lived carelessly and rapidly, and usually died rapidly—with their boots on. But there were no unsavory divorce cases in that Montana coagulation of humanity.

And the Indians, too, who were an incessant annoyance to the settlers, have passed away with their moccasins on, and their degenerate successors now wear boots. They may be very much more useful, but they lack the picturesque characteristics of the unagencied red men.

THE SEA CALLS

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE

Voice of the sea which calls us faint and far,
Only the soul can hear, we wonder why
Green fields delight not, nor the summer sky;
There is no rest, no pleasure where we are;
The river sliding 'neath the evening star,
The dark, still lustre of the mountain pool,
The sparkling springs where Hygeia's gates unbar,
The breezy freedom of the pine-set hills,
The lake's crisp crinkle on a smiling shore,
Will not these satisfy? A longing thrills
Thee, strange, insistent, never felt before?
Go! The Sea calls thee where the salt wave spills
Itself forever on the white sand floor.

IN DARKEST MEXICO

BY HAROLD EDWARD SMITH

(The present prominence of Mexico and Mexican affairs in the public eye serves to make the following article of peculiar interest. It is a graphic narrative of the author's adventures while traveling on foot through a region rarely traversed by Americans, especially in his fashion. It gives excellent ideas of the local geography and the actual conditions among the people of Mexico. The trip was made at the outbreak of the revolution which resulted in the abdication of President Diaz, and reveals conditions then existing in the heart of the country. Early in June, the region traversed by Mr. Smith was visited by a severe earthquake, and Mount Colima broke forth in violent eruption.—EDITOR.)

MY TRAVELING companion, Mr. Herbert Thompson, a San Francisco journalist of adventurous tendencies, had with great foresight formed the acquaintance at Manzanillo of a cattle buyer from Guadalajara, and his friend from Los Angeles, a transplant-product of the great corn belt.

Joining forces, we decided to travel together through the rugged mountains of Western Mexico until we reached our objective point, Tuxpan, situated in the table-land on a branch line of the railroad leading to Guadalajara.

After devious wanderings through the tropics from Manzanillo, we finally reached the city of Colima, situated on the rim of the mountains, and famous for the natural beauty of its surroundings, the uniformity of its arcades, and the picturesqueness of its inhabitants.

Leaving Colima, we hoped to reach the hamlet of Tonila along the old Spanish trail before the heat of the day became too intense, but at this point in our journey, I had my first introduction to the general cussedness of the Mexican mule as he flourishes in the land of *Manana*. The cattle-buyer and his friend, with shrewdness

born of long experience, had selected at Colima two likely-looking animals, while Thompson, having campaigned in the Philippines and roughed it elsewhere, made a judicious selection of his mount, leaving for me by a process of elimination a mangy specimen, whose perversity became so pronounced before we reached Tonila that notwithstanding my Herculean efforts to keep pace with the others, I was left in the rear. Eventually, however, the sudden looming into view of Tonila brought a welcome surcease from mental and physical anguish.

Further on the road was rugged, the old paving stones originally laid by the Spaniards having become loosened by centuries of heavy travel, were sharp and the "going was heavy."

Nevertheless, I walked on mile after mile, sweating extensively in the tropical rays of the sun, thinking that my companions would overtake me every minute.

The way involved a detour of the broad base of the mountain, which sloped ponderously towards the valley. Later on a heavy canyon was encountered, and a long time was occupied in surmounting the mesa on the

other side. A few miles further on, upon an eminence, a typical hacienda was reached. The heat of this period of the afternoon was intense, and, worrying over the non-appearance of my companions, I entered the home, and was met at the threshold by the elderly and good-natured father of a typical Spanish family domesticated in this wild country.

An invitation to rest was accorded, and by exercise of the few Spanish words with which I was familiar I endeavored to explain the situation regarding the loss of my companions. My remarks were coupled with sundry gestures, and the father filled in the gaps by an excited torrent of Spanish, of which I caught the drift occasionally, but sufficiently to make me realize that he understood the predicament in which I was placed. I lay half-unconscious for almost an hour, overcome by the heat of my exertions, noting, however, the simplicity of the family life as exemplified around me.

The mother offered me a glass of water, and I thought that the young daughter felt sympathetic as she per-

severed in some needle-work task close to where I was lying on a rude bench with my coat as a pillow.

Reluctantly the conclusion was born to me that I had lost my companions, who, she explained, had probably taken a new trail leading direct to the main valley and the river, while I had come by the old trail skirting the base of the mountain. The father stated that the hamlet of Platanar was an hour's journey distant along the trail I was traveling, and that after reaching Patanar I might find a trail branching abruptly from there to the river, where I calculated I might still meet with my companions.

The inclination to remain over-night at this home was strong, as the family was undoubtedly of true Spanish blood—courteous and sympathetic.

Cheerfulness pervaded the atmosphere of the home, and the mother, slightly darker of complexion than the father and the daughter, was singing during her work in the kitchen. She was, however, totally dissimilar in appearance and breeding from the peons with Italian type of features, while the



Canyon cutting the mesa near Colima volcano.



Street scene in Tuxpan.

father and daughter possessed the soft, olive complexion of the Castilians. The former appeared patriarchal, with white hair and beard, and the daughter was of modest demeanor and natural in manner. The father's personality dominated the whole house. He appeared much pleased when I expressed my admiration of the sight of the house, which was "*muy bonita*" and "*fresco*."

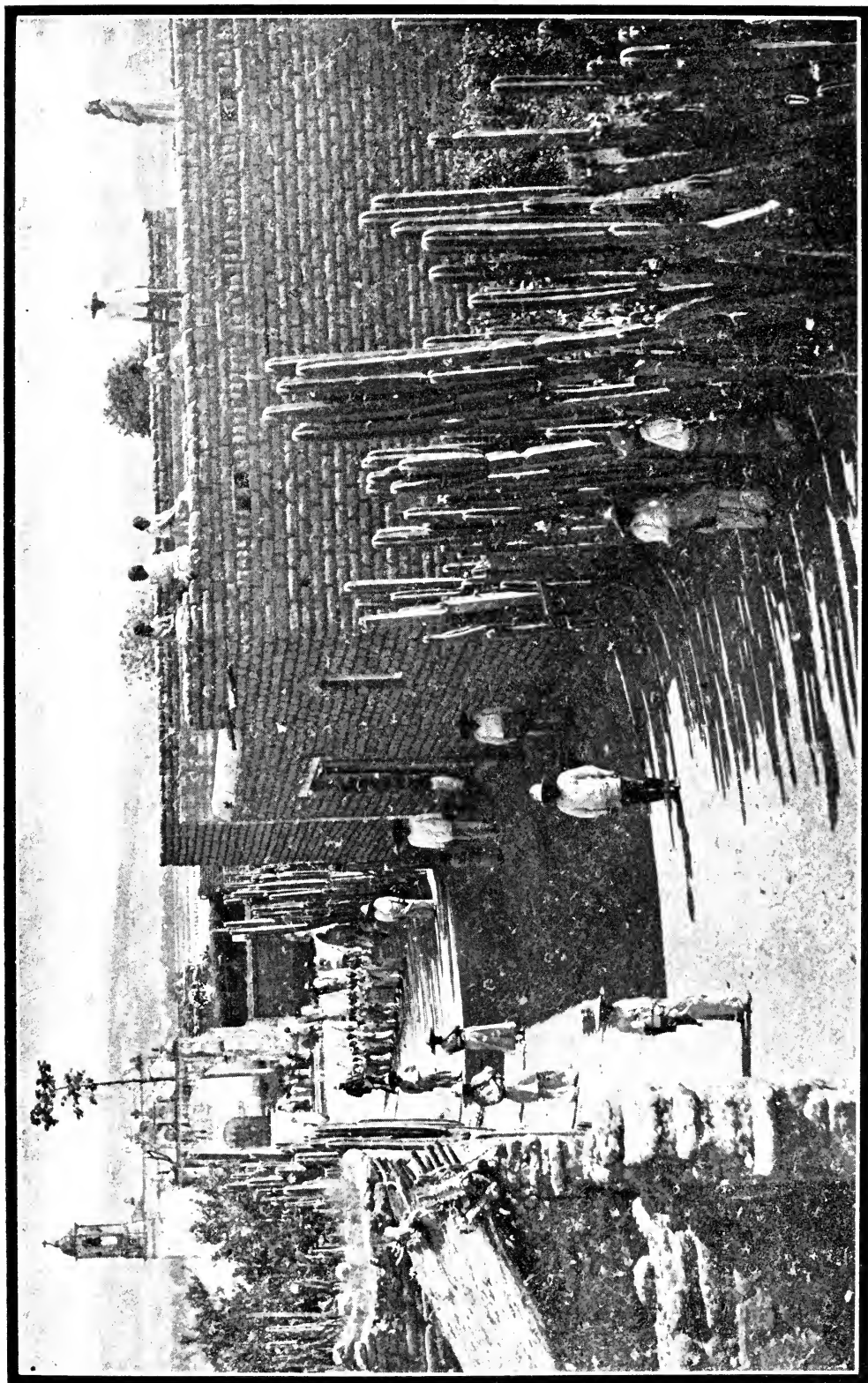
After concluding that I had better continue the journey, *adios* were said with elaborate ceremony, and the gruelling walk was commenced. Upon the mesa I passed some fields under cultivation, and on the left I approached a hacienda separated from the trail by a low stone fence to which I was attracted by the sight of three or four peons wearing huge sombreros, and a quantity of burros with packs halting before a stone arch curiously forming the front of a recess like a half dome, built of stone, whence, through a rear entrance a path proceeded directly to the hacienda. The interior of the dome seen from the trail through a small aperture presented an appearance of coolness and shade in

strong contrast to the heat and glare outside. A very old woman and a little girl of the peon class, together with a few jars, occupied the available space of the interior. The old woman was selling water, drawn from the huge earthen jars, to the peons at a *centavo* a drink, comprising about a pint, and contained in a round earthen vessel without a handle. Taking my turn and feverishly asking for *agua*, I presented the smallest coin I had, one of fifty centavos. Neither the woman nor the peons were able to change this amount, however, and completely fagged out, I sat down dispiritedly on a log in the shade and watched the peons taking their drink. After their departure with the burros in a cloud of dust, the old woman leaned out, wrinkled and black of skin, and to my surprise, held out a drink of water, which without further ceremony I took, again proffering the fifty *centavos* as I handed her back an empty vessel. She shook her head and merely said "*mas agua*." I declined, and thanked her for her courtesy.

An hour's walk down the grade brought me to the small hamlet of

Platanar, which stretched out in a straggling fashion for some distance along both sides of the trail. Thatched and adobe houses gave the place a dejected appearance, while evidences of extreme poverty were discernible. Children poorly clad, playing along the door steps, divided attention with the fierce curs, of which there were a large number. The trail through the village had broadened to the dimensions of a road, and halting at the first cross-road, which apparently led downward toward the river, I faced a *cantina* on one corner of so forbidding an appearance that I turned to the other corner, where there was located a small building combining the general features of a grocery and merchandise store. I was again thirsty, and observing some bottled goods within, entered and purchased of the girl behind the counter a bottle of beer, which was quickly followed by another. I endeavored to explain to the girl my predicament and my desire to reach the main trail through the valley at the earliest possible moment. The girl, apparently not understanding me, beckoned to an elderly woman in an adjoining room, probably her mother, who came out, presenting a very slatternly appearance. A whispered consultation took place between the two, and my presence in the store was evidently not looked upon with favor, as they eyed me suspiciously. After trying vainly to elicit information of value from these people of the peon class, which I had a presentiment they could furnish if they wanted to, I proceeded in disgust up the road, hoping to find some one with a greater degree of intelligence further on. As I left the store, I was conscious of being observed closely by three or four peons of most unprepossessing appearance lounging around the *cantina*. A feeling of revulsion and misgiving took hold of me, and an eager desire to get away from the surroundings as quickly as possible. Automatically I continued along the main road, shaded somewhat by trees. Finally a school house appeared on the left, and

a bare, meagre church on the right-hand side, of no architectural pretensions whatever, and exemplifying clearly the extreme poverty of the town. The road broadened out still further into a rude sort of square at this point, but the ground was not softened by any plaza or shade trees. Hesitating here, I noted at this moment the arrival of a typical peon on a burro with a very heavy pack, both presenting an emaciated appearance. The peon dismounted in front of the church, to the great relief of the already overburdened burro, and accosted abruptly a woman walking a slight distance behind the burro. She was shabbily dressed, and had the hopeless, dejected look of ignorance and misfortune. The man immediately started on a brisk walk for another evil-looking *cantina* several doors from the school house, while the woman entered the church on the other side of the road. I could see her kneeling there entirely alone, and I felt that she was in complete harmony with the wretched appearance of the interior of the church. The burro was left to his own resources in the middle of the square. He looked around first at the *cantina*, and then at the church, as though agreeably surprised, and immediately gave voice to his feelings by a vociferous hee-haw with all its embellishments. In spite of the predicament in which I was placed at this time, I could not help laughing out loudly at this incident, which fact brought into view several loungers from the second *cantina*, who stared at me closely. I decided that I had enough of this, and walked on disgustingly along the main trail. So far as I can remember, the time was about 4:30 in the afternoon. A walk of a few hundred yards under shade trees brought me, after an abrupt descent, to the side of a considerable stream forming the bottom of another canyon. I forded the stream and commenced the ascent on the other side, where, to my surprise, the straggling huts still continued, and the village, if it can be so dignified, lapped over both sides of



A mud-built village of the mountain country.

the stream. The ascent was very abrupt, after leaving the stream, and the huts were quickly left behind, as the trail wound in a circuitous manner for fully two miles in the endeavor to reach the mesa again. After a strenuous climb I came to the top of the hill, where another series of huts became visible, the trail turning sharply to the left towards the volcano. At my right, just as the trail turned, a large corral was situated, and a barn of considerable dimensions and of much superior construction to any of the other buildings. A number of cattle were standing in the corral, but the central figure was a young man, well dressed, with a large sombrero, and on a fine-looking horse which he was exercising in a manner to give me the impression that he was perfecting himself in feats of horsemanship. The corral also contained a number of ranch hands who were watching with admiration the feats performed by the rider. Entering the corral, I asked the young man for information regarding the distance to Tuxpan, as I had now given up all hope of meeting my friends by the valley trail. Every one

displayed the utmost surprise at my sudden appearance on foot, but the young man responded courteously in broken English, stating that it was fully eight hours' heavy traveling from that point along the mountain trail. I was thoroughly worn out by the exertions of the day which was drawing to a close, and therefore asked where I could lodge for the night, hinting strongly that I should like to be put up at the hacienda, which I thought might be further along the trail. The young man explained that his father owned the estate, but that he was not expected home for at least two hours. He himself was attending school in Guadalajara, and had just reached the ranch on a short visit, and was trying out his new horse. He apologized profusely for not being able to put me up for the night, alleging that they had no facilities and only occasionally visited the ranch, lodging in a small room with one bed. I saw no evidence of any home on the premises, merely the barn and a number of huts of the rudest description, fitted for habitation only by peons. Accompanied by the young man, I managed, however, to se-



The Plaza at Colima.



View of country near Colima.

cure a rude meal at a peon's hut, consisting of fairly good frijoles and a few mouthfuls of what looked like sausage-meat fried in gravy. No coffee was obtainable, and the entire supper cost fifteen *centavos*. The young man instructed the woman who prepared the meal to do the best she could for me, but scarcely anything eatable was to be had, as we applied to several huts, whose owners explained that they were entirely out of food, even before being able to obtain this scanty meal.

The young man sat in the hut, and after again expressing his regrets regarding the insufficiency of the accommodations, displayed considerable curiosity as to the reason for my traveling on foot in this remote locality. Apparently understanding my explanation he then talked freely about himself, stating that he had been studying English for about three months, and that his father intended sending him to New York the following year to complete his education. He was sixteen years old, and was sanguine of his ability to acquire a knowledge of English, if sent to the United States,

which he was very desirous of visiting, having two brothers living in Los Angeles. He himself bore every indication of good family standing and gentlemanly instincts, and it occurred to me that he was an excellent exponent of the feudal system existing in Mexico, of which no doubt he formed a component part. He handled himself on the horse with grace and dexterity. His saddle and trappings were of superior quality, and he compelled the admiration of the peons with whom the slightest expression of his wishes seemed to be law.

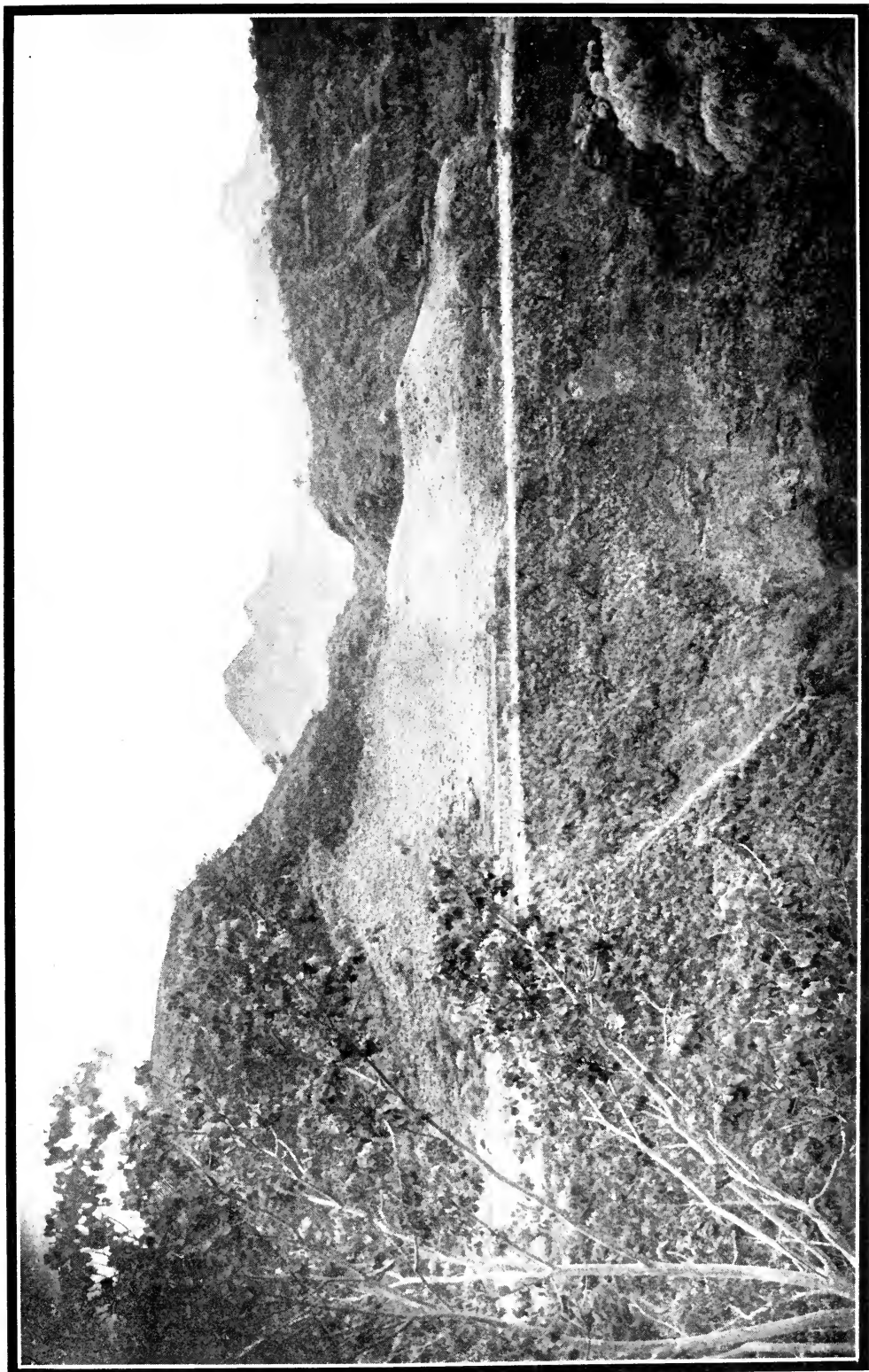
The discouraging information was imparted to me that there was no place between the ranch and Tuxpan where I could find lodging for the night. The only alternative was to make the descent back to Platanar and to trust to luck there. The young man, while extremely courteous, and apparently deploring the necessity of my being obliged to retrace my steps, nevertheless was secretly glad, I think, to see me go, his curiosity as to my presence at the ranch having been satisfied.

Darkness had long since fallen by the time the tedious return to Platanar

had been made. I floundered across the stream, finally emerging at the *cantina* which the man with the burro had entered in the afternoon. A surly young peon attended to my wants, namely, a bottle of beer, which was warm and unpalatable. I endeavored to interest him as to the necessity of my finding accommodations for the night, but he insisted there was no hotel in Platanar. Apparently he did not care in the least what happened to me. The situation was becoming well nigh intolerable when, at this juncture, two other young peons entered the *cantina*. Thinking they might help me, I foolishly asked them to have a drink, producing the smallest coin I had on hand, namely, a bill of twenty pesos. Great excitement seemed to be aroused by the production of this amount of money, and fully half an hour was consumed in securing change—and the hamlet must have been ransacked to obtain the requisite amount. The change was finally paid me, all in silver of fifty centavo pieces. It became apparent that I was now an object of central interest, and that the production of so much money, according to their standards of wealth, had aroused the cupidity of the peons, who commenced to gather in large numbers in the *cantina*, which was of very rough appearance, small and poorly lighted by a single lamp, and evidently adapted for the requirements of a poverty-stricken clientele. Seeing that the peons were not disposed to assist me in my efforts to find lodgment for the night, probably in the hopes of extorting money from me, I adopted different tactics, seated myself as nonchalantly as I could in the only chair in the *cantina*, and called for another bottle of beer, which I drank slowly and in silence. The spectators, tall, powerful, dark men of pronounced Indian type, gazed at me curiously from points of vantage on boxes. We sat there in silence for fully three-quarters of an hour, when one peon suddenly announced there was a *meson* across the river. Concealing undue anxiety, I asked the peon to show me

the place, not being desirous of crossing the river again in the darkness alone at night, the distance being fully a quarter of a mile and a hard trip under the best of circumstances. The peon agreed, and after he had gathered several sticks of wood which he lighted for a torch, we started off. The wood burned well, and by help of the flickering light we forded the stream without incident and in silence, although I confess my nerves were now on edge, and I imagined myself being attacked momentarily, out of the darkness by some lurking peon who knew that I had with me a considerable sum of money.

The *meson* turned out to be a low, plastered building of considerable dimensions, possessing an inner courtyard for the accommodation of burros, while rude sleeping apartments for their masters occupied the space surrounding the court-yard. We entered by a heavy wooden door, which proved to be the only manner of entrance from the trail. I gave the peon twenty *centavos* for his services, which seemed to satisfy him, and he left, abruptly. A number of peons were lounging around the courtyard, while a prodigious number of burros were gathered in the inclosure, their packs strewn about in heaps. I approached a sour-looking woman standing near the doorway, and stated my desire to have a room for the night. She called to a man who came forward and spoke to me gruffly in Spanish. Not understanding him, I reiterated my request, producing from my pocket a fifty *centavo piece*. He took the money without a word, and led me to a very rude room opening on the court near the entrance. He lighted a candle, and I could see that he was roughly dressed and his features of the coarsest description. He appeared half-stupefied with drink, but pointed to a single bed in the corner of the room, possessing one blanket. He then left, depositing the candle on the floor, as there was not another article of furniture in the room. In fact, it was entirely bare, having a brick floor, wooden rafters



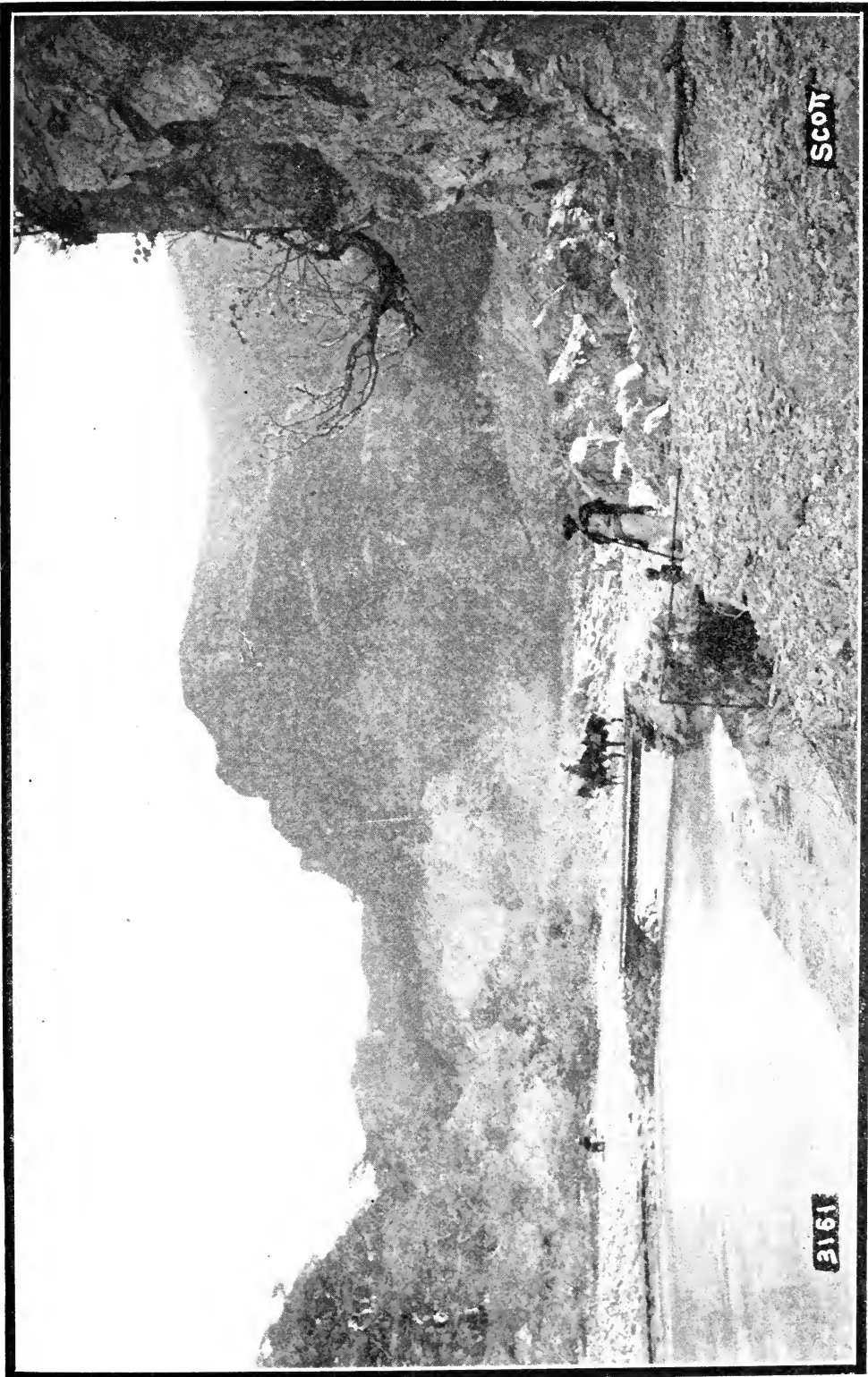
The volcano of Colima, recently in violent eruption.

overhead and was rudely plastered on the walls. No windows were in evidence, and the only mode of egress was the heavy wooden door by which we had entered. The door contained a lock, but I was left without a key. A heavy, foul smell pervaded the atmosphere. Immediately outside the door, on entering, I had noticed lying in a heap of rags on the brick flooring in the courtyard two wretched beggars, a man and a woman, fairly rotting to pieces. Closing the door, I blew out the candle, and lay down on the cot without undressing, as I was afraid of vermin and wanted to be prepared for eventualities.

I could dimly see the moonlight through an aperture in the door. About half an hour later the aperture darkened, and I surmised that one of the beggars or some one else was peering through the aperture or listening to hear if I were asleep. This theory proved correct, as in a few minutes the light was again discernible, and I could distinguish the muffled footsteps of some one walking gently away.

Sleep was out of the question, and I passed a miserable night. Time dragged, and my imagination was exceedingly active. I was not disturbed, however, but about 1 o'clock in the morning, sounds of activity became noticeable from the courtyard. The stamping of burros and the noise produced by the efforts of peons to place packs upon the animals reminded me that traveling at night was resorted to freely in this country. Sleep being out of the question, I decided to take advantage of the moonlight and without breakfast complete the irksome journey to Tuxpan. Stepping out of the room hastily, I startled several sleepy peons busy with their pack animals, who looked at me closely, and after reaching the trail I started walking carefully, owing to its roughness, up the steep grade towards the ranch from which I had descended the evening before. I had traversed about a mile and a half, and was proceeding slowly, clouds partly obscuring the moon and rendering the light fitful and

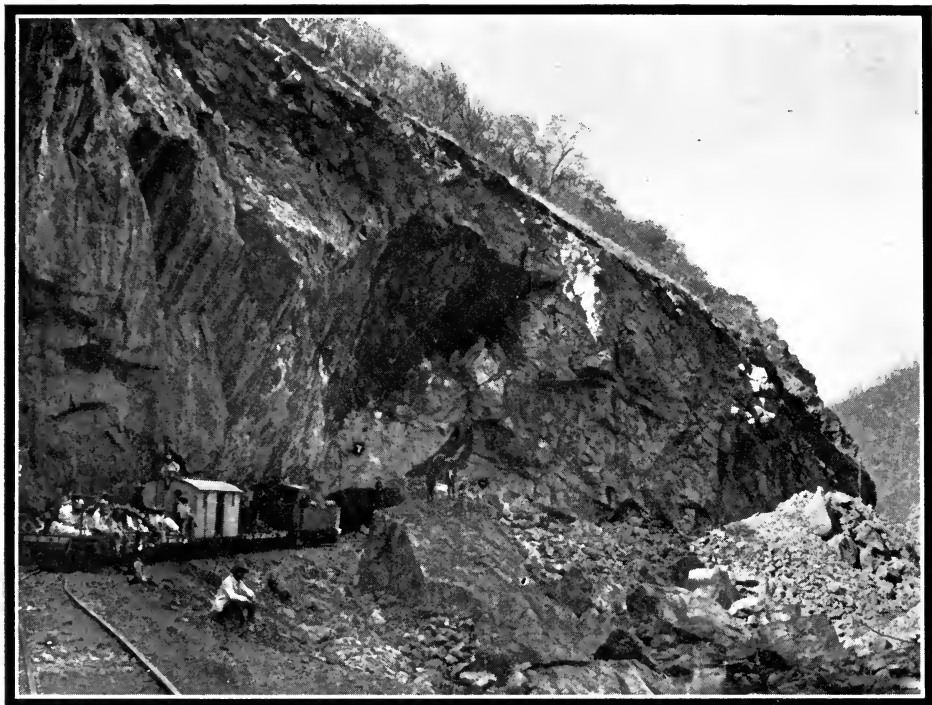
uncertain, when suddenly I came upon a sharp bend in the trail in the direction of the volcano. The trail at this point was shaded by trees and shrubbery, and was marked by stone fences on each side. Just as I made the turn, I was startled by the proximity of a man, dressed in dirty white, after the peon fashion, sitting on the left-hand side of the trail a few feet ahead of me. He jumped up on seeing me, and slowly advanced in my direction, muttering a few unintelligible words. He was a tall, spare man, and I could distinguish a knife stuck in his sash. It flashed over me that there was danger from this man. I instinctively realized that he had been waiting for me to pass by at this lonely spot for the purpose of robbery. I backed away from him, and as he continued to walk rapidly towards me, I ignominiously took to my heels in sudden fright, as I realized I was unarmed and helpless. I ran as fast as I could over the rough, loose stones, taking my chances of falling at every step, for about half a mile down the grade backwards towards Platanar. The man followed me for a portion of the distance, but did not overtake me. Suddenly the dread that he might have a confederate further down the trail came over me, and I feared I might be trapped between them. I therefore stopped in the trail and listened. All was silent, the light fitful. It occurred to me to scale the stone fence to the side of the trail and take refuge in the brush, awaiting developments. After climbing over the wall as noiselessly as possible, and after lying behind a bush for fully half an hour without hearing a sound beyond the mysterious voices of the night, I was suddenly aroused by the crunching of hoofs on the rough trail and the unmistakable voice of a peon, entreating by sundry expressions of reproof his burros to a proper appreciation of their duties. His clear, low, musical voice sounded strangely in the moonlight. I impulsively arose from my place of concealment, scaled the wall and stood in the trail as the peon with two burros loaded to a ridiculous



SCOTT

3161

On the Colima trail.



On line of new railroad.

degree, came toiling up the grade. I was impressed by the low, groaning sound emitted by the first burro, a dabbled gray creature whose particular characteristics impressed themselves upon me later on after I had had an opportunity to study him at closer range.

The peon suddenly stopped on seeing me standing motionless in the moonlight. He gave a low "hist," to which I promptly responded. He answered my salutation, and approaching him, I inquired the road to Tuxpan, and asked leave to accompany him along the trail. He signified his willingness, and immediately, by means of a whip and a small knife which he applied to a tender portion of the foremost burro's anatomy, coupled with a volley of Spanish oaths and exclamations of entreaty, managed to start the cavalcade in motion, which had taken advantage of my presence to stop abruptly. The peon was a spare man, turning gray, and to me he seemed rather above the average of

his class. He was dressed in a coarse white garment with a red sash, sandals and a sombrero of some felt material. I was glad to attach myself to this party, and we proceeded laboriously on our way.

I endeavored to explain briefly to the peon the situation which had led me to seek his protection. He seemed to understand, merely asking if I were not the man who had spent the night at Platanar, while I noticed he kept a sharp lookout, particularly at the place where the bend in the trail occurred. We passed this spot without incident, and finally surmounted the ascent and gained the ranch which I had visited the evening before.

The time dragged slowly, but nevertheless we continued to make progress. At times the foremost burro would stop of his own accord, and heroic measures were required to induce him to move.

Day broke as we descended a canyon, at the bottom of which the peon

directed me to take a trail branching off to the right down the river course, while he himself ascended the canyon on the other side along the trail, which he explained led to the town of Zapotlan. I was sorry to lose the peon, but not so sorry to lose the burros, as, along with lack of sleep, lack of food, and excitement, they had "gotten on my nerves."

The balance of the trip to Tuxpan occupying about two hours was without particular incident. The trail was well defined, and after crossing the main Tuxpan River, ascended the final canyon into a sunbaked mesa, along which I walked for a period in the gathering heat as the sun rose higher in the heavens, until finally I could see the cathedral in Tuxpan looming up in the distance.

Coincident with this vista, I reached the railroad track, which I followed for half an hour until I came to the railroad station of Tuxpan. A short distance further on brought me to the

outskirts of the quaint Mexican town, where in the bright sunlight along a dusty road I met by the merest chance my friend Thompson, walking straight towards me. He was a picture of anxiety. We were overjoyed at meeting, and he assisted me, thoroughly exhausted, to a typical inn, where I was not long in doing justice to a breakfast of cool, frothy beer and eatables that tasted like manna after my long period of enforced fasting.

Thompson informed me that the party had given me up for lost, and as a final resort he had enlisted the services of the rurales, through the kindly offices of their commander, to assist in the search, but fortunately I had made my appearance just as they were about to start on their quest through the mountains.

It is needless to state that our reunion was a happy one, the celebration on my part consisting of an uninterrupted sleep of nearly twenty-four hours' duration.

THE HALO

BY MABEL DODGE HOLMES

"The primrose path" they call it, souls who know
That love whose tissue is of smiles and bliss,
As down their springtide way they dallying go
In joy whose circle lies within a kiss.

No primroses have decked our road of pain,
Dear heart; its barren rocks are streaked with blood.
Yet treading there, true hearts through grief attain
To fathom love, fathomless and of God:

Love stern and leal, strong in its sacrifice,
'Mid whose dun clouds legions of angels shine.
For sun-kissed passion, primroses suffice;
The mist of tears halos thy love and mine.

A HALF CENTURY OF DANCERS

BY ROBERT GRAU

FIFTY YEARS ago the *premiere danseuse* in grand opera was regarded on an equal plane with the *diva* who prevailed, and the great Taglioni created quite as much furore and was paid almost as much honorarium as was accorded to the *prima donna* of that period.

Even in the Mapleson era at the Academy of Music, Madam Marie Cavalazzi, who, by the way, is now comfortably ensconced in a studio in the Metropolitan Opera House building, held sway with no less eclat than did Patti or Gerster. Cavalazzi was the wife of Charles Mapleson, and her

vogue lasted as long as the strenuous career of the elder Mapleson permitted.

It was in the famous Jarrett and Palmer regime at Niblo's Garden in the late '60's that New York began really to rave over the agility of the toe-dancer. Then it was that the graceful Bonfanti (who also still lives and is teaching the aspirants of another generation in a studio on upper Broadway) was the talk of New York. She married the banker, Hoffmann, in the '70's, a man who was greatly interested in affairs of the theatre, having provided the capital for the transformation of New York's old French theatre at Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue into a beautiful playhouse, over which the great tragedian, Charles Fechter, presided for almost an entire decade.

Then came the peerless Morlachi who, in the famous production of "The Black Crook," set New York literally crazy with her remarkable gyrations and posings; Morlachi was the rage throughout the prolonged run of the spectacles which Jarrett and Palmer evolved, such as "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn" and "Sardanapalus." She was married to the famous scout W. H. Omnohundro (who was better known as "Texas Jack.")

After these came the Kiralfy family—and a potent body they were. There were three brothers and as many sisters. Imre Kiralfy was the head of the family and by all manner of means the greatest and most artistic male dancer of the generation in which he was a factor. To-day he is a millionaire, living in London, where he is wont to create wondrous spectacles for the Earl Court exhibitions. Bolossy Kiralfy was also a prolific terpsichor-



Ida Fuller.

ean, but he was not as good a business man as Imre, though he is yet a potent figure in the field of spectacle, and is always in demand for great outdoor offerings. The youngest brother, Arnold, who passed away two years ago in almost destitute circumstances, was regarded by many as the most able of the trio on the male side, yet he failed to reach the heights his elder brothers did, and was never aided by them in his efforts to expand.

The sisters Kiralfy were the first to introduce their peculiar style of dancing, and they surely did create a sensation in such spectacles as "Around the World in Eighty Days." One of the sisters retired from the stage in her zenith to wed A. L. Parkes, dramatic editor of the New York Mercury, a periodical which cut a wide swath in New York three decades ago. Another sister married Edmond Gerson, a well-known impresario, but her career was shortened for another reason, for she is an inmate of an asylum at Stamford, Conn., where her devoted husband watches over her almost constantly.

After the Kiralfy era there came a lull which lasted several years, until the advent in this country of George Edwardes, the English impresario, who came hither a quarter of a century ago with the first London Gayety Company, headed by Fred Leslie and the winsome Nellie Farren, but it was not they to whom the public paid homage in that important enterprise, for it was in this organization, and they came unheralded, too, that the famous skirt dance was introduced by Letty Lynd and Sylvia Grey.

Words fail this writer in an effort to describe the vogue of the "Gayety Girls" in this country as a result of the skirt dance craze, but for more than ten years every dancing academy was taxed to the utmost in order to provide hundreds of aspirants with the necessary tuition to make them efficient for profitable careers. Nothing in the art of dancing ever availed so many as did this part of the dancing crazes, which to this day has remained a com-

elling feature in the field of the theatre.

But it was the serpentine dance—the advent of the diaphanous twirl—



Ruth St. Denis.

which really created the most public interest of all, when Loie Fuller, an American girl who had passed through a somewhat stormy career as an actress, appeared almost unannounced at the Casino in an operetta entitled "L'Oncle Celestin."

Even in the crude state which this early effort was offered, the fame of its originator became world-wide, and after a short stay here, Miss Fuller left the field in her native country to a horde of imitators, who for years innumerable were able to find an exceedingly profitable means of maintenance, while she who created the novelty became the sensation of Paris, where she was ever regarded as of a distinctly artistic mold. In fact, it was because the Parisians saw the divine spark in this American girl's efforts that she was given the dignified name of "La Loie."

In her own country, Loie Fuller never did prosper, not even to the extent achieved by her imitators. The latter would hie themselves to the French capital, and as fast as "La Loie" would create something new, they would return hither, thus absorbing the novelty, so that when Miss Fuller came herself, she found her reception apathetic. Paris, is, however, yet loyal to her.

The advent of the art dancer a few years ago brought about a veritable stampede of unknown young women all over the world, whose mode of procedure has been to conceal a suggestive style of dance through the use of the scores of great masters and the accompaniment of great orchestral bodies.

Isadora Duncan and Maude Allan have had the distinction of appearing in auditoriums such as the world's greatest opera houses to receipts equal to those that are accorded a Patti or a Melba, and the spectacle of an audience of four thousand women, attracted to New York's leading concert hall by Miss Allan, may have been induced through artistic ideals, but the real potency, the incentive for attracting the public, was not the musical feature,

though this undoubtedly did prove to be effective to conceal the main cause of interest.

During last season it has only been possible to cater successfully to the enormous vaudeville patronage by listing in each programme some barefoot dancer, or through the resurrection of sensational methods of long ago. In fact, a Broadway music hall, driven to the necessity of competing with its rivals, resorted to engaging a muscle dancer from an East-side museum, and by the simple process of surrounding her with an elaborate setting and increasing the orchestra to double its usual size, a way was found not only to present a new art dancer, but the management had transformed a \$25 per week museum attraction into a Broadway sensation. The most remarkable part of it all is that ever since, this young woman has had a weekly honorarium in excess of \$1,000—or an increase of 4,000 per cent.

The most amazing development of all, however, came with the advent of Mademoiselle Pavlowa and Mikail Mordkin, a pair of agile Russian dancers, who in the final two months of last season at the Metropolitan Opera House and at The New Theatre, presented the unheard-of spectacle of preventing a colossal deficit in these institutions, for they were able to pack the opera house to the doors at every performance, no matter what the opera might be or who were enrolled in the cast. To these same dancers, who a year ago were unknown here, the New Theatre directors had to look for an attraction sufficiently strong to sell out the capacity at a \$5 a seat scale of prices.

After all, the American dancers hold their own fairly well in the reckoning of achievements. Ruth St. Denis is quite as potent an attraction as any of the foreign visitors in the terpsichorean field. Two decades ago, as "Ruth," she was hailed as a child prodigy, and her career has been in the ascent ever since. This statement lends proof to the assertions of Mademoiselle Pavlowa that only by inaugurating one's



"La Belle Dazie."

career at an extremely youthful age can a dancer achieve great artistic worth. Miss St. Denis is now able to fill any theatre in New York by the sheer potency of her name, and is regarded by many critics as the equal of all save Pavlowa, who is beyond doubt the greatest living dancer.

Another American dancer who has been before the public since childhood is "Dazie," whose achievements are constantly becoming more artistic. When she was known as "La Belle Dazie," her salary was perhaps \$100 a week. When she became "La Domino Rouge," it was increased ten-fold, but her vogue under the latter *nom de theatre* evidently was distasteful to her, for with commendable good taste she again became "Dazie," and her efforts at the Manhattan Opera House during the Hammerstein regime were wholly toward the constructive side of her career. At present, "Dazie" is a leading feature in the new Winter Garden in New York, where she has created a furore.

For strictly toe-dancing, Bessie Clayton, also an American girl, is without a superior in the world, and her success is as great in London and Paris as in America. Miss Clayton is the wife of the distinguished stage director, Julian Michael, and this accounts, perhaps, for her dramatic ability, for here we have one dancer who

can also act.

It is an amazing fact that since the advent of Pavlowa the compensation to all of her confreres has increased manifoldly. Up to a few years ago, a weekly honorarium of \$250 was regarded as phenomenal. Loie Fuller was the first to receive more than this sum, and her earnings often went as high as \$1,500 a week. Even to-day they are much less. Maud Allan asks \$3,500 a week, and gets it, too. Isadora Duncan earns fully as much, while Pavlowa has refused \$5,000 a week repeatedly in the vaudeville theatres. This remarkable woman is by far the highest paid of dancers, but she is also the greatest drawing attraction; in fact, with the possible exception of Adelina Patti, no stage celebrity of any age has been able to command such audiences all over the country.

Undoubtedly, we are now in the veritable age of achievement for the terpsichorean artiste—this is so true that in all of the world's leading opera houses are now introduced one or more stellar danseuse, and often surrounded with a complete Russian ballet.

The Paris opera season has been made profitable the last two seasons by the intense public interest in the ballets presented by perhaps the most noted and agile body of dancers in the world.

THE SUICIDE

BY HARRY COWELL

A poor Parisian poet
 Loved madly, but in vain:
 Long hair he couldn't grow it,
 And wigs were his disdain;
 His nose he dared not show it
 Out-doors by day—'twas plain;
 The gas he couldn't go it,
 And so he went in Seine.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE PACIFIC

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

(Illustrated by S. Richardson)

IT WAS in the year 1500 that Rodrigo Bastidas, in two richly equipped caravels sailed from Old Spain in quest of the pearls and gold of the New World. It was proposed to go a little to the north of the western track of Columbus, and for this purpose, Juan de la Cosa, a pilot of experience in the Columbian voyage, was employed as guide through the unknown seas. The crews were in the main composed of wild, hardy, daring buccaneers, who gloried in the tang of adventure offered by a cruise in dangerous waters, and they moved out of Cadiz with all the pomp and glory Spanish seamen could command.

The voyage upon which Bastidas was starting truly was important, as it was the first of the great commercial stream that since then to the present day has flowed in increasing volume to and fro from Europe to America; but it was also important because it was the school in which a certain mild-mannered young Spaniard learned the science of American exploration. It was on this voyage that he studied the characteristics of Indian habit and came to know the nature of Caribbean seas and climate. Here he got a practical knowledge of the geography of Darien and learned how to deal and co-operate with his own countrymen; and here he began to realize what it meant to be an instrument in adding splendid empire and glory to the Spanish crown.

It was lucky for this youth that he had the shrewd, polished, affable Spanish Cavalier Bastidas as his model; for although the young man

was naturally kind and diplomatic, he needed the concrete lesson in handling both Indian and sailor that Bastidas' example afforded.

When it is remembered that a pretentious ship of those times would to-day be little better than a launch or fishing-smack, it seems rather strange that Bastidas should cross the perilous Atlantic almost without incident, and should be ready to coast along from Venezuela to Darien with no delay, but it undoubtedly illustrates the perfection of seamanship in those times. Perhaps it was only the skilled and the bravest who adventured in those times. At any rate, the romantic experience of the trip across and the coasting trade was just what was needed to fascinate a youth in a wild and new land. The pearls and gold sought for were found; for when Bastidas turned his prow back to home ports, five million of Maravedi's would scarcely measure the acquired wealth.

With the turn home, disaster struck the enterprise. The ship-bottoms were found to be bored by the teredo and leakage compelled the lightening of cargoes. Thus the strange, mild-mannered, observing young man of keen mentality passed the first stage of his adventure, and found himself with others of the company marooned on the island of Haiti, while Bastidas, in a desire to save his fortune, steered his crippled caravels home.

There was but one occupation—farming—open to the Spaniard on the island of that day. So the budding genius made a speedy trial at it, and a speedy failure he made, too; as all work had to be done by Indian slaves,

and he had neither the nerve nor the cruelty to drive the minions to their work. Bankruptcy confronted him. He could not run away from the island, as all debtors were closely watched. Yet he soon found a way to elude the officers.

Captain Fernandez Encisco, Governor of the coast of South America lying east of the Gulf of Uraba, was now ready to sail from Haiti to San Sebastian to establish a colony, and the young adventurer proposed to go along. He put his genius to work to outdo officials and get aboard. It was a task requiring delicacy of handling, as all ships leaving the island were convoyed some distance for the return of stowaways. But the trick really proved easy to the genius. He nailed himself in a huge cask appropriately marked "supplies," and addressed to the colony.

When Encisco was well out to sea, and the convoy had returned, the masterful runaway came from hiding, appearing before the irascible captain, who thundered, and threatened first hanging, then abandonment on a barren island. But Encisco's sailors well knew the culprit, and appealed to their superior to save him on the ground that the new man would make an additional and very efficient member of the crew. The captain was mollified, and the young man, whom we may now call Vasco Nunez de Balboa was in the second phase of his American adventure.

The escape in the cask, and opportunity to see and study the ferocious, treacherous attitude of Encisco had done much good to Balboa. It had opened his eyes to the new qualities of human equipment which were necessary here beyond the pale of government. Especially was it important that he realized himself among men who knew no means of advancement other than intrigue. Bastida's squadron had been very free from this irritating characteristic; but with Encisco, foul was fair, and fair was foul, when any one stood in the way of his ambitions, and deep-studied, conscious in-

trigue was the means he used to clip the wings of any too aspiring among his associates.

Yet it must be said that Balboa did not in his entire career descend to the devilish means used by many of the Central American Spanish explorers. His aims were lofty to the last; and his means of bringing into subjection his importunate rivals are more entitled to the name diplomacy than those of any of his co-explorers. Balboa had, however, as yet not come to his important work. He was still a subordinate, and his primary training as an explorer went steadily on.

At last there came a time when he was needed, and it is a pleasure to note him rise to the situation. Encisco and his crew had angered the natives on the southern shore of the Gulf, and found themselves attacked in fierce Indian battle with poisoned arrows. The Spaniards were no match for this treachery. It was now for the first time that Balboa appeared as a practical adviser.

"Go to the other side of the Gulf of Uraba," said he. "There the Indians do not use poisoned weapons. I have been there, and I know our colony can there stand some show of lasting."

His advice was taken. From this time Balboa appeared in the ship's councils, and he had started on his way to command.

It was by this time that Captain Encisco's Government had become so unjust and cruel that there was all but open mutiny among the men. Then came a demand for his removal. No excuse could at first be found; but later it was accidentally discovered that Encisco's license gave him no authority in Castilla del Ora, as the west side of the Gulf of Uraba was called. With this, Encisco was promptly deposed, the command devolving jointly on two, Balboa and Martin Zamudia.

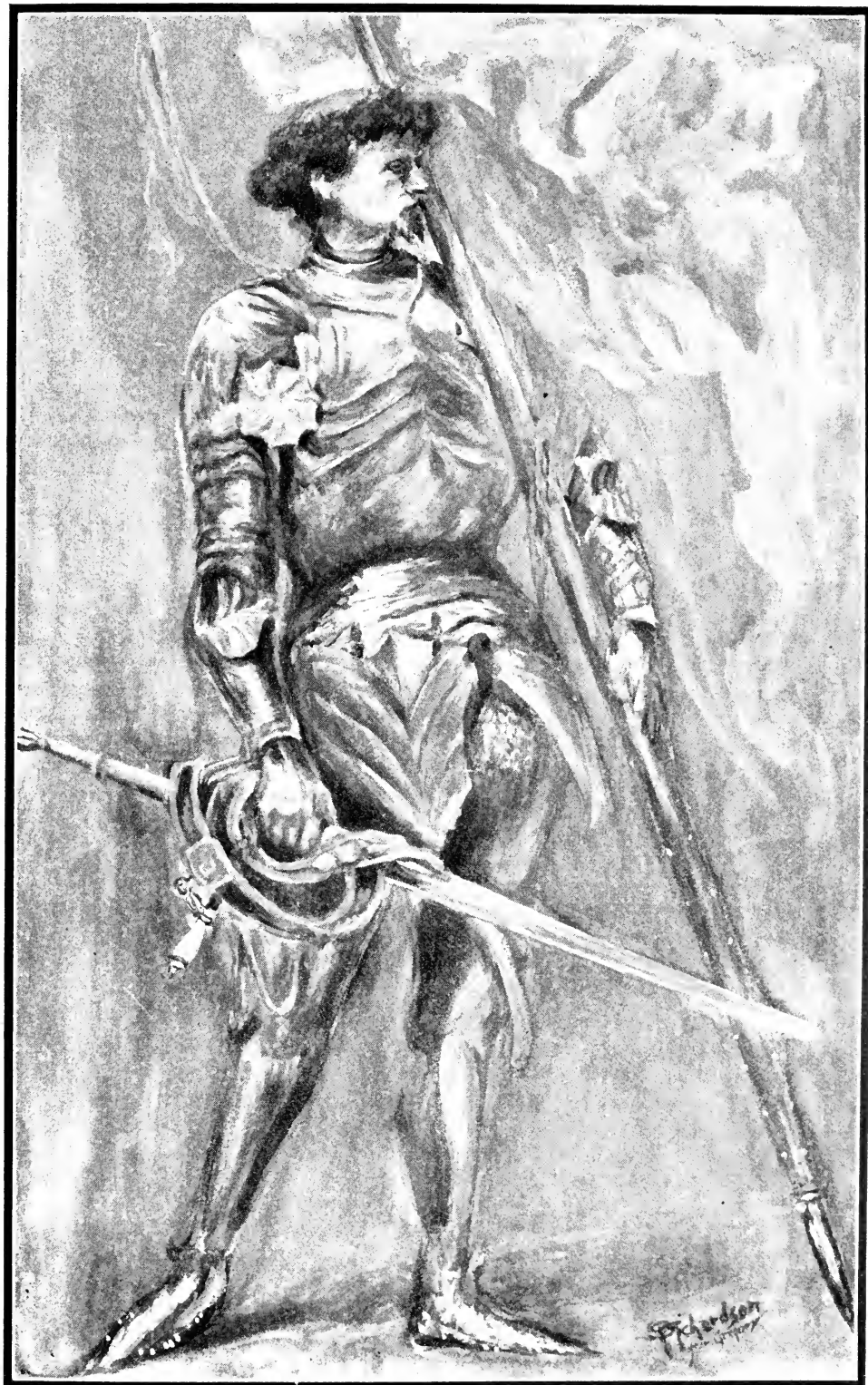
But a new problem almost immediately presented itself. Diego Nicuessa, the rightfully appointed Governor of Castilla del Ora, put in appearance. He had had a most distressing journey over the sea, and arrived at the colony



One of the caravels of Bast'd.s.



Douglas Tilden's conception in marble of Balboa discovering the Pacific.



Balboa discovering the Pacific.

in dire trouble. The colonists were willing at first to receive him as Governor, but almost immediately changed their minds, when they discovered Nicuessa's lust for gold and power, as they feared his confiscation of their own properties. Zamudia was the first to intrigue against the Governor. He aroused the jealousies of his friends, who were afraid of losing their gold. Nicuessa was at last forced to flee, although Balboa urged a reconciliation; but finally the new commander, with seventeen of his men, were forced to sea in an open boat, and were not afterward heard from.

Encisco was prompt to use this treatment of Nicuessa by Zamudia and Balboa; and the knowledge that he would probably do so caused Balboa to urge Zamudia to go to Spain to place matters in the right light. Thus again did Balboa reveal his genius for diplomacy, as at the same time he despatched Zamudia for Spain, he was left in full command of the colony, a position he greatly coveted, since he desired to be free to plan discovery and conquest.

Being now in full command at Darien, Balboa began to give attention to means of fortifying his position. This was all the more important, as Encisco had gone to Spain and had already reached the monarch's ear. Zamudia had arrived late. Balboa determined to make his position tenable by a series of discoveries so splendid in scope, and laying bare an empire so rich, and adding so magnificently to the glory of Spain that the value and wisdom of his acts would be absolutely patent to the king and his ministers.

Two reports of wonderful significance had come to Balboa's ears—the story of an unknown vast sea lying across the mountains to the west of Darien, and the story of unmeasured gold and jewels to be found in the yet unknown land bordering the South Sea—a land afterward known as Peru. He determined to reach the sea and claim the lands bordering it for his mother country.

This was no easy task. First, his

men were fearful of death in the swamps. He called for volunteers, and on presenting the glories to be achieved in acquiring new empires, one hundred and ninety men joined the expedition. A thousand Indians were drafted for the work, and a band of blood-hounds, including Balboa's own dog, Leoncico, which was so useful that he was given the rank of captain. The way was through a dense timber growing often in treacherous morasses, and through the forests the trail often had to be hewn with axes. The miasmatic streams were lined and overhung with the thick undergrowth of vines and shrubs. Tribe after tribe of hostile natives had to be subdued and then conciliated, because no enemies could be left to block the rear.

Before beginning the march, Balboa had already taken in marriage in true Indian fashion the daughter of the Indian chief, Careta. This alliance had made Careta a strong friend of the Spaniards, and his province was a convenient point from which to start. Balboa, with his usual shrewdness, further cemented this friendship by attacking Careta's enemies lying in his path toward the West. Thus he continued to pit one Indian chief against another, by diplomatic tactics, and so was successful in conciliating and making friends where he did not annihilate the native.

At last, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1513, Balboa arrived at the foot of the mountain from the summit of which he expected to see the great water. His men hewed the path before him till almost to the summit, when he himself took an axe and began to clear the last few feet of the climb. He intended that his should be the first European eye to look upon those primeval seas. At last he burst through the undergrowth, and grasping the Spanish flag, drawing his sword and hastening in the direction the Indian guides pointed, he stood in full view of the wonderful ocean. He named it the South Sea, for, gazing in overwhelming surprise, as yet he little

dreamed of the broad expanse of the Pacific.

It was only after four days of hard marching and Indian fighting that the discoverer reached the shore line and waded knee-deep in the briny waters, taking possession of them in the name of the King of Spain. This was the climax of Balboa's glory.

The rest of his life was like the setting of a great sun which goes down in a dark, black, ominous cloud. His dream of conquest of golden Peru did not work into fruition, but was left for the valiant Pizarro to carry out. Then, too, the long-pent-up envies of Balboa's foes in Spain, in spite of the

fact that his name was already ringing throughout Europe, had secured the appointment of crafty, cruel, jealous old Pedrarias, whose diabolical intrigue finally brought Balboa's head to the block, a thing he was able to do because Balboa refused to meet him with his own vile cunning. This was in 1515, two years after Balboa's great discovery, and just four centuries before our own coming magnificent celebration of the linking of his South Sea with the mighty Atlantic. Perhaps, after all, the conquest of Peru could have added no luster to Balboa's name, for he stands, as it is, second only to the great Genoese.

THE HORIZON

BY C. ASHTON SMITH

Thou art the place our eager, hastening feet
May never reach, though far the quest is sped,
Though over land and sea our search is led.
Forever doth thy mystic line retreat.

Far-veiled in blue, when we arise at dawn
Thou beckonest, O one elusive, fair,
And we must follow through the morning air
With hoping hearts, forever, ever on.

In purple and in gold we see, at eve
Thy distant barrier drawn across the west;
Yet still we shall pursue the weary quest,
And thou, O luring one, will e'er deceive.

THE WORLD'S BREAD

BY JOHN L. COWAN

THAT "BREAD is the staff of life" is a proverb accepted as a truism, but without the reflection that few words stand for as many different commodities as the word "bread." In fact, the meaning of the term depends more upon geographical location than upon the materials used or the methods employed in the preparation of the food product. Bread may be made out of almost anything edible; but whatever the materials, they must be made into meal, mixed with water or other ingredients, and baked in some manner, before the product may properly be styled bread.

Wheat is the most important of the world's raw materials for bread-making, and in 1910 no less than 235,000,000 acres of the earth's arable lands were devoted to the production of this single crop. Although grown upon a smaller acreage, the crop of 1909 was the greatest ever grown in the world's history, amounting to 3,624,000,000 bushels. Yet of the world's teeming millions there are more whose principal food reliance is rice than wheat, for rice is the "staff of life" that sustains the major part of the inhabitants of Asia.

In Sweden, rye cakes are more common than any food product made from wheat; and in some parts of Scotland oat cakes form the standard food of the people. Rye bread is eaten to a large extent throughout the north of Europe, and millet bread is a staple in the southern part of that continent. Corn bread (or corn pone, as the consumers prefer to call it) forms the leading article of diet among many of the negroes of our Southern States; and corn cakes, known as "tortillas,"

are more commonly eaten than bread of any other description throughout Mexico, Central America and South America. In parts of India and China, a grain known as "durra" (a form of sorghum) is made into bread; and buckwheat is extensively used in the United States, India, Europe and other parts of the world. Certain tribes of American Indians grind acorns into a coarse meal, and make this into cakes; others gather the beans of the mesquite for the same purpose. However, among most of the tribes, maize, or Indian corn, is the most important breadstuff. In South America, cassava cakes are made of meal obtained by grinding, expressing the juice, and drying the tubers from which the tapioca of commerce is manufactured; and in Ireland, potato bread is not uncommon. Peas, beans, lentils, chestnuts and other materials are used in some countries for bread-making. In Iceland it is said that dried codfish is pounded into meal and made into bread. But the most remarkable bread ever made for human consumption is described by historians of France. During the siege of Paris by Henry IV, the inhabitants were reduced to the last extremities of famine. When nothing else remained in the city from which bread could be made, bones were taken from the charnel house of the Holy Innocents, reduced to a powder, baked and eaten. It seems incredible that even the pangs of starvation could reduce the living to such straits that they would eat bread made of the bones of the dead; but this appears to be a well-attested fact of history.

Who it was that baked the first bread is unknown. It is true of bak-



Top—Indian women grinding corn. Center—Hopi Indian at mealing pan. Bottom—Zuni Indian baking in Mexican type of oven.



Pueblo Indian woman baking "piki," or paper bread.

ing, as of all the fundamental inventions and discoveries upon which civilization is based that the origin of the art is hopelessly obscured by the mists that shroud the centuries before the beginning of history. However, it is known that before men learned how to reduce the cereal grains to meal and bake bread therefrom, they parched them and used them for food in that form. Ching-Nuorg is said to have taught the Chinese to make bread from wheat in 1998 B. C. In the Book of Genesis it is related that Abraham instructed Sarah to "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth" for the entertainment of the three angels upon the plains of Mamre. The ancient Egyptians made bread and cakes of many kinds, using several varieties of flour; and the chief baker of Pharaoh, who was imprisoned with Joseph, was doubtless a master of his craft. Excavations made upon the site of some of the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland have resulted in the finding of stones for grinding meal and

baking bread, and even of the bread itself, preserved by being carbonized in the fires that frequently destroyed the pile dwellings of that primitive people

Half-grains of barley may be discerned in this ancient bread, showing the materials of which it was made, and indicating the crudeness of the methods employed for grinding.

Implements for reducing grain to meal, precisely like those employed by the lake dwellers of Switzerland, are still used by some of the Indians of California and Arizona. A stone in which is a rounded cavity of convenient size (either natural or made artificially) is used for holding the grain. A rounded stone (as a water-worn pebble) is taken for pounding the grain, acorns or other materials into a meal fine enough to suit the wishes of the worker. Doubtless this was the first grinding apparatus used by primitive peoples the world over. The first radical improvement consisted in deepening the cavity for holding the grain, and adding a handle to the stone used

for pounding. Thus were made the mortar and pestle.

Next a slightly concave stone was taken, and the grain placed upon it and rubbed or ground into meal by means of a smaller stone held in the hands. Meal of finer and more uniform texture can be made by this method than by means of the mortar and pestle. This is the method usually employed by the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, and by a large part of the population of Mexico, Central America and South America. The under stone is inclined upward at one end towards the breast of the kneeling worker, and is enclosed in box-like form by four flat stones or boards to keep the meal or grain from falling to the ground. The grinding stone, called the "metate," is about the length and half the width of an ordinary building brick, with rounded edges and corners. The worker draws this up and down upon the under stone, keeping some of the corn or other

grain in such a position that it will be crushed or ground between the two. It is a slow and laborious process, at which the women of the households are employed a large part of their time. Probably the same method was used by Sarah upon the plains of Mamre. That this method, and the still more primitive one of pounding the grain, were employed by the ancient Hebrews is indicated in the Bible (Numbers XI, 8) where it is said that the Israelites gathered manna and "ground it in mills, or beat it in a mortar."

The next important improvement in the method of preparing meal for bread-making was the invention of a mill with two large stones instead of one large and the other small. The lower stone was made convex and the upper concave. In the top of the upper stone was a round hole, into which the grain was fed. The grain naturally followed the convexity of the under stone, and was ground by the



Tepee of Mono Indians, showing acorn bins.

turning of the upper stone by means of a handle. This type of mill was invented by the Romans about 175 B. C. For awhile the labor of turning the upper stone was performed by slaves. Then donkeys were used, and finally water power was employed. Vast as have been the improvements in milling methods since then, these crude, power-driven mills of the old Romans really contained the germ idea from which have been evolved the great flour mills of America and other countries. It is interesting to note in this connection that the first application of water-power to mechanical uses was made by Buddhist priests, when they put running streams to work turning prayer wheels. The next was for the grinding of grain into meal for making bread.

Ovens made of earth or stones have been used for baking bread for thousands of years. That is a very indefinite statement, but to give any approximation of the date of the construction of the first oven is impossible. The Hebrews, Egyptians, Assyrians, Chinese, Greeks and Romans built ovens differing in no essential particular from those employed in many country districts of America today. The fore-runner of the oven was a flat stone, heated by burning wood upon it, and then brushing off the embers, or else by placing it upon supports and building a fire under it. The hot stone is even yet commonly used

by the Zunis of New Mexico, the Hopis of Arizona and many other Indian tribes, as well as by large numbers of Latin-Americans. Very often a piece of sheet iron obtained from the whites is used in the same manner, being preferred to the stone for the reason that it is more easily heated and has a smoother surface.

Among the Pueblo tribes of the Southwest a very curious kind of bread is baked, known as "piki." The whites call it "paper bread," for the reason that it is baked in sheets as thin as ordinary newspaper. It is made of corn meal, mixed to a thin batter. Various ingredients are used to color it blue, red, green or other hues, which the squaws think make it more attractive and appetizing in appearance. With her bare hand as a ladle, the squaw engaged in baking lifts a portion of the batter from the earthen vessel containing it, and with a deft motion spreads it quickly and evenly over the hot stone or piece of sheet iron prepared for its reception. It looks so easy that many a white man and woman have been tempted to try it, too, with no better result than burning their unaccustomed fingers to the bone. The stone or sheet iron is so hot that the sheet of piki is baked instantly, and is removed as quickly as possible, and another thin sheet of batter spread in its place. On account of the thinness of the sheets a great number are required to satisfy the appetites of a



Communal dwelling at Tesuque, showing oven on the housetop.

large family, and hours are spent baking piki. A dozen or more sheets are placed in a pile and then rolled up tightly. They are then ready to be eaten.

While piki is baked in many of the Pueblo towns, cakes and loaves are also made in various shapes and sizes. These are usually baked in huge adobe ovens, first introduced into America by the Spaniards and copied by the Indians. The ovens are heated to the required temperature by burning a wood fire in them. The glowing embers are then removed to make room for the bread or cakes. Visitors to the Indian village of Tesuque (nine miles from Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico) never fail to express surprise at seeing huge ovens upon the tops of the two-story communal houses. Tesuque has been a small Pueblo village for centuries, its population never ex-

ceeding two hundred; and on account of its small size it was peculiarly liable to attack from wandering bands of Navajos, Apaches and Comanches. The communal houses have thick walls, and were easily defended; but the ovens placed upon the ground near the houses were rifled of their contents in a moment. It became customary for small bands of Navajos to watch until many ovens were filled, and then make a raid for no other purpose than to steal the bread. To put an end to this form of petty daylight robbery, the people of Tesuque hit upon the queer but effective expedient of building their ovens on the rooftops. The necessity for this practice has long since passed away, but the ovens still remain perched upon the roofs, and doubtless will continue to occupy that place as long as Tesuque remains an inhabited village.

TO ONE NAMELESS

BY BILLEE GLYNN

Your name I know not—so sweet names I count,
In hope to find one sweet of thought as you,
In syllables to strike a note as true,
As full of tender meaning, grace, delight;
In vain—only when rare old love songs mount
In rapture till the heart is breathless quite—
Such sounds only as these bespeak you right.

Yet were your name the commonest of all,
It still would be the very rarest, too,
And I would hear it ever ranging through
The chambers of my heart—my spirit lost
In its own house to that one magic call;
And if you had no name such still the cost
Since you are you and that our paths have crossed.

AN INHERITANCE OF RODS AND GUNS

BY CHARLES CRISTADORO

A splendid fishing rod or a perfect hunting weapon are not seen in real focus until we view them through the eyes of a grand old sportsman who knows and understands both rod and gun as few men are privileged to know and understand. A sportsman like Charles Cristadoro, of Point Loma, Cal., can interpret these things to the layman even as an astronomer interprets the stars. Few men, perhaps, have acquired greater skill in the use of rod and gun as pastimes. Few men know and understand so much of the woods and woods' folk as he. In the following article, Mr. Cristadoro gives the reader a rare insight into the mind and the heart of that rarest of men, a true sportsman, a man who loves his rod and his gun and uses them with understanding, with skill and with gentleness toward all creatures of the wild.—EDITOR.

ONCE READ of an old Frenchman, a man who loved his shotgun as tenderly as a mother does her firstborn. When he passed away, his aged widow, every fall, when the maples turned scarlet and the golden rod waved in the November sunlight of Indian summer, would remove the gun from the case, as her departed husband had done a hundred times, oil it, polish the stock with chamois, and then tenderly lay it away for another year snugly and safely in its case.

It was surely and truly an act for auld lang syne, and to a sportsman certainly pathetic, deeply so.

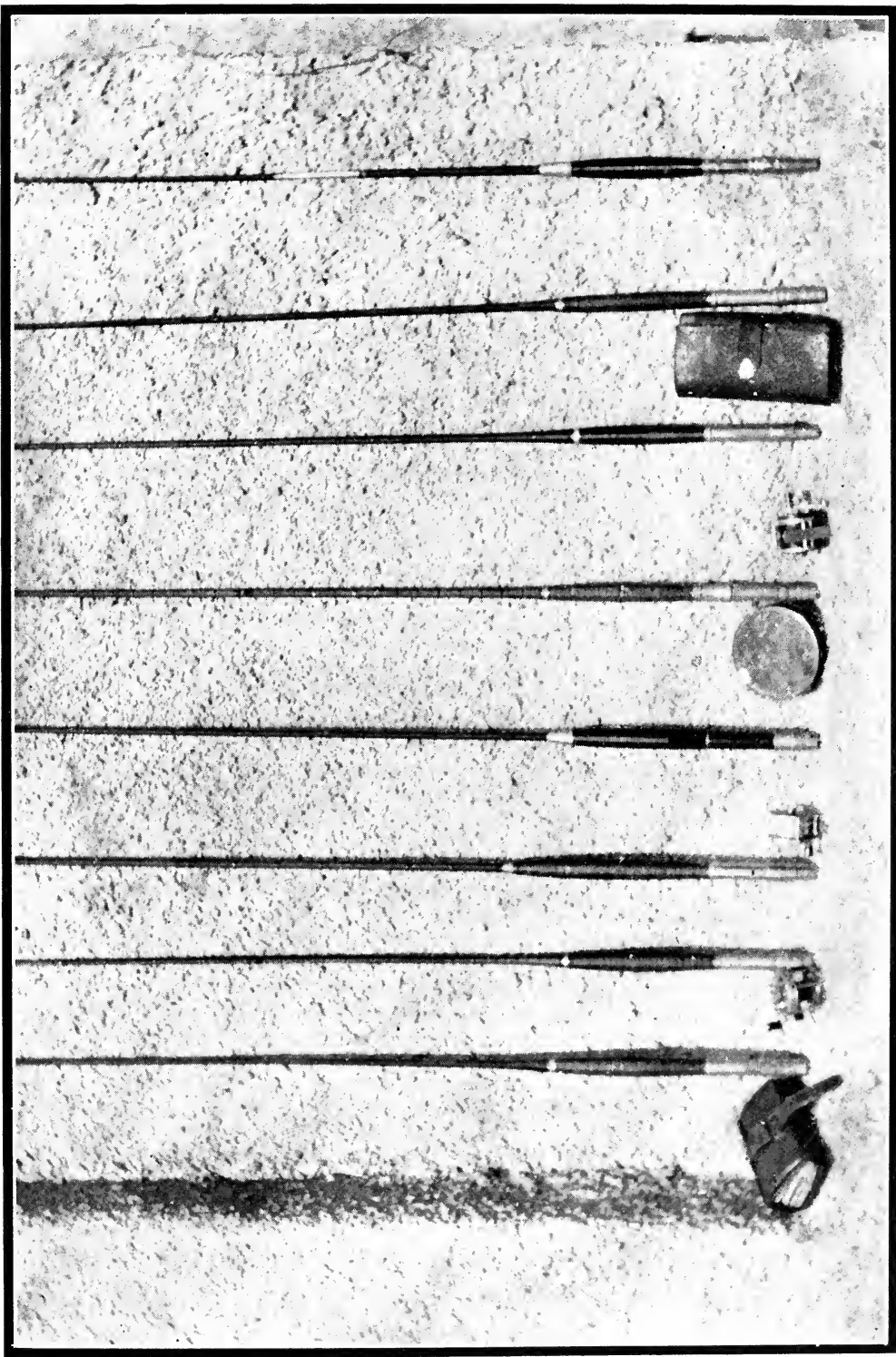
Then, again, I attended an auction sale—horrors!—of a sportsman's *lares et penates*. It was also pathetic, disturbingly, distressingly so.

Imagine your favorite rods, your reels that have sung many a sweet song to you under the whispering hemlock shading the purling brook, being clawed over by strangers, strangers to the dead and gone sportsman, and strangers to a select possession of a man who loved the field and stream. It was more than sad to witness it.

To see a man joint up an exquisite rod any way but the right way, and to see him fairly lash it about him, seemingly for the pure deviltry of it,—horrible! The man may have fished with



Charles Cristadoro.



Eight willowy rods, veritable kings of their kind.

a pole, but never with a rod! To see a man pick up a beautiful multiplying reel, adjusted to a hair, and grind it as if it were a coffee grinder—infamous!

To see a favorite made-to-order gun, with two sets of barrels, grabbed up as if it were a "Zulu," and snapped and its triggers pulled and all else that should not be done with a gun—dreadful!

The sale of the sportsman's things was an ordeal, but I stuck it through, not that I wanted anything; in fact, when the itch of possession came upon me, as it comes upon all men who love a rod and gun, I could mentally gaze upon a long, flat shelf in my own attic, and—the spirit of desire, of fresh acquisition, would leave me.

I was known in that assembly of would-be buyers as one who had some good things at home, and I noticed that when I took up a reel, or tested any particular rod, I was suspected of wanting it myself. And I did a little thinking as the auctioneer got ready, and I made up my mind to do a good turn, spiritually, for the departed sportsman (I did not know him personally), because I could not feel that he was in that room in a way "cursing his fate," and full of chagrin at the course of events as each duffer mauled his more than sacred former belongings, and financially to the widow awaiting at home the result of the sale.

I may have wanted several things in that sale, but I needed nothing, not a thing. Yet I determined to bid, and especially upon some of the things of most superior worth.

It was in a way a risky piece of work, but I went ahead and I certainly did boost things. But except in one instance I always pushed things up as far as the traffic would stand, and then at the psychological moment let go. And the fortunate bidder always felt more than satisfied because he had outbid me, who wanted what he got "awful bad," but lost out.

A rod came along, a trout rod, a rod much like my favorite one at home. I made up my mind that somebody

would pay well for that, and the bids began to come. Up, up, it went, and I was always ready to jump it, and I did. I set the price to be paid by some one for that rod at \$25, a very good price for a rod at auction, a second-hand rod.

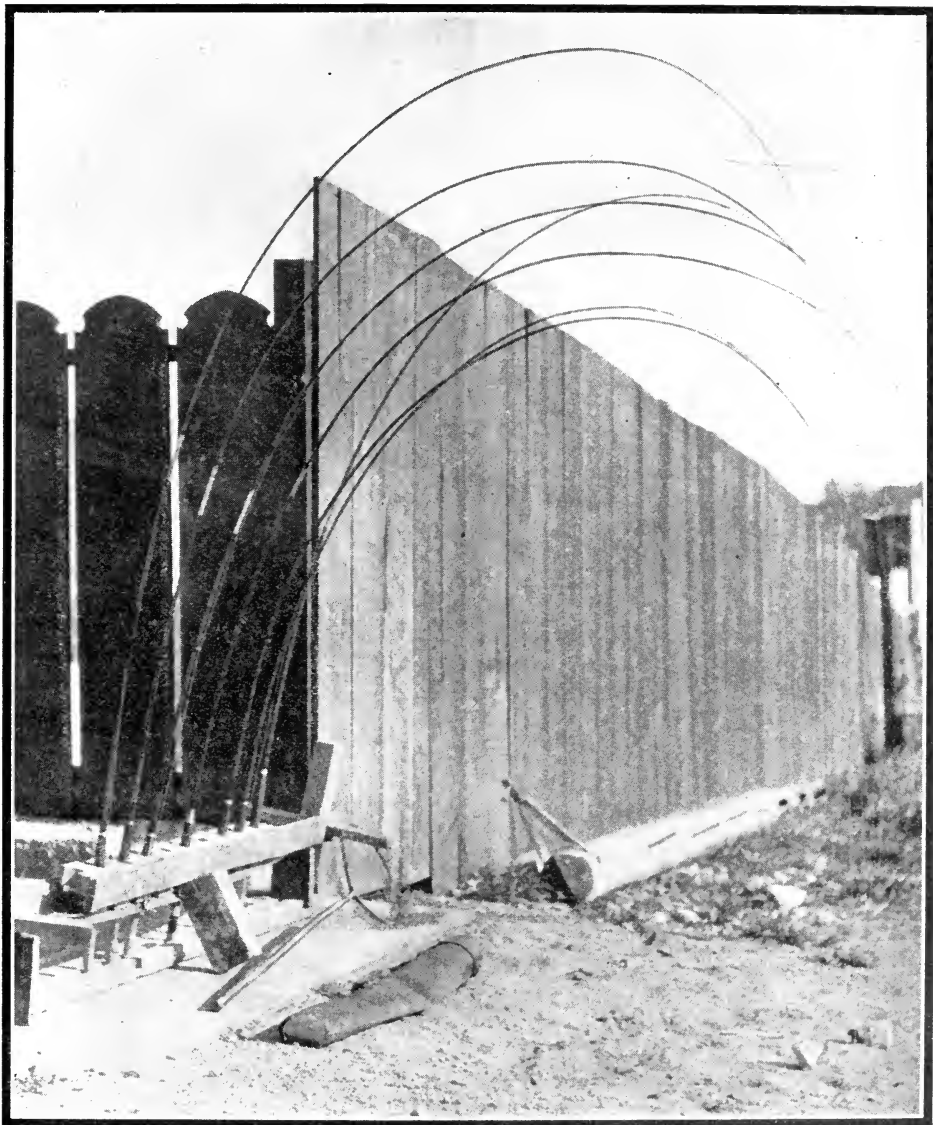
The figures crawled up, and still up, until they advanced beyond \$20. Only one or two were in the game now besides myself, and I kept on raising \$1 at a time, so as not to choke the others off because of my assumed determination.

The figure advanced to \$25; my bid over \$24 just bid by a young sportsman of ample means. He stopped. He had gone as far as prudence would permit, and in a few moments the ominous going, going, gone, bang! came, and the rod was mine—and I had one just like it home that I rarely fished with, a rod I was saving up for some big trout in a Canadian lake I was to visit, but never did.

I saw a gleam of disappointment in the young man's eye, and going over to him, I briefly explained that the rod was not a *sine qua non* with me, and immediately he jumped to the cast and was more than glad to pay the auctioneer and grasp his treasure, for he so considered it after a few moments of expiation by me upon its good qualities.

So the incident closed. Of course many things went for a song, as they always do at a vendue, but the choice things did not. I took care of that. And so I went to my own home that night, and did a heap of thinking. I asked myself what of my own stuff up on that shelf, guns and rods, reels, lines, fly books and all the rest. The misery of that vendue was upon me, and I swore if I ever became disabled or able to make a will in time, somebody worthy of those things would get them, somebody who would give them the care they required and deserved.

For instance, there was my first double-barreled gun, laid away years ago in its brass-bound mahogany case. It was a muzzle-loader, stub and twist, made to order by Blissett, a cele-



The rods bend with the line of beauty.

brated English gun-maker, for Commodore Chauncey, U. S. N., and sent to the gun store on Broadway for sale by the Commodore's widow. A relic now of the old days before the pin fire, and then the central fire, and then the hammerless guns came in.

Never was a gun so prized by a 16-year-old boy, a gun such as he would not dare long for even with Aladdin's lamp at his elbow. An exquisite, fin-

ished piece of all hand gun-making, it was made when the old muzzle loaders were at their height, their zenith, when there was naught to do but advance to the breech-loader. The maker of the muzzle-loader could go no further. He had made his masterpiece.

Where the stock came from I do not know, but it was selected wood; I think some one told me it was from the root of a pear tree, a beautiful

freak in wood, golden brown and of a delicate grain almost transparent in places.

I think had I been allowed I would have taken that gun, mahogany case and all, into bed with me the first night of its possession. If Mahomet's Seventh Heaven ever existed on the earth it did for me in this particular case.

Robins and highholders fell first to it, and to knock them out of the air on the wing forty years ago was a permissible game for the small boy. Things are changing now. A wood-duck shot on the wing made me aspire to the laurels of a Bogardus. An immense fish-hawk with a five-foot spread of wings, came my way, and fell to its powerful discharge.

Then quail were tried, and in due course the king of the woods, the white birch and hemlock mantled side hill in the south of Connecticut! I can feel my nerves tingle yet as the wary old birds jumped into flight one after another with a whirr from under the mantling hemlock that they knew how to keep between me and them.

The black, muddy swamp, full of borings introduced it to the epicure's long-billed delight, the wood-cock. His erratic flight was no more mastered in a day than was the twist of the English snipe that went corkscrewing and scaping over the marsh.

The Indian summer days that old gun brings back, gone, of course, but forgotten?—no! Never! Impossible! The pleasure of memory is inerradicable, ineffacable.

Then for Barnegat to old Bill Chadwick's for ducks. What preparations! I must make some home-made wire shot cartridges to emulate the Ely wire cartridge that in a way anticipated the close shooting choke bore of later days.

I made some out of window screen wire. They were too good. I tried some against a barn door. There was a hole in the door and another hole in the other side of the barn wall. The cartridge had not broken. I peered through the hole in the board, and

there in the field were some cows at pasture. They were all alive. Not one limped or showed any distress. I gave a sigh of relief. On the way over in the sailboat from Tom's River to Barnegat, a loon was sighted a good ways dead ahead. The skipper in a joking way urged me to try him. I did, but with one of my patent wire shot cartridges slipped in and rammed down. I allowed for the drop, and as a result I splashed the water "clus up," as the skipper said, an old bay man who knew a gun pretty well himself, and wanted the laugh on me. To see "the way that shot bunched and held together" for such a distance puzzled him. I came within an ace of boring a hole through that old loon, and he surely did dive when the water plowed "clus up" to him.

The days spent with that muzzle-loader over those decoys at Chadwick's! Of course, many birds passed over between loadings, but the fun was great.

Then came the Greener, the gun that "broke" at the breech, into which the shells went and were pulled out after each discharge. The old muzzle-loader was cleaned, oiled up and polished and shelved forever and a day. But in a spirit of atavism the feeling would now and then come once more to go afield with the old muzzle-loader, powder flask, shot pouch, felt wads, and Ely water-proof caps, and live over again a day in the past. But I never did. At the last moment, expediency and an innate greed for a good bag overcame the pull of sentiment. The old gun's slumbers were not disturbed.

The new Greener! Well, to hide securely in a pass and knock the old green-head mallards as they came hustling by, was great, and with two extra shells in the left hand to make one, two, three and four in succession was fun indeed. The blue-winged teal over the wild rice lakes are memories not to be lightly passed over. The goose pit and decoys and the old black and white-headed honkers sailing over and studying the knife-edged iron de-

coys with a puzzled look as they all vanished, to the geese straight overhead as they looked down! And how the geese gobbled to each other, as much as to say: "Did you ever! Where have they gone?" Only to get over their curiosity and stand not on the order of their going, as the BB shot rattled up against them from the good Greener.

And how the old gander outpost came up to look things over, and so absorbed with the decoys that he paid no attention to me, as I experimented to ascertain whether one could kill a goose point blank, head on, as I carefully aimed at the point of his bill—and never harmed a feather of his glancing coat of downy mail. And how, as he honked and quartered away in perturbed flight the second charge got under his feather and he came down with a thud upon the golden stubble, a stone-dead gander. Days gone forever, but remembered as

freshly as if the incidents occurred yesterday.

And there were the rods. My first split bamboo, on which I caught my first trout, and when I first wet a line with it, up in the Second Carry Pond in Maine, close to the bed of lily pads, we had to quit fishing in half an hour, the trout coming at the three flies at every cast, and filling the leader. A rare experience to become surfeited the first day of one's fly-fishing. I presume there were "steen" million *salmo fontierialis* hidden in the open shade under the cool leaves of those lily pads.

The fishing by moonlight, casting one's flies in the sheen of the moon! It was great fun, and exciting, especially when one trout was hooked in the belly as he missed the fly and made all kinds of music on the reel.

The broken second joint and the miraculous recovery of the five-pound fish! Then came the second and tip



The wonderful rods and guns arrive at their new home.

joint in one six-foot piece, just to see the uninterrupted line of beauty in action on a heavy fish.

The shorter lancewood bait casting rod for small-mouthed bass, whipped from tip to butt with silk to stiffen and insure it. The two two-jointed fly-rods, split bamboo, veterans of forty years of use and able to tie themselves in a knot or bow-knot when you gave a big fish the butt, and must have him come away from the poor or the submerged snag. No wonder Izaak Walton, patron Saint of anglers, who advised impaling the wriggling worm gently so as not to unduly hurt him, said his most pleasurable sensation in life was the tug of a twenty-pound salmon.

And the tackle fever coming upon me at times, to buy rods never to be fished with, to be held in reserve for the day that never came. And so with my favorite rod, a masterpiece of bamboo, glue and silk wrappings. How saved and treasured up, too choice to use on any and every trout. A saved and unused rod, yet hoped for as an

implement to meet a foeman of fins worthy of its "steel." Trips planned for that rod never taken! A case of "man never is, but always is to be."

O reel true and tried, a companion of many trips, single action, yet never failing, giving out music of sweetness unsurpassed. The Cushing reel, multiplying and as smooth as silk in its running, yet with a remonstrance and temper of its own when not thumbbed, backlashing with the best of them. Just a matter of genre and proper handling.

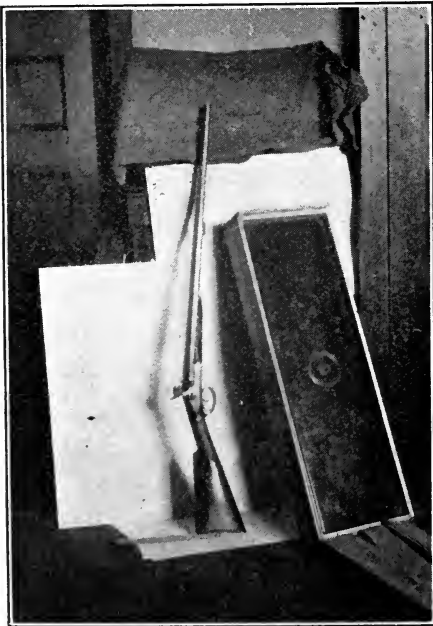
The fly-books! The saved and frayed flies, of no use now, but a history to each, and well remembered. There is sentiment attached to a frayed brown hackle with which you have fought the fight, an hour's fight, with the daddy of the pool—and despite all kinds of difficulties and hair-breadth escapes, won out! You go all through it again as with snell in your fingers you look over the frayed feathers and now rusty hook!

Your wading shoes and rubber waders and rubber blanket, good friend on many a stormy night, your poncho invaluable in the driving storm and all the other *lares* and *penates* piled up on the shelf.

Then sickness comes to the owner, and then four, five years drag on, and the shelf remains undisturbed. The gun and rods sleep on, season after season. Nothing doing. But hope springs eternal in the human breast, and the main incentive to get well at times was the hope of taking that gun and those rods afield and astream once more. The smell of frying bacon and boiling coffee on the hardwood camp-fire would mount into memory's nostrils, and the fever that only a trout fisherman suffers from, 120 deg. F. by the clinical thermometer, the doctors' and nurses' fire alarm signal, would come on.

Then the surgeons, to save life, crippled me for life. The raven of Poe, perched on the gun and rod-loaded shelf, croaked "Nevermore!"

Then the sportsman's vendue scene came up vividly to me once more, and



The Blisset muzzle-loader, made in Liverpool in 1860.

it was time to keep my vow. I looked around for an inheritor, but there was always a fly in the ointment. My field companion and chum of camp-fire, lean-to and blanket, was older than I, and past the age of fishing and hunting. Not he! Others came to my mind, but no: I wanted the right kind of a man to unload those treasures upon, and to do so while I lived, so he could tell me of his days upon the Klamath and Shore Creek, and report to me how this rod acted and how it stood up to the crucial test that the old five-pound rainbow gave it. Those were the things I wanted to hear, and, hearing them, live over again vividly the days gone forevermore and nevermore to come.

To hear of that old Greener making doubles on mallards and geese! That

would be living once more!

And suiting the action to the word, on finding the man that fitted, I handed my belongings *en masse* over to him, he to accept them in trust, and years from now, when old "rheumatiz" got into his joints and I was hobnobbing with Izaak Walton, Seth Green and a few others on the offshore, to do likewise, and finding the man or men that fit the case, to pass on the guns and rods, entailing them in trust all the way along. And thus do I keep the vow I made on the return home the night of the Sportsman's vendue.

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

THE ETERNAL WOMAN QUESTION

BY HARRY COWELL

THE WOMAN Question, now more than anything else on the tapis, is from the superior point of view of mere man painfully like a horny excrescence on the extremity of the body politic, to the serious impeding of its progress. Again corn-like, the Woman Question assumes enormous proportions when popped, as popped it should be, on occasion, in the interest of the little ones, not to say humanity at large. By the way, it is well popped, my poor brothers, where there is naught to overhear it but ears of green corn, silent wit-

nesses against you in case of suit for breach of promise.

As to the suffragette question proper, there are certainly two sides to it. If the suffragettes are right, we men are left, you mark my words! Personally, the movement has too many angles to it for me to embrace, much less attempt to master. I would liefer that Fate fool me with curves! Flat-footed and chested comes Equal Suffrage, bent on conquest. Her, may every man, unreprieved of the Common Mother, laugh to scorn; but Unequal Suffrage, her of arched instep and

rounded bosom, no man born of woman. The only women to be taken seriously are marriageable women, and these not too much to heart; indeed, they would better be shaken before taken, to talk to you like an Irish uncle. Else, take your medicine like a man—with a rye face.

Far be it from me, however, to deny that the world gained by the advent of woman. I deem Adam's rib well lost. Compared with the status of the bachelor, that of the benedict is enviable. The former has marriage to look forward to; the latter, widowerhood or heaven. Oh, blissfully ignorant youth, with long, long and serious thoughts of popping the woman question, you do not think of it half seriously or long enough. How deplorable your situation is, Nature forbids you to realize. What a dilemma is yours! Behind you is your father-in-law-to-be; before you, your mother-in-law. Let not, then, your god-like faculty fust in you unused, take a fool's advice. Like Belamy's, the Utopia of the benedict is looking backward. If deeds, as is said, speak louder than words, reflect what awful things at the very top of his voice you wouldn't-be father-in-law may be saying behind your back! Such an one's delight it is to take a measure so extreme to get rid of you. Why, seeing his master show a canine tooth, kicking against his prospective without-prospects son-in-law, not as one who strikes the heir, even the domestic "bull-tarrier" will be encouraged to back-bite you, adding, if he be an Irish bull, to the horns of your dilemma aforesaid.

Far be it from me who hold the words well said to dissuade you from saying them. 'Tis not this dull Celt but the highly polished French mirror held up to marriage that casts these reflections. Who am I to gainsay the taking "I do!" or clericwise publish the bans of marriage?

A poetaster funny and

One doubly blest though single
Whose jingle makes some money and
Whose money makes some jingle!

No illustrious bard but one merely illustrative of the Thomas Huxley version of Jack and the Beanstalk, treading rhythmically the inevitable trivial round. My pen not being mightier than the sword, I am incapable of doing poetic justice to the woman question. Not if I know myself am I even in the painful process of becoming a great poet. In the words of a prosaic youth attending the summer school at Pacific Grove, when asked if he would not like to be the author of "The Ring and the Book," "I'd rather be tanned than be Browning!" In like manner, let me say for myself: "Benedict, I'd be blest if I'd be single again!

But having thus by way of digression come to the subject of marriage coupled with poetry, we have got unquestionably a distance—indeed, about as far as possible—from the suffragette. I say "we" advisedly, for you, discerning reader, have beyond a question accompanied me. Accordingly, having accomplished what I set out to do, arrived at my destination, I rest me, remembering what journeys end in lovers' meetings, not political. To prolong the sweet sorrow of parting, let me say that it grieves me to the heart to think that the eternal womanly should lose itself in temporal affairs and in time decay.

Epilogue.

In Eden fair, as I've heard tell,
The Eve of the first marriage fell,
And there was night, with hints of hell,
What of it, Watchman? Wasn't all well?

The question of to-day, believe Me, 'tis the question of that Eve
Unanswerable. Gods perceive
Why good and evil interweave.

THE SUBJUGATION OF MISS KITTREDGE

BY KATHARINE CLARK PROSSER

JESS HUNG up the telephone and faced me in consternation. "They're coming," she announced wildly, "here—now!"

"You don't mean to say that you're going to let any one call——"

"Oh, you don't understand. The verb 'let' is never applicable to Mrs. Augustus Caesar. Nobody ever 'let' her do anything. She has announced that she and Gerry will be here in fifteen minutes, and she'll be here. Don't let any doubts of that worry you for a minute."

"You might have told her I had smallpox," I muttered, rebelliously.

"My dear, that wouldn't have done a bit of good. She would probably have stopped long enough at some drug-store to arm herself with a package of sulphur, and would then have fumigated us out into the street, and you'd have been hung on the line to air."

It was Sunday morning. The morning of all others when a common, ordinary working person is supposed to relax. We had just finished breakfast, and our tiny apartment presented a generally untidy appearance.

It goes without saying the wildest excitement broke out in number five. Jess careened madly about its narrow confines, looking for hairpins, beauty-pins, collars and all the other accessories that go toward building the feminine toilet, while I resorted to my usual tactics in clearing up. Every conceivable thing that was not rooted to the floor or imbedded in the carpet went over the huge hanging screen which, suspended in midair between ceiling and floor, served to maintain the privacy of our bedchamber. So proficient had I become through long practice that I was never known to

miss my target, and in consequence my missiles large and small landed invariably mussy but safe upon the bed on the other side.

The while she struggled into a fresh frock, Jess gave me an incoherent description of the Lynchs.

"Yes, they're from Reno and they've oceans of money, and—oh, my goodness, where is my collar? I never saw such a place in—never mind, here it is. What was I saying? Honey, Gerry Lynch is just the man for you——" My sniff was evidently audible through the curtains.

"Oh, you just wait, Miss Chin-in-the-Air" (there are times when Jess bestows names that would do credit to an Indian chief) "you'll come to grief some day. Anyway, I've picked Gerry out for you, and if you don't fall in love with—criminy! where is the button-hook? And Kitty, *did* you eat my necklace? Yes, of course it's just where I put it; it always is. So nice of you to tell me. Thank you, dear. Where was I? Oh, but wait till you see his mother! What's the matter with her? Nothing at all, only she is Mrs. Augustus Caesar Lynch, and knows it better than any one else in the country. And proper——"

It was fortunate that the door-bell interrupted, for I think that she would have been hard-pressed to do justice to Mrs. Lynch's views on proprieties. As it was, she came forth looking distractingly pretty as I flung the last piece to safety.

"Why, everything looks lovely, Kitty," she approved, "but you're not dressed."

"Of course I'm not dressed. I'm out, you understand."

"But, my dear," she protested,

"where will you vanish to?" for our 'apartment,' be it known, holds only the large living room, with its curtained alcove bedroom, and a wee bit of a kitchen, much too small to cook a roast in.

"It's quite simple," I assured her. "I'll add myself to the assortment in the boudoir, and shut off my breathing apparatus until they leave."

The bell pealed forth again, and Jess hurried away to greet the callers, while I retreated behind the portieres and gingerly perched myself on the edge of the already over-crowded bed.

Still as a mouse I sat while Jess ushered them in. I heard her ask the thousand and one questions a homesick girl always wants answered, and listened with an involuntary shiver to the icy, even tones of Mrs. Augustus Caesar as she replied. I had made up my mind to detest the little Augustus Caesar, or Gerry, as Jess called him, but my sense of fairness forced me to admit that his voice was wonderfully pleasing.

How long I remained in that cramped position I cannot say, when presently I heard the lady ask:

"Do you do your own housework, Jessie!"

I grinned wickedly to myself as I listened to Jess's affirmative, and then the Madam favored us with a few threadworn platitudes.

"The art of housekeeping is woman's most beautiful mission, but alas, how few of them realize it." Here a frigid sigh broke upon the surcharged atmosphere. "And the key to it all, my dear, is this: make a place for each and every thing and see that everything is in its place. Is this other—er—party with whom you are living, a tidy person?"

As Jess hastened to reassure them regarding the "other party's" neatness and general acceptability, I encountered my own wrathful gaze in the mirror opposite. Face flushed, hair in shocking disarray, tie crooked, sleeves rolled up above the elbow, there I was ensconced behind an amazing collection of wearing apparel, laundry and

suitcases, miscellaneous packages, hats, gloves and newspapers, the like of which would have carried off honors with a junk shop.

Suddenly the ludicrousness of the situation burst upon me, and I silently rocked back and forth in an ecstasy of impish glee as I pictured to myself the effect upon the innocent outsiders should I be revealed in all my glory.

Jess believes in mind concentration and other new thought theories, and has insisted ever since that by my unholy fancies, I brought about the very disaster that came to pass.

However that may be, as I sat there shaken with suppressed laughter, without any warning, unless a faint, sickening screech might be termed such, the big screen crashed to the floor. I found myself staring in horrified astonishment over that conglomeration of household gods into the equally horrified eyes of the handsomest man I ever saw.

Even as they held mine, I saw their expression change, and he burst into uncontrollable mirth in which I recklessly joined. Jess soon followed suit, but Mrs. A. C. preserved an unsmiling exterior. And that was how I met Gerry Lynch.

After such a tempestuous introduction, it was but natural that our courtship should prove stormy. Mrs. Augustus Caesar never quite recovered from the shock of my initial appearance, and her disapproval of me was further aggravated by an untoward incident for which I was in no wise to blame, but being the only person present beside herself, Mrs. A. C. has always held it against me.

On a Sunday bright she arrayed herself as only the A. C.'s of this earth can, and came to shed the refulgent light of her presence over our humble heads. But as luck would have it, Jess was out, and to my lot fell the honors. I met her with the firm determination to efface from her mind any unpleasant memories which she might be harboring, and reminded myself that but for her I should never have known Gerry.

We really progressed for awhile, and I was beginning to congratulate myself upon an irresistible personality, when in an evil moment I was called to the telephone.

Now we have a chair in our house which, in newspaper parlance, we use for a "filler," and keep in the one undesirable corner of the room. It is literally on its last pegs, and he who sits therein is doomed. Just why Mrs. A. C. should leave a comfortable arm-chair in the window, with its commanding view of the street, to migrate to that dark corner and sit in that uneasy chair, will always be a mystery. I returned just as she was about to seat herself. My shout of warning came too late, and if anything made matters worse, for startled, she plumped herself into that fiendish piece of furniture with none of her wonted deliberation. Of course the beastly thing collapsed.

Let us pass over the first few minutes, during which, with heartfelt protestations of sorrow, I endeavored to pick Mrs. Augustus Caesar from the ruins. Re-possession of her lorgnette seemed to invest her with a semblance of her accustomed dignity, and she surveyed the scene with detached hauteur, concentrating her attention upon the wretched chair and the infinitely more wretched me. Finally she queried, witheringly:

"Is there anything in this place, Miss Kittredge, that doesn't fall down?"

And the irrepressible imp in me answered promptly:

"Nothing but the carpet, Mrs. Lynch!"

And that settled it.

When Gerry proposed, I refused him. Never, I vowed to myself, would I marry the son of such a mother. But I reckoned without my host. Submission was not one of the virtues inscribed upon the Gentleman from Nevada's calendar.

"There's no use, Kitty," he would say, "you're going to marry me, and that's settled."

"I am not. I will not," I would cry.

But constant wear and tear is hard

on the ethics of resistance, and to my secret dismay, I found myself rebelling inwardly at the thought of putting Gerry Lynch out of my life. When one's own self turns traitor, it is time for rigorous measures.

Without more ado I issued a writ of independence, and announced my intention to see him no more. The two weeks that followed were, without any exception, the most miserable I can remember.

Jess was very sweet and considerate, though I felt instinctively, had she been called upon to pass judgment on my mental condition, she would have classed me with the "violently insane." Only once did she venture to remonstrate.

"Jess," I broke in quickly, "don't. It isn't easy to do what I am doing."

"Then why do it?" she persisted.

"Because it's the only thing to do," I replied testily. "Do you think it would be pleasant for a man like Gerry Lynch to have a wife and a mother who were not on speaking terms ten months out of the year? It's simply out of the question."

But retribution was closing in on me. That night, in a burst of extravagance, we went to the opera, and coming home late, repaired to the cupboard for a bite and sup.

As I switched on the light, the baleful shape of a large black spider was seen scuttling to safety behind the china closet. Now I pride myself on being ordinarily sensible, but the crawly things of this universe inspire me with a fear that is unexplainable, but none the less real. On this occasion, Napoleon's retreat at Waterloo was a mild affair as compared with my evacuation of that kitchen. Troublous dreams haunted me throughout the night, and most of my time was spent in headlong flight before an army of black spiders led by Gerry Lynch. Morning brought no surcease, and I tiptoed about in my highest-heeled shoes, scanning the floor at every step for a sight of the object I most dreaded. At last, unable to shake the haunting terror, I fled the

house, arriving at my desk an hour before the appointed time.

Sleepy and tired, I waded through the antics of Mrs. W. Williamson Wart of the West-side, and those of Mrs. Potter Cotton on the East, gave an account of the last suffrage meeting, interviewed a gentleman star whose radiations all but dispensed with the aid of the footlights, wrote a few hundred words for the edification of the lovers of "Household Hints," reported the weekly session of the Mothers' Club, and finally, much against my will, found myself involved in a society crush at the long-heralded tea with which Mrs. Peter Van der Spiek announced the engagement of her daughter, Elsa, to the real matrimonial tip of the season's market.

During a stay of ten minutes, I managed to absorb a cup of tea, several tons of floral decorations, some ninety-odd gowns, a receiving line and a guest list. Stuffed to repletion, I made my escape.

On reaching home, the dinner problem stared me in the face. Collarless, with tucked up sleeves and skirts well above my ankles, I sallied into the kitchen, armed with a desperate courage. But as nothing of any moment disturbed the afternoon quietude, I set about my task with a shade more of my normal self-possession.

The preparation of vegetables, meats and desserts has always seemed to me conducive of deep meditation; still, it is only in moments of unusual weakness that I allow myself the luxury of self-pity. Suffice it to say, I had come to the dissolving point when the outer door opening, announced Jess.

"I have quite settled in my mind what my next incarnation will be," I called to her. "A ball of blueing, pure and simple. Come here, honey, and kiss me." The quaver in the last word did not belie the state of my feelings."

Rapid steps crossed the boundary between the adjoining room and the kitchen, and I felt myself whirled about and straight into the arms of Gerry Lynch. For a minute he held

my startled gaze, then crushed me close, and took his hungry toll of kisses. At the same time the door behind us slammed, its spring lock making us virtually prisoners.

In a flash the little plot was revealed to me, and I struggled frantically to be free of the arms that bound me.

"You—you coward!" I panted.

Instantly he released me, and with crimson face I backed away, fighting for composure. At length:

"I would have thought," I said, furiously, "that you were the last person on earth to force yourself where you had no welcome."

He favored me with much the same expression he would have bestowed upon a rude little girl.

"We're not going to quarrel, Kitty," he said.

The look and the words lashed me to greater endeavors.

"It's all very well," I cried viciously, "for you to say we won't quarrel. Do to your insults——"

"For Heaven's sake," he broke in, "you know as well as I do that I love you——"

"Love and men," I cried, "make me tired. You prate of your love for me, and yet when you come in here, did you think of me? No, you wanted to kiss me, and kiss me you did regardless of whether I liked it or not. You seem obsessed," I raged on, "with the idea that I care for you. And I tell you that I do not. That after your recent performance I haven't even a shred of respect left for you. Now, don't you think you'd better go?"

"Unfortunately for us both, I can't go," he said. "Jess has gone out, and the door opens only from the other side."

My heart smote me as I looked at him, for his face had grown suddenly tired, and lines of pain ridged his forehead.

"If you wish, I can break the lock," he added.

"I hardly think that will be necessary," I answered coldly, while I fought down a mad impulse to kiss away the lines I had brought. "If you

will take that chair, you'll be more comfortable and also out of my way," and turning my back on him as he seated himself in the one chair the tiny kitchen could hold, I directed a belated attention to the dinner.

My thoughts raced along with all the speed of a mill-stream, and my moods kept pace with them. One minute I would flush with anger at the thought of his presumption, and the next I would thrill with the memory of his lips upon mine and the blessed strength of his arms. Preoccupied, I failed to notice the small, black object which swung gently to and fro on its fine silken thread directly in front of me, until the noiseless visitor, gathering momentum as he swung, landed outspread on the front of my shirt-waist.

With a terrified scream I knocked the thing off, and hurled myself headlong onto the lap of the silent man in the chair. To say he was shocked would be putting it mildly, and his bewilderment deepened as I shrieked:

"Pick up your feet, Gerry, pick up your feet!"

His heels involuntarily sought the rungs of his chair.

"What in God's name," he began.

"Oh, Gerry, it's a spider, a great big black one, and it g-got on m-me," I cried, and weak from long stress of contending emotions, I broke down and sobbed my heart out on his shoulder.

He sat perfectly rigid, hands tense at his sides, until I gradually regained control of myself, then gently sought to loosen my arms, which were tight-clasped about his neck.

"You take the chair," he suggested, "and I'll look for the cause of the trouble."

But my grip tightened convulsively.

"No—no, Gerry, please don't leave me," I begged.

"But this is senseless, Kitty," he remonstrated. "Nothing will harm you in the chair." And he again tried to loosen my hold, but I clung to him with all the despair of the ancient drowning man.

"You don't l-love me," I sobbed.

"Godfrey!" he cried, exasperated. "Don't you understand that that is just the reason I can't sit in the same chair with you and keep my hands at my sides?"

Wickedly I snuggled closer.

He set his teeth and stared over my head.

"Gerry," I ventured presently, from a point of vantage directly under his chin, "I wish you'd hold onto me—if I should fall——"

Roughly he unclasped my hands and held me away from him, while he scanned my downcast face.

"Look at me," he commanded.

I raised my eyes but dropped them before the swift flame in his, and the blood stamped my face and brow with the confusion that is in itself a betrayal.

"I'm very sorry I was cross," I whispered.

But he was far from satisfied.

"Tell me," he demanded, "do you love me?"

"I stole a glance through my lashes, but there was no sign of relentment in his eyes.

Very faintly:

"Yes!"

"Will you marry me?"

But the mere question brought before me a vivid picture of Mrs. Augustus Caesar, and I shook my head obstinately.

I have always felt that right here Gerry Lynch took a shameful advantage of a doubtful situation, for without further words he deposited me on the floor, or rather tried to, when, flinging discretion to the winds, I capitulated.

"I'll marry you, Gerry," I cried, scrambling to safety, "whenever you want me to."

"I rather think it would be a good idea to have that down in black and white," he remarked.

And without more ado he drew up the following agreement with the aid of a fountain pen and a business card:

"I do hereby, in danger of my life, marooned upon the Isle of Man, prom-

ise and swear to marry Gerry Karr Lynch at any hour and upon any day which he may name."

Fearfully I took the pen, for the first time realizing thoroughly the weight attached to my elaborate signature.

In a panic my eyes sought his, and questioningly, I fathomed them.

"Sign it, sweetheart," he pleaded, and cheek to cheek we watched the pen wander shakily through the intricacies of my name, while in the meantime the dinner burned up.

TO BEN LOMOND

In the Santa Cruz Mountains.

BY EDITH LLOYD

O Love-Land, with the lure like that of a woman,
So sweet you are, with a charm so rarely human,
That I think the loves breathed into your listening ear
Have taught you how to be exquisite, tender and dear.

Sing you to the hills, that they lie so close to you?
Call you to the skies, that they give you their baby-blue?
Know they the voice of your musically-murmurous streams
That babble the whispers they hear of young love-a-dreams?

The souls God put in your redwood trees are more
Like the souls of the men that bare their heads and lower
The knee to their majesty. O trees, you know the pain,
Of a weary heart held close to you in the rain!

Ben Lomond! Where there's something new in the air,
A strength, a balm for the tired brains that despair
Of rest; where the earth breathes sweet, and the smell of the
trees
Makes a catch in the throat, with the heart's ecstasies!

THE NEW NATIONALISM

BY THOMAS B. WILSON, LL. D.

THE "NEW nationalism" provides for a system of Government that is directly antagonistic to democratic principles as formulated by Thomas Jefferson, which have been faithfully adhered to by the party he founded more than a century ago. But the "new nationalism" does not introduce to the people of the United States a new basic principle of Government for a republic that accepts the belief, "*Vox Populi vox Dei*." What is called "the new nationalism" was advocated by Alexander Hamilton, one of the greatest statesmen of revolutionary times, but he was never imbued with the real spirit of the actuating aim and purpose of the fathers of the then young republic. Mr. Hamilton would have established the new nation on the principle of a Government for the best good of all the people by a few of the people under a constitution which, by its nature and spirit, would possess enough unused and unexpressed but implied power and authority to make it applicable to any contemplated public action or policy by either one of the co-ordinate departments of the Government, especially by the executive department. That is to say, when or where the Constitution did not specifically forbid a given action or policy, the presumption would be that the authority for such action or contemplated policy would be found in the hitherto unused power of the Constitution, and only needed to be called forth and applied.

In fine, the Constitution should be considered and recognized as containing full authority for any and all contemplated acts of the ruling powers, if the act was conducive to the

betterment of the condition of existence of all the people.

Undoubtedly, Hamilton had in mind a far more centralized form of government than Jefferson was willing to accept or defend, and no doubt that fact is the main reason why the face of the Democratic party of this day and time is so sternly set against the inner meaning and ultimate purpose of the "new nationalism" of to-day, and the Hamiltonianism of a century ago, which, by the way, do not differ essentially in their central idea; i. e., to widen and extend the powers of the official Government, which would mean the surrender of the sovereignty of the people to the few who might be called upon to administer the public concerns of the nation. One of the most distinguished advocates of the "new nationalism" holds the opinion that the "unused power" of the Constitution, if called upon, would make that instrument adequate as it stands to meet any emergency. On the other hand, an equally distinguished statesman, and one far more learned in the law, holds that any act of the official Government which the laws and the Constitution did not specifically sanction should be considered unlawful and wrong. It is needless to say that this statesman and jurist has a very much more exalted conception of what the fundamentals of a republican form of government should be to prevent the growth of the spirit of centralization—the rock upon which republics are generally wrecked, and which is always fatal to personal liberty and individual sovereignty—than the first-mentioned gentleman.

It is no secret that the originators and advocates of the new nationalism

hope and rather expect that the Republican or Democratic or Labor party will come to the rescue of the new political and civic "ism" and swallow it bodily, making it the chief stone of the corner of all arguments for public favor. The Labor party might be inveigled into something of the sort, but more than likely the leaders of that organization would remember the fable of the spider and the fly, and decline to accept the invitation. So far as the two old political organizations are concerned, neither one of them is disposed to tear down the bridge that has carried them across the troubled waters of political uncertainty so often, and chase after illusions or after strange gods; besides, the party of Lincoln and McKinley and the party of Jefferson and Jackson are too firmly rooted and grounded in the Democracy and Republicanism of the fathers to think of stultifying themselves by putting their great achievements in the past upon the altar of centralization, where vain ambition serves as high priest. The Republican party has committed many mistakes, and has been guilty of many follies, and the Democratic party has been guilty of even greater follies and more grievous mistakes, but it is quite safe to say that neither one of them is entertaining the thought of committing its organization to political suicide.

The fathers of the nation never intended that the fundamentals of the Government should be set aside or changed. They were thought to be as firmly established as the everlasting hills, and the fundamentals were understood to provide for, as Abraham Lincoln subsequently put it, "A government of all the people, by all the people and for all the people." But the apologists for and defenders of the "new nationalism," like the nine tailors of Tooley street, has met and resolved that "We are the people," only that our centralizationists are, for the most part, patriots out of political jobs. Ever since Jeffersonianism uprooted the heresies of Hamilton, the United States has been considered by civilized

people everywhere as a country where political freedom and the voice of the people prevailed undisputed; where the genius and strength of the Government was to be seen in the underlying principle of a federation in which every man was a sovereign, and that it meant sovereignty for a government of and by all the people, and not for all the people at the hands of a few people who derived their authority by interpreting the Constitution to mean a conferred privilege for the few to consider what they might think best for all the people merely by the exercise of an authority they supposed was hidden somewhere in the folds of the Constitution, to be used by them when in their opinion its employment would be a blessing to the masses.

Nor Jefferson nor General Jackson nor Lincoln left an open door for the entrance of the "new nationalism" into our system of Government as established by the fathers. In fact, the "new nationalism" could find no lodgment, no abiding place, in the existing machinery of the federation without displacing the balance wheel; crushing the "soul of things;" putting out the fires of individual and collective patriotism, and clogging the channels of national progress, for the "new nationalism" means an abrupt change from a Government that responds to the voice of all the people in their collective capacity to a Government that responds to the voice of a few of the people in whom would be centered all authority. Such a departure from, and abrogation of, the existing fundamentals, would be an assault upon the political birthright of the people in that it would deprive them of their sovereignty and centralize all authority at Washington.

The country is told that the "new nationalism" is a "progressive movement" to circumvent the trusts, the monopolies and "the interests;" that nationalism is or will be a sure panacea for all the political and economic ailments of the nation, but it is pretty clear in the minds of the people that the Government by a few self-consti-

tuted leaders of the people is not a progressive movement, but decidedly a retrogressive movement, a falling away from the high estate of a Government by all the people, for the good of all the people, to a lower level of individual liberty and personal freedom. The argument is, that the "new nationalism" will materially better our political and industrial system. Have the corporations become such a dominant factor in our system of political life and industrial ramifications that the people have become weak and indifferent, if not impotent, to assert themselves? And is their rescue from impending slavery to be secured through the application of the political principles of the "progressive movement"—a movement that proposes to make rapid progress in the direction of a government by a few of the people, leaving the masses to look on in admiration as they see their voice and sovereignty pass under the shadow of a clouded memory? However, it is good of the engineers of this progressive movement to assure the people that the new nationalism will exterminate the trusts, corporations and monopolies.

But who are these generous deliverers of the people from the thralldom of industrial and political slavery? What of the antecedents of this band of patriots that is to render the Government thoroughly efficient in dealing death blows to the corporations that are so cruelly crushing the dear people under their cloven feet? Most of them are remembered by the public as the same patriots that were seen standing around at the birth of the Dingley schedules of high protective customs duties, and gladly stood as sponsors for the measure, and not a few of them showed gratitude when the Payne-Aldrich schedule gave the Dingley scheme an upyard turn to the cost of

consumption commodities. The people knew before the managers of the progressive movement confessed it that the Dingley tariff not only gave birth to every trust and monopoly, but fed them while in their infancy on "pap" filched from the people of the United States that they might reach sturdy manhood before they had passed their days of boyhood. The "pap" they were fed upon was in the nature of about 52 per cent additional profit above what reasonable competition would have secured to them. Now, the inventors and advocates of the "new nationalism" are, for the most part, the same self-sacrificing fellow-citizens that danced with joy around the cradle of the industrial trusts, corporations and monopolies as the Dingley high protective duties milked the people to expedite their growth and wax fat at the expense of the people.

Being sponsors as well as enthusiastic admirers of Dingley's high protection scheme—a scheme that has added millions of dollars every year to the cost of living since the trick was turned and became operative, the question of whether the people have already listened too long to the self-composed song of their patriotism and hatred of "the interests," or want more of it in the form of a centralized Government with the reins of authority in their hands, is hardly a debatable question. It may be assumed that it always holds good that a burned child is afraid of the fire. Hardly will the people of the United States agree to permit the installment of the "new nationalism" in Washington with the sponsors of the Dingley trust and monopoly makers with the "few" of the many as custodians of their rights and liberties, especially as the Constitution is to be made elastic enough to conform to the will and the wish of the self-appointed "few."

BY CHURCH AND STATE

PART II

BY DOLORES BUTTERFIELD

VI.

"Wait a moment," interposed the notary. "You have heard me, Luis. The law will compel you to make restitution by marrying Estela. The Governor of this State, Estela's godfather, will certainly see to it that the law is enforced. But, naturally, we do not wish to take the matter to court unless we have to. Realize your position, and let's get through the matter quietly."

"I'm married already," said Luis, angrily, "so all your laws don't amount to anything."

"Married!" roared Don Gabriel.

"You might have known it by this time. I was married night before last to Cuca Rojas. You were there, Don Meliton, and so were Ciro and Sarita."

"Married!" repeated the old man, almost stupefied for the moment. Then his grip tightened on the revolver. "In that case, there is restitution here," he said grimly.

"Oh, papa," sobbed poor Estela, finding her voice at last. "You——"

"Silence, ingrate, before I kill thee, too!" thundered Don Gabriel. "Hast thou the face to plead for him with me?"

"Be quiet, be quiet," urged his brother. "Now, Luis, I am a notary, and I know what I am talking about. You were married to Cuca Rojas night before last (and you might have been thinking about her to-day)—by the *Church*. In the eyes of the law no marriage exists. You are still a bachelor, and responsible to the law for your conduct toward this girl, who is under age." He held up his hand as Luis was about to speak. "You can't get out of it, so don't make any objections. Now, as I said, I am a notary. Don Pascual Salcido left town at noon

to-day, and has left me, as he always does, in his place. The civil register is here, in my hands, and I am empowered to perform the civil marriage ceremony. We lack nothing but a couple of witnesses, besides those already here, and the marriage party will be complete. Ciro, go and call thy brothers from next door. They will stand by the family when they know the circumstances."

"But this is not legal!" cried Luis as Ciro departed. "I'm no lawyer; but you cannot persuade me that this kind of thing will pass in this State. Even if I were as guilty as you believe, some further formalities would be necessary."

The notary shrugged his shoulders. "In an emergency anything serves," he said, placidly. "Once the ceremony is performed, that's an end of it. But don't talk too much. My brother is in a dangerous mood."

This was clearly the case, but Luis would not be silenced.

"Dangerous or not," he said, "I have the right to explain——"

"Explain!" cried the notary. "Have I not stated the case? Does it require an explanation? Does it admit of any?"

"It does," sternly retorted Luis. "You may brandish that revolver at me if you like, Don Gabriel—I'm unarmed. But I have a right to clear myself, and above all to clear Estela, whom I believe, before God, to be as innocent——"

"Oh, yes!" shouted Don Gabriel. "Anything to get out of marrying her! Silence, you demon of ruin! or I have that here which can speak louder than you!"

"Is there a man or woman in this State who would believe in your

stories of innocence, knowing the circumstances of the case?" demanded Don Meliton.

"There ought to be," said Luis.

"I shall never be able to hold up my head again!" groaned Don Gabriel.

"Now, look here Luis," said the notary, "when Ciro comes back with his brothers, we are going to perform the marriage ceremony. You know your part, and you go through with it. Of course we don't want to use force, but there is such a thing as persuasion. Our claims are just, and my brother has been known as a very good shot in his day. If you say a word out of place——"

"It will be the last word you will utter!" snarled Don Gabriel. "Our honor must be restored!"

Luis flushed with rage. "This is a hold-up—not a marriage!" he cried furiously. "A hold-up and a crime! I am already married!"

"Not in law," said the notary.

"But Cuca and I have been presented for civil marriage. Our names are in the register among the presentations."

"Still, the presentation is not the marriage. People are sometimes presented who are never married."

"But Estela and I have *not* been presented. You can't marry us without that, and you have to publish——"

Don Meliton interrupted him, frowning. "What do you know about law? A *dispensa* from the Governor will settle everything, seeing the justification we have to begin with. Now, then——"

"I see that you count on the Governor's personal influence for the whole thing," said Luis. "But the Governor is sane."

"Not another word!" suddenly roared Don Gabriel. "I've listened to enough."

"Papa——" faltered Estela.

"Silence, thou curse of my gray hairs!"

"Well," said Luis, "I'm sorry for Estela, God knows; but it isn't my fault. The odds are yours, for I'm only one, and unarmed; so I'll go through with your mummery if you like. But it

won't hold. It isn't legal, I'm sure, and you can't make it legal—you couldn't if every Governor in the Republic was Estela's godfather. The law for the protection of minors is well enough, but you can't enforce it with a revolver."

"The revolver—since you speak of it—represents the emergency," said the notary blandly. "Behind that revolver is the law. Were the case taken to court, the court would say to you: 'Marry this girl.' But we don't wish to take the matter to court——"

They heard the *zaguan* open. Luis thought wildly of flight; but Don Gabriel growled: "Remember, now!" and he stood still. The old man thrust the hand that held the revolver behind him—evidently wishing Ciro and his brothers to believe that this extreme persuasion had not been necessary. When Ciro entered the room with his companions—meek young persons like himself, to whom, however, he had succeeded in imparting some of his own meek indignation—Don Meliton had already placed the civil register upon a table directly under the electric bulb, and stood ready for his part. Assuming a pompous attitude before the enraged Luis and the trembling Estela—who stood quite far apart, and did not once look at each other—he proceeded to read the Act of presentation, and afterwards the civil contract of marriage. Luis, subdued by the thought of the revolver in Don Gabriel's hand, gave a sulky "Yes" when it came his turn. Estela's assent was terrified and scarcely audible. The register was signed by principals and witnesses, and Don Meliton closed his books with the air of a man whose day's work is done. Luis felt his heart sinking. What if, after all, the marriage held good? *Matrimonio perpetuo e indisoluble* rang unpleasantly in his ears. But he turned a defiant glance upon those about.

"Well, you've done it," he said, sternly. "But you can't keep me here all night. I'm going home. When I get there, I'm going to write you that explanation you haven't let me make here; and maybe by that time Estela

will have a chance to tell her side of the story, too. After that I'm going to see a lawyer."

The notary shrugged. "Go if you like," he said. "We are going to see the Governor, and to-morrow your lawyer will tell you—if he doesn't tell you to-night—that you can do nothing about it. As for Cuca Rojas, she cannot interfere, for the law does not recognize her as your wife."

"We'll see," was Luis's grim retort, as he motioned Ciro into the *zaguan* to open the door for him.

VII.

The first thing Luis did on reaching the neat little bachelor abode he shared with Mauricio was to secure a *codigo civil* belonging to his brother—who had once thought of studying law—and turn to the chapters relating to the marriage laws. When he had read these, he addressed a letter to Don Meliton Galindo, in which he set forth the manner of his trip to Mendoza and his return, and his meeting with Estela. He concluded this stern epistle with the following:

"Regarding the validity of the ceremony you were in such haste to perform this evening, I refer you to clause VIII, Article 248, of the sixth chapter of the civil code of this State, and to Article 259 of the same chapter and code, by which you will see that this marriage, contracted as it was, without either my consent or Estela's, and under violence and threat of death, may be declared null and void, if I bring suit to that end within thirty days. I shall most assuredly bring suit; and I advise you in the meantime to study a little over the penal code, to find out just what the punishment is for performing an illegal marriage Atto y S. S., Luis Izurieta."

This message duly sealed and despatched by *mozo*, it was still only nine o'clock, and Luis proceeded to brush the dust of Atachitlan from his clothes and otherwise repair his toilet, preparatory to carrying out the rest of his programme.

Then he thought of Cuca. Surely he ought to see Cuca first of all, and impart to her the horrifying tale of his adventures. News travels like lightning in little Cuauhmecca, and if he delayed, she might hear of his so-called civil marriage with Estela from other sources before he could explain the matter to her. It was too late to see any lawyer in his office, anyway, and to-morrow would do for the lawyer as well as not. So, having made up his mind, he left the house, and turned his footsteps toward the residence of Don Pepe Rojas.

In answer to his knock, the clear voice of Cuca called "*Pase*," and he entered, to find that young lady seated upon a sofa beside a very handsome young man, who seemed to be speaking earnestly to Don Pepe. Her careless look contrasted with the perplexed frown upon Don Pepe's round, good-natured face, and the rather intent appearance of the young man. On seeing Luis, she seemed rather confused for a moment, but rose and went forward to receive him. She held out her hand to him, with her head tipped back in a way she had, her long black eyes dancing with laughter, and her dazzling little teeth gleaming between bright red lips. Something in her manner puzzled Luis. She introduced him to the handsome young man in an off-hand way, leaving them to tell each other their own names, after the Mexican custom; and as they said their names simultaneously, and in the low, indistinct tone of voice usually adopted for such occasions, neither was any the wiser for the introduction having been made. Seeing this, Cuca presently remarked:

"You seem to have missed the point. Eustaquio, this is Luis. Luis, perhaps thou hast heard of Eustaquio Valdespino."

Luis had. He took the trouble to say that he was pleased to meet him, though he wasn't, and showed it. Valdespino said:

"I think we might as well tell the Senor Izurieta all the circumstances at once."

"The sooner the better," said Cuca flippantly. "Go on Eustaquio."

Valdespino obediently turned to Luis. "You see," he said, "when I was here over a year ago, Cuquita and I were *novios*. We had a falling out by letter after I went away, but I never gave up the idea of coming back and winning her again. The first thing I knew, I heard she was going to be married. Nine men out of ten would have let it go at that; but I simply couldn't. Cuquita is too much to me. I left Guadalajara at once and came here, thinking to persuade Cuca to quarrel with her *prometido* and become engaged to me——"

Luis's astonishment and rage at last found vent in words. "How dare you tell me this?" he demanded. "Cuca, why hast thou received this scoundrel?"

Cuca was laughing. "Don't be angry," she begged. "It makes it so hard to explain. Let Eustaquio finish."

"Go on, then," said Luis angrily, with some premonition of what was coming. He felt that nothing would ever seem preposterous to him again.

Valdespino apparently thought that he could afford to be magnanimous, for he continued amiably: "As I said, I came. I should have been in plenty of time if the date of your wedding had not been put forward. As it was, I arrived early yesterday morning, and learned that the church ceremony had already taken place. I realized that the telegram calling you away was a direct manifestation of Providence in my favor; and at eight o'clock I saw Cuca and tried to persuade her of it, too. Poor girl! Things had gone so far that, with all the will in the world, she was almost afraid to accede. Flatter yourself that it took me all day to convince her; but at last I succeeded; and everything having been arranged, we were married by Don Pascual Salcido at eleven o'clock to-day. Now you know how the matter stands."

Luis felt as if all his experiences since he boarded the train for Mendoza must be some unheard-of dream.

For a moment he looked speechlessly from one to another, but at last his gaze settled upon Cuca.

"Cuca, I can scarcely believe it!" he cried, wonder and reproach in his tone.

She did not seem particularly affected by this. She had seated herself, and was swinging one tiny slipped foot carelessly back and forth. "It's too bad things have to be such a mix-up," she complained. "But what could I do? How could I go on and finish getting married to thee, with Eustaquio, who is really the only man I ever cared for, begging me to marry him? Dost thou not know, my dear Luis, that love conquers everything—even a woman's fear of what people will say?"

He looked at her with actual disgust—suddenly hating her. He hated her long, black, laughing eyes, the tilt of her head, the pout of her red lips—all the things that had charmed and enslaved him for a year. His feeling for her had never been real love. At the best it had been no more than a superficial and temporary infatuation, and it changed in an instant to absolute abhorrence. Just why there should mingle with this feeling some indefinable memory of Estela's soft brown eyes, we will not undertake to say.

"Unspeakable creature!" he cried. "Were thy vows to me nothing, that thou shouldst break them merely because the law did not hold thee? And you, Don Pepe, why have you permitted this?"

"I telegraphed you at Mendoza yesterday afternoon," protested the old man. "I did my best to notify you, and so did Don Pascual; and we tried to reason with these two headstrong creatures, too. But they had the presentation last night, and Valdespino got a dispensation from the Governor to have the marriage performed at once because he has to go back to Guadalajara, or some such thing."

"But the Governor knew that, by the church——"

"Of course he did; but he would go a mile out of his way any time to throw

a rock at the Church. Anyway, he gave the *dispensa*, and they got married. It was a villainous proceeding, and I fought against it; but Cuca is of age, and the law held her a spinster until to-day. Besides, Cuca could override the devil in person, I believe."

Luis was silent for a moment in sheer rage. Then: "You deserve to be killed!" he broke out wrathfully to Cuca—"you and your Valdespino together! You deserve——"

A loud, angry voice from the *zaguan* interrupted him. "I knew I should find him here! Oh, you villain! My daughter has explained to me."

Luis was amazed to see Don Gabriel Galindo towering before him. He glanced anxiously at the old man's hand, but saw no revolver. Estela, who had evidently followed him in an effort to restrain him, hung confusedly in the *zaguan*, until Cuca went and drew her into the *portal*.

"Yes," Don Gabriel continued. "My daughter has explained to me—to her sister, that is, who has explained to me. I am too old to be a companion for this poor child; she was lonely, and wanted to come here with Sara, and I would not let her, so—— In short, she has been foolish in coming from Mendoza alone, but she is as innocent as—as——"

"As I said she was," Luis put in, as the old man seemed to grope for a simile.

"That's all very well as far as she is concerned," proceeded Don Gabriel. "But it doesn't prove *you* innocent. No, sir!" he cried in a fresh access of rage. "It was a plan! You took advantage of circumstances! You placed yourself near her and traveled by the same route with her of deliberate intent. You wished to place her in a false position—to compromise her—so that she would have to marry you, and you could get my money and hers! Cunning scoundrel! Your plan worked well enough! To think that I myself played into your hands!"

Luis said nothing. He was stunned. The others stared in wonder. Even

Cuca was interested, and stopped laughing.

"Why, what's this?" she asked. "Don Gabriel, what has Luis been doing?"

"He has married my daughter!" thundered the irate old gentleman. "He has married my daughter by trickery and fraud! And by the *civil*! And society demands a church ceremony, and the church has already married him to some one else!—to you, in fact," he added, suddenly awaking to the fact that it was indeed Cuca whom he was addressing.

"Oh," said Cuca in an injured tone. "Luis, I am shocked. And after saying such dreadful things to me, at that. I was not particularly original, it seems."

"Wait a moment!" cried Luis, desperately. "You know very well, Don Gabriel, that you stood me up with a pistol at my head, as one may say, before your confounded brother of a notary, and called in your sons-in-law as witnesses, and married me to your daughter without either her consent or mine—if you want to consider it a marriage. So what do you complain at now, tyrant?"

At this crowning insult, Don Gabriel appeared to be on the point of explosion. "What do you mean by addressing me that way?" he sputtered.

"Papa, papa, come away!" Estela implored. "Oh, papa, what will Luis—what will people think? Come away."

At that moment Mauricio Izureta appeared in the *zaguan*. He had evidently been knocking, unheard in the uproar, for he was rubbing the knuckles of his right hand as he entered.

"Good evening," he said, politely. "Is Luis here? I thought so. Luis, come with me for a moment."

"I can't; I've got my hands full."

"But it's very important. It requires immediate—attention, and—explanation——"

"Out with it, whatever it is," said Luis.

"Oh, it's all nonsense, of course—

lower class nerve. It comes of adopting *pelados* into the family; I always did tell mamma no good would come of it. But here's Cleofas. She came on this morning's train, and has been on the look-out for thee all day—bothering me a whole lot, I can tell thee! She says thou wert married to her in Mendoza yesterday."

"I—what—Cleofas——" stammered poor Luis. He looked aghast at Cleofas as she entered. The amazement of the others was equal to his own.

"*En el nombre de Dios*——" began Don Pepe—"Cuca, bring Luis a glass of wine."

"Oh, look at the saint!" cried Cuca. 'If that isn't the way with men the world over. Let a woman do one-tenth of what they do themselves, and they are shocked into a thousand fits on the spot. I am all kinds of an unmentionable wretch because I married another man—only one—while *he* was away. And look at the harem he's been marrying himself! Why, he must think he's the Sultan of Turkey in disguise."

Luis, bewildered beyond words, made an effort to collect himself. "But it's not true," he said dazedly. "I'm married to Cuca, and I know it"—("None of that! She's my wife!" growled Valdespino)—"and maybe I am married to Estela; but it doesn't go beyond that."

"*Con mil diablos!*" roared Don Gabriel. "Is my unhappy daughter to be cheated into a third interest in this penniless knave? How stands the matter? Out with it, girl! Church and State have both taken turns at him, it seems, but what the devil married him to you?"

Cleofas, terrified by the fierce aspect of the old gentleman as he turned upon her with this question, and looking almost ready to cry, said, faltering: "I don't know anything about these young ladies, but he joined hands with me before a priest yesterday, and I've heard of people getting married that way——"

"Pooh! Bah! Nonsense! Lower-class notions!"

"I did nothing of the sort," protested Luis. "There was a priest there—but I—unless she means when she took my hands—I didn't take *hers!*—to thank me for promising to be a brother to her if my mother should die—my mother having asked me to promise. I don't see——"

"Neither do I!" shouted Don Gabriel. "Eliminate that girl! Put her out! She's got no claim whatever. Let's settle down to business and see if we can straighten this matter out."

"The less noise made the better," mildly hinted Don Pepe. "The neighbors will think we've all gone mad."

"I believe we have," groaned Luis. "Cheer up, Luis; we'll do what we can," said Valdespino nobly.

"My compadre, the Governor——" began Don Gabriel.

"Governor nothing!" said Don Pepe. "We'll need the Pope and the President at the very least."

"And a miracle of God besides," said Luis; "for here I am married to two women, one of whom is also married to somebody else; and there's no such thing as a divorce to be had in this country!"

"But there is such a thing as a legal separation," said Don Pepe.

"Which does not dissolve the marriage, nor allow either of the parties to marry any one else," said Luis. "I saw it in the *codigo civil* myself. Not that I'd ever want to marry again. I'll live and die a bachelor, please God."

"What's the use of saying that with two wives on thy hands?" asked Mauricio. "Luis, I never expected it of thee."

"The thing to do," said Don Pepe, "is to get a separation for Luis and Cuca, so that Cuca may have her precious Eustaquio, and Luis and Estela may settle things between themselves."

"Very simple in the saying," sneered Mauricio. "But the Church grants no separations, and the law won't give a separation for a Church marriage, because it considers it non-existent, anyway. One thing is positive: the Church made Luis and Cuca man and

wife, and it will never marry either of them to any one else, unless one of them dies—which doesn't seem likely at present. You may call in the Pope and the President if you like, but I see only one thing to do. Follow the law; ignore the ecclesiastical ceremony; cast it into oblivion; and when you have done so, make up your minds to get along on a civil ceremony each. I congratulate Luis—who scorned my brotherly advice—upon his brilliant success; and I bid you all a very good-night."

Wherewith Mauricio withdrew, bearing Cleofas with him.

The others adjourned to the parlor, where—when they had closed the windows—a discussion took place both long and loud. In the midst of it, the Governor of the State came in.

"I met Mauricio a moment ago," he said, as if in explanation. "Now, let's see what we can do about this. It's the most unheard-of episode of its sort that ever happened in this State, I believe. Certainly I never saw the like, and I'm now sixty-five years of age."

Luis was looking at him balefully. "It wouldn't have been quite such a tangle except for your *dispensa*, General," he answered.

The Governor smiled. "Art thou angry, Luis? But see, my motives were friendly to thee. Why should I not give the *dispensa*? I have known Valdespino quite well in Guadalajara, and know that there is nothing to stand in the way of his marrying. A few telegrams to certain parties in Guadalajara, which were despatched last night, and the answers to which were received this morning, were all that was needed to confirm my own certainty. And Cuca was free, too—under the liberal laws for which, my dear boy, thy father and I fought shoulder to shoulder in the old days. She begged so prettily for the *dispensa*! And why should I withhold it? Wouldst thou, on thy return, and upon learning this, have still wished to marry her? Besides, she vowed and declared she would never go through

the civil ceremony with thee in any case. 'The better for Luis,' thought I, and signed the *dispensa*. What dost thou quarrel with, my son? Blame her fickleness—not me."

"My fickleness!" pouted Cuca, looking up at Valdespino.

"Now, what of this other marriage, *compadre*?" continued the Governor. "Mauricio told me some strange things about it, though he said he was quite in the dark himself. It was almost as sudden as the one we have just dealt with, it seems. When were Luis and my god-daughter presented?"

"Immediately before the marriage ceremony itself was performed," mumbled Don Gabriel.

"And the publication of the presentation?"

"We expected to obtain a dispensation from you."

"But you had no dispensation. You asked for none."

"We didn't wait, *compadre*. We were under a misapprehension and desperate. We thought to get one later."

"I am surprised that your brother, who is a notary, should have made such a mistake. My *dispensa* can legalize the marriage, even at this date—but it cannot avert the punishment of all who acted in bad faith in its performance. As your *compadre*, I advise you and your brother to take a little trip for your health—unless Luis wishes to bring suit against you; in which case you must stay and defend yourselves. Mauricio received an impression that Luis acted somewhat against his will in the matter; so he and Estela may wish to have the marriage annulled. What do you say, children?"

Luis looked at Estela; Estela looked at Luis, and blushed and lowered her eyes. It seemed to Luis suddenly that to live and die a bachelor was a very poor ambition when the world held such a woman as Estela. He was certain that, after all, she was the one he had really loved from the beginning. Almost before he thought he had stepped to her side.

"I don't want it annulled—if she doesn't," he said.

And Estela, blushing still more, said—so softly that only Luis and her godfather heard her:

"I don't—if—he doesn't."

The Governor laughed, and held his hands over them as if he were a priest blessing them; for he was an old-time Liberal who scoffed at the Church and churchly things. "That for the moment," he said. "We'll go this moment to the Government Palace, and I'll sign the *dispensa* for you

—signing *dispensas* seems to be my principal business these days. And don't be afraid of society, Estela, my dear. Even Cuauhmecca has been known to make allowances in these matters, once in an age. Everyone will know that it isn't your fault, and that Cuca is the wicked and beautiful fairy who stands in the way of your being united by Church as well as by State. And as for the ladies calling upon thee, thy godmother and my daughters—with thy permission—shall be the first."

THE CASCADES

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

I know a still, sequestered nook,
In shady woodlands far away,
Where fairies dance with a brook
And music rings through all the day.

'Tis where the silver brook doth flow,
And fall from rocks and charm the dell,
Where birds all sing and come and go,
And waters tinkle like a bell.

The water nymphs on evenings cool
Go romping in the pleasant shade,
And wondrous pictures fill the pool,
And charmed voices fill the glade.

Oh, how my heart cries out each day
For woodland shade and waters sweet—
For crystal falls so far away
Where water nymphs and fairies meet!

WORLD'S FAIRS OF THE PAST

BY AMELIA NEVILLE

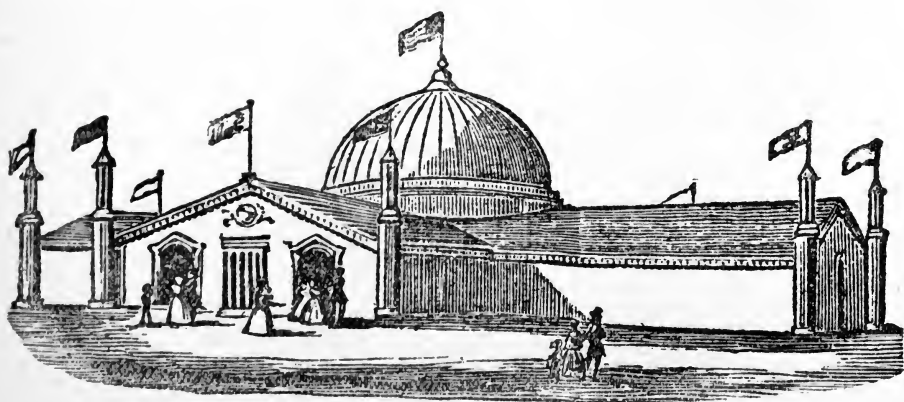
ALL LOYAL Californians, whether they be at home in their Golden State, or scattered elsewhere on the world's surface, will rejoice that San Francisco has, after a hard-fought battle, been successful in obtaining the Congressional endorsement for the Panama-Pacific World's Fair in 1915. It was a great fight, and all praise be given to those who were instrumental in bringing about the victory.

Now the real work begins, for long ahead in the future as it may seem, there is really no time to lose in making preparations for the entertainment of our coming visitors. The gradual achievements will be closely watched and followed with the greatest interest; and the well-known energy of our people, especially those in charge, gives the assurance that the coming Fair will exceed anything of the kind yet attempted, and that for once, at least, that which is called California "brag" will prove to be reality.

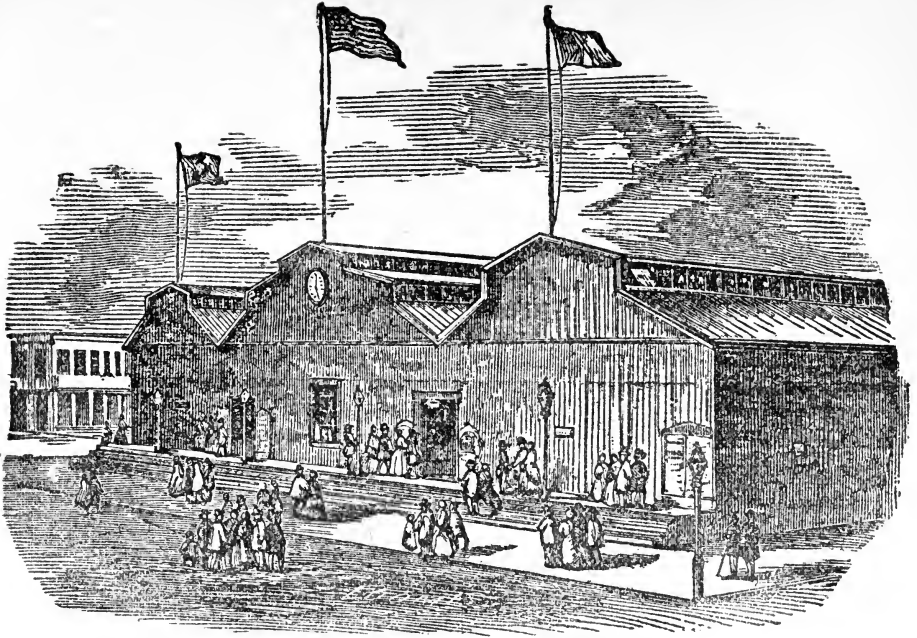
It is just sixty years since the first

world's fair was held. The idea originated with Queen Victoria's Prince Consort—then known as Prince Albert—who thought it would be a splendid thing thus to celebrate the universal peace of the entire world. The suggestion was received with great enthusiasm, and the first world's fair was held in the Crystal Palace building erected in Hyde Park, London, and opened with elaborate ceremonies by Queen Victoria in May, 1851. It was rightly termed a crystal palace, for it was composed entirely of plate glass set in a frame of iron, and was beautiful to look upon.

The second world's fair was held in Dublin, Ireland, in a building erected upon the grounds of the Royal Society, on the east side of Merriion Square, and was opened in May, 1853. The third was held in New York in 1855, but it did not attract much attention outside of the United States. Ocean travel in those days was a more serious undertaking than it is in these, and the tide of globe trotting had not then



San Francisco Exposition, 1858.



San Francisco Exposition, 1860.

turned towards America to the extent that it has of recent years.

Since then there have been numerous fairs held in the different cities of Continental Europe—in Vienna, Brussels, Antwerp, Berlin and Paris, which latter city has had the largest share, and of them probably the most brilliant was the one held there in 1878, while the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, which is a replica of the first one on a much larger scale, is a sort of perpetual world's fair, being there, not for a period, but for all time.

New York was so disappointed with the non-success, through mismanagement, of their first fair, that another one was not attempted until 1876, when the Centennial Fair was held at Philadelphia. It was a great success, but its glories were quite eclipsed by the Columbian Fair held at Chicago in 1893. Beside these two, there have been the Trans-Mississippi at Omaha in 1898, the Louisiana purchase fair at St. Louis in 1904, the Lewis & Clarke Centennial Fair at Portland, Oregon,

in 1905, the Jamestown Fair in 1907, and the Alaska-Yukon Fair at Seattle in 1909.

Nor must our own Midwinter Fair of 1894 be omitted from this list, and while not a Chicago Fair, it was a very good echo of it. It was a success in a small way, which would have been greater had the winter weather been as beautiful as it so often is in these parts, in place of proving the reverse—in fact, it was the most inclement weather San Francisco had known for many years. Still, it was a most creditable effort. It showed what San Francisco could do in that way, and gave promise of the greater beauties to come four years hence. There have, of course, been many other fairs held in the United States in the past thirty years, but the above mentioned are the most notable.

Apropos of the Midwinter Fair, mention might be made of the earlier efforts of San Francisco in that line, for although they were not "world's fairs," they almost amounted to that in the estimation of our people, shut

away as San Francisco then was from the rest of the world.

For those local fairs of lesser importance, San Francisco is greatly indebted to the Mechanics' Institute, which for several decades held "Industrial Exhibitions," as they were called, nearly every year after they were first started. The first one was in a frame building in the shape of a Maltese cross on the southwest corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, on the site afterwards occupied by the Lick House. It was but a crude affair, but regarded as quite wonderful for a first effort at that early age of the city—1857. The exhibits were good—what there was of them—but not very varied, and the "Art Gallery" was chiefly occupied by a huge painting depicting the Royal Family of the Sandwich Islands enjoying a ride on horse-back. The figures were life-size, and the costumes were a never-ending subject of wonder and of criticism. Side saddles were apparently

an unknown quantity with them, and both men and women wore such flowing garments it was difficult to determine which was which.

Another exhibition was held the following year—1858—in the same place, and in 1860 a larger building was put up on the same site in which a better display was made. When the Lick House was erected in 1863 the fair building was removed to Union Square—where it remained for several years, the exhibits increasing in number and interest each year. But the city, wishing to lay out and beautify Union Square, a move was again in order in 1878, this time to the northeast corner of Mission and 12th streets, but after being there a couple of years, a final move was made to the large pavilion built on Larkin street, which occupied the entire block from Grove to Hayes streets, running back to Polk street, and there the fairs were held, first annually, and then occasionally until the fire of 1906 swept the building away.

ON PISMO HILLS

BY KATHARINE LYNCH SMITH

The ocean stretches before me,
 The green hills lie behind,
 And the scent of the flowers comes o'er me,
 Borne on the breath of the wind.
 Oh, Hills, in your vernal beauty!
 Oh, Ocean, so calm and so still!
 Lead this restless heart to duty,
 And strengthen this wavering will.
 Let me learn from your might and your power
 To be, too, steadfast and strong;
 Ne'er swayed by the change of the hour,
 Ne'er turning from right to the wrong.

A QUIET FOURTH

BY EUNICE WARD

NO, SAMMY," said the Professor firmly, "no firecrackers or torpedoes. I will take you to see the fireworks in the village if you are a good boy, but during the day I must have quiet. Otherwise, I shall not be able to finish my article for the 'Universal Magazine.' So, no disturbance, mind you."

"Oh, no!" said a plaintive voice from the sofa, where Sammy's mother was resting. "I could never stand the noise. The doctor said I must have rest and quiet, and I can't have either if we celebrate the Fourth, can I, Miss Rogers?" to the trained nurse who was spreading a rug over her feet.

"Hardly," answered Miss Rogers. "Quiet and firecrackers are an impossible combination."

"Firecrackers for that baby!" said Grandmamma, looking up from her novel. "Not while I am here! If I thought he was in danger of blowing his dear little arms and legs off I shouldn't have a minute's peace."

Sammy was not naturally more docile than other boys, but he had not spent seven years in being an only child without learning to be something of a philosopher as well. Divided, the four that were banded against him might have fallen: united, they stood firm. Independence, in the neighborhood of the bungalow, was already a lost cause.

But the little village in the valley below was largely populated by what Sammy vaguely supposed were orphans, thrice fortunate beings who could disturb no one, and were the sole proprietors of their own arms and legs. Whoever they were, they kept up a banging, popping, cracking noise from early dawn on the Fourth until far

into the morning, rendering Sammy quite unable to settle down to his usual game with himself, for it was so very quiet up at the bungalow. It would have been something to be able to romp with a barking dog, but mother's rest cure forbade barking dogs. The kitten had had its breakfast and refused to mew unless it was hurt, and Sammy did not particularly wish to hurt anything, certainly not such a ready duellist as the kitten. The road leading down to the village was broad and easy, if not particularly straight, and he sauntered down to the first turn in order to be a little nearer to the enticing noise.

Just around the turn was a branch road leading far up the canyon to a bright green patch of cultivated ground with a house at the upper end that showed brilliantly white in certain lights. At the fork of the roads, Sammy came suddenly upon the man who lived in the house, who had halted to rest his panting horse before attacking the steepest part of the way. He had sold the Professor the strip of land on which the bungalow was built, and Sammy considered him quite a friend of the family. With him was his little daughter, a sturdy mite with a pink checked sunbonnet hanging over one shoulder, and a lisp that had made Sammy her fascinated slave from the first moment of their acquaintance.

"Hello, Thammy! Where you going?" she inquired, as the boy aimlessly approached the cart.

"Nowhere," was the dejected reply.

"No Fourth of July in yours, eh?" said the man, instantly taking in the meaning of the unhappily clean and unscarred little figure. "Well, we ain't

makin' much noise, neither. Carmelita don't like noise, so we're goin' to have a watermelon feast instead." He pointed to a large green object that lay on a sack in the bottom of the cart, making a convenient footstool for the small and snub-nosed person who wore her ill-fitting Spanish name with as much unconcern as she did her sun-bonnet.

Sammy looked wistfully at the melon. It was the largest he had ever seen, and he wondered whether Carmelita and her parents could possibly eat it all.

"Come on home and have a pieth," suggested Carmelita, apparently equally doubtful.

"Say, that's a good idea, kid," said her father, sympathizing with the boy's obvious loneliness. "You run and ask your folks if you can come up and visit Carmelita. Tell 'em I've got to come down again at train time, and I'll bring you back then. You run along and we'll wait here for you."

Sammy tore up the road as fast as his thin tan legs would carry him. To visit Carmelita, high up at that white dot on the hillside that he had so often speculated about, was worth a dozen popping village Fourths! He tumbled up the bungalow steps with a noise that brought Miss Rogers to the door, tall and severe in her white cap and uniform.

"Sh-h! Quietly, little boy!" she said warningly.

"Please ask mother," began Sammy, breathlessly.

"Your mother is asleep. Won't I do? What is it, Sing?" as the Chinese cook beckoned imperatively from the hall.

"Miss Leger, you come—oven heap smell!" and Miss Rogers flew to the kitchen to rescue her concoction from an untimely fate.

"Say, Sing, do you know where grandmamma is?" asked Sammy, in a whisper.

"You glamma, she go village," replied Sing, who always knew everything.

To the village, on Fourth of July

morning, and without him! Sammy's heart hardened with the beginnings of a desperate resolve. It was of no use to speak to his father, for through an open window the Professor's pen could be heard scratching, and that sound, as far as the family was concerned, protected him from interruption as completely as stone walls could have done. Sammy went slowly down the steps. A remnant of tradition made him pause at the bottom, but there was no one else to ask. The prospect of climbing up, up through the woods at the head of the canyon and around to that little white house high on the opposite hill, there to feast on watermelon with a person who called him "Thammy"—this vista of happiness overcame his last scruple. He walked down the road with an instinctive feeling that too quick a reappearance might arouse suspicion.

"I can go," he announced brazenly, scrambling into the cart.

Two pairs of dusty tan shoes met in friendly kicks over the watermelon, and for Sammy the Fourth of July had begun.

* * * *

It was an hour later when grandmamma came toiling up the road from the village, and looked with envy at Miss Rogers's cool white figure moving back and forth on the veranda as she placed a chair and cushions for her newly awakened patient. Grandmamma walked to the village and back every morning to reduce her weight, but as she spent the rest of the day in a substantial armchair reading novels, the result was not noticeably successful. To-day she plumped down on a settee near her daughter, and fanned herself with the morning paper.

"Where is Sammy?" she inquired. "I have brought him a Fourth of July present," and she held up a large red cylinder with a taper at one end.

"Oh, mother!" remonstrated her daughter. "Firecrackers of that size are so dangerous, and they make *such* a noise. You know I must have absolute quiet."

"Don't excite yourself, Amy: it is

only pasteboard filled with candy. Where is Sammy?"

Her grandson was just then helping Carmelita to carry the watermelon, slung in a sack between them, up the steps of the white house far across the canyon, and naturally did not respond to the continued demands for his presence. Grandmamma sought the kitchen, where Sing was taking a pan of crisp brown wafers from the oven.

"He come soon—smell 'em cookee," said the Chinaman, confidently.

But he did not come, and his grandmother began to be alarmed. There is so much that *might* happen to a little boy of seven! A search of his favorite haunts proving unsuccessful, she sent the more active Miss Rogers farther afield, while she herself undertook to keep Amy from becoming agitated. But the most self-centered invalid cannot fail to notice that something is wrong when her companion starts and listens at the snapping of every twig, makes numberless unnecessary errands to the other end of the veranda, or stands gazing with shaded eyes down the road. Such activity on the part of stout grandmamma roused Amy's suspicions, and at her mother's first word of explanation her imagination pictured Sammy kidnapped, drowned in the creek (which barely came above his ankles) or mysteriously mangled by a bit of wandering Fourth.

"Are you *sure* he didn't go into the village with you, mother?" she wailed.

"Of course I'm sure; don't be childish, Amy," replied her mother severely. "But he may have wandered there by himself, later. I'll just stroll down and see—it will do me good. The Professor wants to finish that magazine article, so we won't disturb him, but he is right there in his room if you need him. I shan't be long," and Grandmamma waddled off down the road with as much activity as though she had not traversed its dusty reaches twice that morning.

Amy alternately clasped and wrung her hands, paced the porch and sank into her chair, becoming more excited

every moment, and finally gave a moan that pierced even the Professor's consciousness. He appeared at the window, abstractedly running his fountain pen through his thin, fair hair.

"Amy, my dear, are you uncomfortable?"

"Uncomfortable!" cried Amy, her voice rising almost to a shriek. "Oh, Samuel, he's gone—he's gone—and mother's gone after him—and I must go, too."

She hurried toward the steps, her wrapper trailing behind her, and the Professor, in alarmed mystification, stepped hastily over the window-sill, and flung his arms about her, his pen dripping an inky zig-zag on her pale-blue sleeve. His profession had accustomed him to statements that were more or less intelligible, but by the time he comprehended that Sammy's destruction was entirely a matter of conjecture, he had become slightly infected with his wife's alarm. At that moment, Miss Rogers appeared and reported that the boy was certainly not in the creek nor in any of his accustomed haunts, and that Sing had seen him marching down the road toward the village.

"In that case Grandmamma will bring him back. No, Amy, she will *not* have to carry him. The boy is sure to be all right, and able to walk on his own two legs," said the professor in a tone of stern conviction. "However, it is too hot for Grandmamma to walk up the hill, so I shall go and send them both home in one of the carriages. Stay quietly with Miss Rogers, little girl, and we will all be back in no time." Seizing his hat, which hung just within the doorway, he swung jauntily down the road, congratulating himself, as he waved an inky salute to his wife, that the mention of a carriage had protected her from too sudden a shock in case Sammy had to be "brought home."

The village presented a violent contrast to its customary torpor. Its main thoroughfare was a red-white-and-blue lane strewn with firecrackers in past, present and future tense. Tor-

pedoes, capsticks, the tooting of a motor horn, and the laughter of a troop of girls escorting a giggling Goddess of Liberty to the town hall, added to the general liveliness. But the center of activity seemed to be the railway station at the far end of the village, and the professor joined the crowd, peering about for black-and-white striped Grandmamma and blue-and-white striped Sammy as he went. By the station platform stood a fussy little engine attached to a string of excursion cars, which from a distance looked like huge window-boxes, so gaily did they bloom with flags, bright gowns and gaudy sweaters. The engine bell began to ring, and the crowd began to cheer, when the Professor's attention was distracted by the sight of an exasperated girl detaching a sobbing little boy from the throng.

"It serves you just right!" she snapped. "You had no business fooling with powder at all. Of course you can't go, all bunged up like this—you'd queer the whole show."

The Professor looked commiseratingly at the small, bandaged figure, and the girl added for his benefit: "He was the team's mascot, but he went monkeying with some Fourth of July early this morning, and look at him now! He's got to stay at home, and I've got to stay with him, worse luck."

"The team?" inquired the Professor politely, while his eyes wandered over the crowd.

"Sure: our baseball team, you know. They're going down to play the Bellville nine, and we were going, too, only Charley got gay with the powder. But they've got another mascot, all right, all right!" she said, vindictively, to the luckless Charles, who immediately redoubled his howls.

The engine gave a couple of sharp whistles, there was a mighty cheering, and very high above the red shoulders of the home team rose the new mascot, a very small boy in a blue-and-white striped suit.

To the Professor there was only one such in the world. He plunged through the crowd with a yell of: "Hold on,

there! Bring back that boy!" and made an all too successful clutch at the rear end of the train as it pulled out of the station. Once on board, he made a hopeless effort to penetrate the densely packed crowd as the train swayed rapidly down grade, through a belt of woods and out into the open. The skyline of the distant hills wavered in the haze, the dazzling sky above shed a heat that was flung spitefully back by the bare yellow slopes. With a shriek, the engine jerked round a curve into a tunnel, flinging a pall of smoke and soot over the trailing cars. The Professor, tightly wedged into a corner, wiped his smarting eyes, and in the intervals between several similar eclipses, learned that the new mascot's name was Theodore Roosevelt Jones; that it was an hour's journey to Bellville, that there would be no train back until afternoon, and finally that another little boy in blue-and-white striped suit had been seen in the company of a motor party bound for a summer resort lying several miles in the opposite direction.

This last piece of intelligence had also been conveyed to Grandmamma when, in front of the village hotel, she encountered an acquaintance who anxiously demanded the reason for her unseasonable haste.

"Oh, Harold!" called the friend to her son, who was assisting a pretty girl into a motor car. "Wasn't it the Professor's little boy that the Wellmans took to the springs with them in their car? The little one in the blue-and-white suit?"

"Sure!" answered Harold carelessly, too much occupied with his attractive guest to pay much attention to what he was saying. "Blue-and-white kid, all right."

"Now don't be worried, my dear," said his mother to Grandmamma, who developed signs of extreme agitation at the thought of her beloved grandson tearing around horseshoe curves in a strange automobile. "The little boy will be safe enough. Mrs. Wellman will take as good care of him as she does of her own boys. Oh, yes,

they do drive rather fast sometimes, and I must say I never should care to ride with them, but nothing has ever happened so far, and I am sure Sammy will be all right. I don't suppose they will stay all night, now, for they must realize that you would worry about him."

"All night," gasped Grandmamma. "He has never been away from us over night in his life!"

"Well, now, I'll tell you what you can do," said her friend, with an inspiration. "Harold is going to take some young people to the springs in his car. They wanted me to chaperon them, but I hate motoring, and I should be only too glad if you would go in my place. Then you can find Sammy, and be sure to bring him back to-night. Harold will be delighted, I know. Here, take my veil and cloak."

The prospect of exchanging the noisy swaying of an automobile on a mountain road for the quiet swaying of a rocking chair on the hotel porch allured her to such an extent that she garbed the protesting and half-bewildered Grandmamma in motor costume in the twinkling of an eye. Three minutes later the car darted out of the village with a stout and unhappy old lady clutching its padded sides, drawing in her breath as they rounded the curves, and shutting her eyes when gaps in the underbrush disclosed the extreme steepness of the slope beneath.

* * * *

As time passed and her family did not return, Amy, who had not been fully dressed for many weeks, buttoned herself into a shirtwaist with trembling fingers, and when Miss Rogers returned from another fruitless search, she found her patient prepared for an expedition to the village.

"Something has happened to him down there, and they are afraid to come and tell me!" moaned Amy. All Miss Rogers's expostulations and commands were unavailing, and seeing that anything was better for her patient than suspense, she yielded, only

stipulating that Sing should be sent to procure a conveyance. The two public vehicles, together with the entire contents of the livery stable, had been hired for the day by various picnic parties, but Sing was resourceful, and finally reappeared in a lop-sided buggy attached to an elephantine animal with hairy fetlocks and a tendency to sit down.

"No catch 'em man; you dlive!" grinned the Chinaman, as he clambered down in front of the bungalow.

"Can you drive, Miss Rogers?" asked Amy fearfully.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" answered Miss Rogers, with loud cheerfulness. If anything, she was more afraid of a horse than Amy herself, and was thankful that Sing had had the forethought to turn the vehicle in the right direction.

They drove off, Amy well banked with cushions, Miss Rogers sunk in a hollow of the seat, and grasping the reins very far forward. The springs of the buggy had long outlived their elasticity, and the jolting was further increased by the frequent abrupt collapse of the horse's hind quarters.

"Put on the brake, and perhaps that will help him," suggested Amy, anxiously. The brake, when set, emitted a continuous soprano note.

"Take it off!" gasped Amy; and then as the horse showed a tendency to plod a little faster: "Oh, put it on again!"

Alternately jolting and squeaking, they made their way to the village and began their anxious inquiries. The unfortunate ex-mascot of the baseball team was consoling himself with torpedoes under the vengeful superintendence of his sister, and from her Amy learned that the Professor and his son were presumably cheering the team to victory at Belleville.

"Well, at least I know where he is, and that his father is with him," sighed Amy, thankfully. "You are sure, aren't you, that my husband caught the train?"

"Sure!" answered the girl emphatically. "I seen his legs waving in the

breeze when they hauled him on board."

Miss Rogers hastily applied the whip and drove off, only to be waylaid in front of the hotel by Harold's mother, who deserted her comfortable rocker in order to tell Amy that Sammy had eloped to the springs with a party of comparative strangers and was being hotly pursued by Grandmamma in another automobile.

This overdose of assurance that her son was still in the land of the living stimulated Amy instead of prostrating her, and she absolutely refused to be driven home again.

"Wherever he is, he is sure to pass through the village on his way home, and I shall stay right here until I see what has become of him."

So Miss Rogers stabled the unwieldy steed and joined her patient in the hotel parlor, where they sat through long hot hours, listening to spasmodic bursts of patriotism as one small boy after another acquired a fresh supply of firecrackers.

Late in the afternoon, the Professor, his eyes full of weariness and cinders, stalked by the hotel just as Grandmamma, hopeless and haggard, was receiving warm thanks for her chaperonage from Harold, who had broken the speed record from the springs, and was proportionately jubilant. Before

there was a chance for mutual explanations, they were further astonished by the sight of Amy, who rushed out of the hotel breathlessly inquiring the whereabouts of her son, then demanding to be conveyed at once to both Bellville and the springs to look for him herself.

But the Professor declined to participate in any more wild goose chases. "No, Amy, I have come to the conclusion that he cannot have gone very far. The first thing I shall do now is to find some one in authority and ask that a party be organized to search the neighborhood."

He absently returned the salute of a man who was jogging down the street in a dusty cart, but whirled around when the other occupant, a little girl in a pink-checked sunbonnet, waved a friendly hand and called gaily:

"Me and Thammy have had a thplendid time, Mr. Professor!"

"Good heavens! Where *is* Sammy?" shouted the Professor.

"He'th at home," called back Carmelita.

* * * * *

"I wonder," mused Sammy, sleepily, burying his nose in the pillow, "what they meant when they said it would have been quieter for them if I'd stayed at home and set off double-headers all day long?"

THREE ROSES OF THE MISSION

BY CHARLOTTE MORTON

Three roses grew in a mission fair,
Kissed by the Southland's balmy air.

Ere the sun had set they went their way
To mingle with life and death and play.

One, a pink bud, fragile and sweet,
Was crushed 'neath a child's light-slippered feet.

The second, a rose as red as dawn,
Was the gift of youth to love first born.

The last, a flower as white as snow,
A padre clasped as they laid him low.

THE RED BOND

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

The leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, nor can the Indian forswear the red bond of his blood-tie which holds through the ages and unites him inevitably to his kind.

WHEN JUDITH appeared among the whites of Red Cliff her history was already known, and a dramatic page it made in the old romance of the plains. Her father had been a captain in the army, a man of excellent birth and education, but exiled from every restraining influence, under the spell of the Great Loneliness, he married a squaw, the daughter of a chief, and Judith was the child of the pair. It happened, as was most frequently the case, that the white man tired of the squaw, and he put her from him for a lither form and brighter eyes. When the girl grew to the age of perception, she and her father were living alone together on a cattle ranch in the mountains. He had left the army and had chosen this wild, free life of the range with the child as his sole companion. Years had gone by since he put his squaw-wife away, and he had prospered. All fear of danger from her tribe had passed from his mind, when one morning in the early dawn there came a rap on the cabin door. Outside stood an Indian who spoke fairly, and explained he had come to see about some ponies which he believed had wandered into the captain's range. The two men stepped out into the twilight, and a moment later the sound of a shot vibrated through the still air. Judith peered out into the dim half-light which was quickening with the sunrise, and saw her father

lying on the ground, dead, while a company of Indians galloped furiously away. So it was that the tribe avenged the wrongs of Judith's mother, and after years of waiting took the price of atonement in the white man's life.

The child went East to her god-mother, where she received a convent education, and now she had come to Red Cliff, the neighborhood of those earlier scenes of her life, drawn hither by the inborn love of the mountains and the plains. The city had stifled her, and within her grew a great yearning for the sweep of blue sky, the cold, bright air, the purple mountains dreaming on the horizon, and above all the mighty spaces where one could be as free as an eagle of the peaks. In the surging crowds there was a strange loneliness which she had never felt even when the big, brazen moon, soaring over the mountain tops, called out lean, gray coyotes to wail to the empty wastes. So she returned, compelled by a fascination more powerful than the repellant memory of that last morning on the range when she had looked out alone over the body of her father into the bleak, desolate world.

She had grown into a tall, dark woman with night-black eyes that seemed to be forever seeking something; eyes that changed rapidly and flashed forth the fire-bright glances or expressed a melancholy profound, impenetrable. Her skin was yellow like old ivory, her features modeled of the Indian type,

and around her face, like an ebony frame, lay coils of jetty hair. She had the height and liteness of her mother's tribe, and as she stepped, her footfall made no sound, as though the stealthy, moccasined tread of her forbears hushed the heavier step of civilization. Such was her outward appearance, but if it stamped her with the brand of red, her young heart beat white, and with all the hatred of blood breach, she cursed the tribe of her mother and bemoaned her father's outrageous death at their hands. Still, though she had lived among the whites and had drunk of their culture, she had seen their covert hatred of their brothers of the plains, and she knew, however kind they were to her that there was always something withheld and unacknowledged. They hid part of themselves from her and never quite met her in the open. This she felt with bitterness and stung pride. She was an alien among the Indians and an alien among the whites; a creature apart, with the blood of both and the birthright of neither. Thus marriage and motherhood were conditions to which she could never look forward. Oftentimes when the snow lay thick on the ground and the early winter twilight snuffed the pale yellow sunset, she peered through window panes ruddy with firelight as she returned to her little room after the day's work, and saw silhouetted against the merry fire men and women with children scampering at their feet. Then the cold blast that stung her face drove straight through her heart, and her blood chilled within her. It was such times as these that she paced the floor all night and smote her breast, wailing softly in her despair.

This very quality of dramatic intensity awakened in her a love of the stage. She studied Shakespeare, impersonated Lady Macbeth and Ophelia at amateur theatricals, and sought to force into these artificial vents the mad, volcanic surgings of her breast. But this was not to be. Managers heard her patiently. Unquestionably she had emotional power, but that was

all. She lacked self-control, balance, and also the capacity for development.

The sole friend of these days was a teacher in the schools where Judith worked, Miss Cynthia, of cold, New England clay. In her ears Judith poured the tale of her ambitions and their defeat.

So the years passed. Judith's mouth hardened into a firmer line, and the restless seeking of her eyes gave her the look of a hunted thing. The creamy old-ivory of her skin deepened into a buckskin tan, and through the ebony coils of her hair were streaks all iron-gray. People had come to regard her with mild toleration as a fixture in the community—all but Miss Cynthia, who gave her something of friendship and occupied a room next her own. It was certain, as time went by and youth faded out of Judith's life that a change came over her. She stayed much to herself. She brooded over fancied slights and wrongs. Her moods grew more tempestuous, and the violence of the old sorrow beat upon her as a tide. Through the night-watches, her noiseless feet glided up and down the narrow limits of her room until dawn found her with her long hair hanging disheveled down her back, and her black eyes burning tearless with the parching fury of the desert sun.

About this time a young Cree Indian was brought to Red Cliff, charged with a brutal murder, traceable directly to bad whisky sold to him by an unscrupulous Indian agent. The incident inflamed Judith, and she went to see him in the jail. She heard from him the simple story of the fire-water and the madness that came afterward when the world spun, the trees danced and in him raged the flames of the forest fires. She listened and returned to him—the weak and injured brother held here in the foul, dark jail, while the white man, shielded by an unjust law, should be paying the penalty. Then up and out of the remote past her heritage of the Wild awoke, and she felt the thrill and the joy of the

fastnesses, the excitement of the march by night, ay! and that other feeling of hatred for the white!

One night Miss Cynthia sat late over her books. Judith's room was empty. The kind little lady was solving some mathematical problems, and looking over the grammar lesson for the coming day. Quite suddenly she started and looked up.

"Judith! Why, Judith!" she cried. "I heard no sound! How you startled me!"

Judith stood in the doorway, palid and still, a black shawl wrapped about her like a blanket, and a strange light shining from her eyes.

"Come, sit down," said the little lady, trying to suppress the fear she felt of the woman before her. "You are cold, dear. Where have you been?"

Judith glided towards her.

"Hush!" She said. "Strange things have happened to-night. The Cree boy has escaped, and I have hidden him!"

Miss Cynthia half rose, and the English grammar fell to the floor with a flutter and a thud.

"My God, Judith! That murderer! You are mad!" She glanced uneasily towards the door, expecting to see the Cree emerge from the darkness outside.

"Murderer!" exclaimed Judith, drawing herself up to her ultimate height and tossing back her head defiantly. "No! Victim, you mean! It is the white man, the cowardly, corrupt, money-worshiping white man who should hang. I have set the innocent free."

"Oh, it makes my blood——"

"Blood! You have no blood, you of the pale skin. It is only water: cold, colorless water in your veins. The blood that is red, that flows like tides wine—that is the blood of my people, and it is hot in my heart!"

The Cree escaped, and no one save Miss Cynthia suspected Judith's part in it. From that night she knew Judith no more. She saw her every day at school, and every night when they returned to their rooms, but it was not

the same Judith of years gone by. There was about her an indefinable wildness such as one feels in the presence of an eagle or a hawk beating its wings against the cage, or a soft-footed, yellow-eyed lynx pacing the cramped boundaries of its prison. And so it was with Judith. The primeval blood-bond she had fought down in her youth was dominating her advancing years, and the red bond of her forefathers held her as relentlessly as though she had never left the blanket and the tepee. She had struggled long against the calling of the night wind in the pine trees and the solitude; long and earnestly she had clung to those newer teachings of the adopted race, but at last the old, old yearning surged up, and she forgot all but the crooning songs her mother used to sing and the spell of the wilderness.

Through the silence of the night Miss Cynthia heard her chanting:

"O! red moon rising o'er the mountains,

O! gray hawk circling 'gainst the sky,
O! watch-fire burning in the blackness,
I come! O! I come—even I!"

Judith left with little warning one day. She was going to the coast to teach elocution, she said. People bade her good-bye kindly, if indifferently, and some there were who felt relieved that she was gone. Her habits had been strange of late, and more than one believed she was demented. So as she had come she went, like a shadow that leaves no trace behind.

* * * *

A summer or two ago, a little party from Red Cliff, traveling through the Blackfeet reservation, stopped at an Indian ranch that was well tilled and bore vegetables and fruit. Some fat, sleek ponies browsed near-by, two young papooses rolled and frolicked upon the ground before a tepee, where a young brave with his squaw squatted comfortably upon the dirt outside the door. Near them was an old Indian woman wrapped in her blanket,

shelling corn. The white folk stopped to beg a drink of water, and as the old Indian raised her restless black eyes, one of the party, a little lady in gray, Miss Cynthia herself, fervently exclaimed:

"Judith!"

The old Indian rose. Her lips quivered, her buckskin cheek dulled like dead leaves, but she drew herself up

haughtily, raised an admonishing hand and said:

"Not Judith. Judith is dead. This is Gray Hawk."

Meantime the young brave, curiously like the youth who had been spirited away, stolidly and indifferently brought them water to quench their thirst, and having drunk, they turned and went their way.

THE PROSPECTOR

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

Fearlessly blue and clear, his eyes,
Under his hat's low brim;
Rugged and rough and strong his form;
Brawny and sinewed of limb.

Rhythm of shovel and ring of pick,
Whisper of wealth untold;
Singing a song forever new,
A song of yellowest gold.

Gold! in the slopes of granite hills;
Gold! in the rock-hidden lands:
Gold! in deep mountain crevasses,
And gold in the glinting sands.

A trail that ends at his cabin door;
A dream in his heart, foretold
By shaft and windlass and powder blast;
A king, in his Land o' Gold.

IF TIME SHOULD WAIT

BY MELLA RUSSELL McCALLUM

O H, FOR A little time—a little time," dinned the poet. "If time were mine, I could create verse the beauty of which would stun the world with joy. But no,—I must keep on stringing inane little jingles and sentimental rhymes. The pot must boil, or the poet starve."

"Just so," confirmed the landlady. "'Tis lack o' the time that keeps us all down. Why, if I had time, I'd make this house so spick and span you'd think it was a bit of heaven itself, that I would. But, lawsy me, I tell you it keeps my old bones jumpin' as it is, what with just the meals and the beds and the little cleanin' that has to be done. Time! Law!"

"Don't you say time to me," snapped her husband, dancing about in exasperation. "If I had time, do you think I'd sit perched on a high stool nine hours a day, addin' other men's figures? No sir-ee! I'd finish inventin' my safety, automatic, absolutely reliable theatre fire-escape and stand before you to-day a rich man—a rich—man! Just a little more tinkerin' is all it needs, but where am I to get the time? Answer me that."

"Humph!" snorted another boarder. "I suppose you're all under the impression that I can't do anything better than draw beastly political cartoons, aren't you? Well, you're wrong. I have it in me to portray the glories of the universe; to catch with my brush the evasive sweetness of a maiden's dream—the subtle menace of the approaching storm-cloud. But I have to pay my board bill," he shrugged, martyr-like. "What are your thoughts on the subject, Miss Brown?"

"Why, I don't know," mused a sweet

eyed young woman. "I never gave much thought to what I might do if I had more time."

The others smiled at her with compassion, and shook their heads a little that such ambitionless satisfaction should exist in their midst.

"You see," smiled the girl, "my stenography keeps me busy eight hours a day, and I go to night school four evenings every week. Besides, I make most of my own clothes and trim my hats. By the way, Mrs. Snags, would you not like to have me trim a hat for you? I'd just love to if it would help you any."

"Why, thanks!" The woman's face lighted with pleasure. "I don't know but what I would. For sure it is I can't have a new one this year if I have to pay any milliner's prices for trimmin'."

Hardly had the querulous tones ceased before the bell rang sharply. Opening the door, the landlady surveyed a gaunt old man, half-hidden by a white beard and a worn gray cape. Slowly the bent figure straightened itself and entered in dignified silence. From under his rags flashed something dazzlingly bright.

"Father Time!" they all gasped.

"Yes," croaked the aged man. "'Tis I, and weary, weary of the ceaseless grind."

The sharp, hidden thing shifted menacingly, and they shivered.

"Never fear," he reassured them. "I seek peace. Give me, I pray, a bed and quiet for a little while that I may rest—rest."

The landlady bustled about with fearful hospitality.

"Thank you," muttered the old man, following her to a small chamber off

the living room. "Thank you." Tremblingly he loosed his cape, and, raising himself to amazing height, faced them with a whimsical smile. "See," he cried, "as a token of good faith I deposit my sickle with you, just outside my door." He drew forth the keen blade and surveyed it fondly. "Without it, I am harmless. When we two are separated there is no time. So, look you, humans, now is the opportunity to catch up with your ideals. It is your great chance."

The sickle clanked to the floor. Sighing deeply, the strange guest turned and disappeared. And the people danced in exultation, crying: "It is our chance—it is our chance." All save the girl with the sweet eyes. She sat by, quietly, smiling softly to herself. And seeing her thus, again the others shook their heads in pity.

Thus time stood still for a long, long time—had there been time!—while the father of all time slept on and on. Then at last the door of the little room opened and the old man appeared. Sharply he looked about. They were all there except one. Stooping, he picked up his sickle, now black with tarnish. "She must have overlooked this in her house-keeping zeal," he murmured, bringing the blade to brightness on his cape.

At the sound of his voice they looked up with a start, dismay overspreading their faces.

"Oh!" groaned the poet. "Only a little more time. My masterpiece was destined to be born soon—I know it."

"My house-keepin'—my house-keepin'," wailed the landlady. "I was just gettin' around to scour things bright and clean."

"My fire-escape," despaired her hus-

band. "Just a few more touches would finish it."

"Hump," growled the cartoonist. "Just my rotten luck. And the stroke of genius was beginning to free itself from my brush-tip, too."

Time smiled inscrutably. "And the other?" he queried. "Where is she?"

"Oh, Miss Brown? We can't understand it at all," explained the poet, gloomily. "She finished her night-school work and became a teacher shortly after you came."

"They do say as how she does fine, too," sighed the woman. "And how she's likely to get a supervisorship soon. Already she's got two 'sistants under her. She came around to visit me last week, and told me all about it. I tell you it beats me."

"She never appeared to have any self-confidence either," grumbled the cartoonist. "Not the ghost of an ambition."

"She was always doing little things on the side, too," added the landlady. "Why, she used to spend lots of time helpin' other folks out, here and there. Never seemed to be lookin' ahead in the future like the rest of us. Lawsy me, it's just such folks as gets the luck in this world."

"Yes," echoed Time, soberly. "It's just such folks. Poor little simple humans, you'll never understand, will you? I gave you the equivalent of four years, too."

They stared in amazement. "Four years! Why, I didn't think it was four months." But the old man had gone, silently, with long, swift strides.

"Anyway," muttered each one to himself as he resumed his work. "I know positively that just a *little* more time would have been all I needed."



A FAMOUS WESTERN PIONEER

BY ELIZABETH VORE

IN THE HISTORY of the West—particularly in the State of California, there is perhaps no other name which stands out with the prominence, in both literary and military circles, as does that of Josephine Clifford McCrackin—from her birth identified with people of note in the world's history.

This distinguished woman who occupies a distinctive place in the history of this Western land, was born November 25, 1838, in an ancient castle at Peterstraghan, on the Tweser River, Prussia, Germany. Her father, Ernst Wompner, younger son of an old Hanover family, while still a cadet not

yet eighteen years old, fought in the battle of Waterloo under Wellington, and was created lieutenant on the field of Waterloo for conspicuous courage. He still wore the scarlet uniform of the English army when he married her mother, the daughter of Colonel Frederick Hartmann, a German officer, of the Hessian family (Ende Von Wolf-sprung) who, after long and honorable service, died while Commandant of the old fortress, Ziegenhain.

After the close of the Napoleonic wars, her father came to America, when Josephine was but a small child, and settled near St. Louis, Mo.; with best educational advantages, both in



Present home of Mrs. Josephine McCrackin in Santa Cruz. Portrait of Mrs. McCrackin in upper corner.

a German private school and in the Sisters' Convent School, she grew up to fair young womanhood.

It is small wonder that with her long line of fighting ancestors she should have married a soldier, Lieutenant J. A. Clifford, of the 3d Cavalry, U. S. Army.

At the close of the Civil War, the 3d Cavalry and a portion of the 1st Infantry were ordered to the frontier of New Mexico, the first troops to be sent out after the war.

The 3d Cavalry took up the line of march from Fort Smith, Arkansas, following the Red River. Several of its officers, however, among them Lieutenant James A. Clifford, of Troop D, were stationed for a time at Fort Leavenworth, under command of General Sykes, who had crossed the plains in charge of the 5th Infantry with 900 recruits for the service. The two regiments were on the march for six months before they were assigned their different stations. This was an arduous life for a soldier's wife, but one who had been bred and brought up a soldier's daughter was equal to it, and Mrs. Clifford was proud to share the perils and hardships of her husband's life on the frontier.

When at length they were permanently established, it was at a new post in the isolated mountain region of Pinas Altas, in the neighborhood of the famous Santa Rita Copper mine, where a permanent post was established and called Fort Bayard, formerly but a camp, occupied by the California Volunteers, a valiant band of fearless, hardy men, from a State that was destined to write its name high in the annals of the history of America.

Of this life on the frontier, Mrs. McCrackin says:

"I never regretted having gone there. The country was interesting in the extreme, and beautiful in its picturesque grandeur. I was the only lady in the camp. Our former orderly, whose wife had been my maid, had been ordered to another post. We were very comfortable in our quarters.

Our tents were large and roomy, and one of them was warmed by a chimney built of rough stones. A cook, a waiter and an orderly were allowed us, and no one knows what splendid fellows regular soldiers are in the camp and on the field. I had brought my white horse 'Toby' from Fort Leavenworth, and my husband and myself spent hours in the saddle exploring the new country. As there was constant danger of Indian outbreaks, the commanding officer permitted my husband to draw from six to twelve men from the company, and as they were always well mounted and well armed, I never felt fear while we were out on these expeditions."

Many articles and stories relating to her life while she was the wife of Lieutenant Clifford may be found in "Overland Tales," her first book, published in 1877, and "Another Juanita," published in 1893.

When Lieutenant Clifford died, for the adored young wife who had been her husband's constant companion and comrade in all the perils of his frontier life began the anxieties and misfortunes, hitherto a stranger to her, which befell so many who came to the Far West.

She lost her small fortune, and with her brother and mother came to California, where she found it necessary, for the first time in her life, to do something for her support. For a time she was instructor of German in the South Cosmopolitan School of San Francisco.

When the new magazine, which excited so much interest, The Overland Monthly, was started by Bret Harte, she became a regular contributor to it, and formed a life-long friendship for Mr. Harte and his family. Her first interview with that noted pioneer in the history and literature of the State and the West was in Roman's book store, where the office of the Overland Monthly was located, on Montgomery street near Clay.

Her first sketch for the Overland Monthly was entitled "Down Among the Dead Letters," and pleased Mr.

Harte mightily. There was no merciless blue pencil for the young writer in this case: on the contrary, Mr. Harte said the sketch was so interesting he wished there was more of it, and suggested that she lengthen the article, and become a regular contributor to the magazine.

Some of Mrs. McCrackin's earliest stories were sold to the Harper publications. Later she wrote for the *Wide World* of London. She was at all times a conscientious and painstaking worker, loving her work for the sake of the work itself, which is the only way to do good work, from the artist's standpoint. Many of her stories have been translated into the German.

From California she went for a time to Arizona, where she was under the protection of Army people. While

here she met Mr. Jackson McCrackin, owner of the McCrackin mine in Arizona, and Speaker of the first Legislature ever convened in Arizona.

When they came to California to make their home, they purchased a large tract of land in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which they named "Santa Paraiso," and which is one of the most famous ranches, for its picturesque beauty, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

It was this beloved home which was devastated by the forest fires of October, 1899, which destroyed the buildings, with most of Mrs. McCrackin's remarkable collection of rare curios, books and mementos from the old world and the new, and swept away the magnificent forest of redwoods.

It is little wonder that she should have been the first to sound the note



Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin at the chimney of her ruined home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

of warning and call the people to save and protect the forests of California.

She also founded "The Ladies' Forest and Song Bird Protective Association," and is its President. She was for many years the only woman member of the California Fish and Game Protective Association.

One of the most beautiful tributes from one of the younger writers to Mrs. McCrackin is the poem by her nephew, Herman Scheffauer, in his volume of verse, "Of Both Worlds." The poem is entitled, "The Savior of the Redwoods."

Since the death of her late husband, Mrs. McCrackin gives more and more of her time to philanthropic work, and is identified with many philanthropic, historical and educational societies representing her county and State.

Prof. Hugh Munstirberg, Director of the American Institute (Amerika Institut) of Berlin, has written Mrs. McCrackin a letter of a highly complimentary nature, asking her advice and co-operation in the effort of the Institute to organize and forward the work of two great nations.

Personally, Mrs. McCrackin is characterized by a gracious dignity of manner, yet is intensely loving and loyal in her nature. As a pioneer in the history of Western literature, and the advancement of California in particular, she has no peer among women and only two equals—Ina Coolbrith,

the beloved poet of the West, and Jeane C. Carr, the gifted wife of Dr. Carr, the Second Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of California, who, previous to her death, was identified with the leading interests of California.

Beloved and honored, as Mrs. McCrackin is by all who know her, to the remaining few of the old school of writers who blazed the trail in the pioneer days, she is the object of the deepest reverence and affection. With her silvery hair, her benign face, her gentle spirit and her unchanging loyalty to California, well may its manhood pay her the high tribute which has been paid to her by such men in literature as Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, William C. Morrow, Charles Edwin Markham, Alfred J. Waterhouse and Charles Warren Stoddard. Not one of them but would remove his hat at mention of her name.

No higher tribute to womanhood than this could be paid, and no one was ever worthier to receive it than Josephine Clifford McCrackin.

In spite of advancing years, and her tireless work along philanthropic lines, she still keeps up her journalistic work, and is at her post, occupied through so many years on the editorial staff of the leading newspaper of her town, a town which owes much of its advancement and prosperity to the loyalty of this noted and beloved woman.



JEWES NOT TO BE CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor London and Brooklyn Tabernacle

IN ALL PARTS of the world, heroic efforts are being made by Christians to reach the Jews—to bring them into the various branches of the Christian Church—in to the various denominations of Christendom. The Church of England maintains expensive missions for the Jews, not only in Jerusalem, but in various provinces of Turkey and in Austria, and elsewhere. Presbyterians and Baptists are also energetic in their endeavor to “save God’s ancient and Covenant people.” The Jews resent such “missions,” but not always rationally. They admit that Judaism should be based upon reason. Logically, therefore, there is no more reason why a Jew should complain against missions than that infidels should complain. Infidels generally take the logical view and say, Let whoever likes believe any of the different theories presented in the name of Jesus. Nobody is compelled to attend the “missions;” neither should anybody feel offended at the missionaries nor at those who attend. Realizing the force of this argument, some Jews apologize, saying: “We do not object to the preaching of Jesus any more than we object to Mohammedanism or any other religion. We object, say they, to underhanded methods being used—the enticement of Jewish children with candy, and of Jewish people out of employment with clothing and situations. Our reply is that Jews should be able to provide as many picnics and candies as others for their children, and Jewish employers ought to be as able to offer situations to young men as Christian employers.

But the peculiarity of Jewish oppo-

sition to Christian missionaries is that infidel Jews who have no religion of their own, and are really, therefore, not Jews at all, not believers in the Bible nor in Abraham, Moses nor the Prophets as God’s mouthpieces—these make the most violent opposition to “missions.” These Jews are generally Socialists. Only a few days ago they precipitated a riot in the city of Toronto in their opposition to some Presbyterians and some Jewish converts to Presbyterianism. Nor are they as logical as we might have expected. Our own experience recently in Vienna proved this. The socialistic, unbelieving Hebrews who have abandoned their own Jewish religion, were the ones who came to our meeting, and, by their unjust, ungentlemanly conduct, hindered us from addressing several hundred real Jews who were anxious to hear us. And they opposed merely because some one spread a false report that I was seeking to “mission” the Jews. The unfitness of such people for any kind of Socialism is manifest. No one could be a good or true Socialist, and yet be unwilling that his neighbor should exercise the same liberty as himself in respect to religious and other questions.

Although the majority of ministers in all denominations have become Higher Critics, infidels, and wholly disbelieve in hell torment, nevertheless they conduct “missions,” etc., just the same as when they did believe in such things. If, therefore, the Jews could get the proper thought they would greatly appreciate the missionaries for their endeavor to save them from eternal torment. The Jews should be taught by their rabbis, and should be able to answer such arguments by

showing that "the wages of sin is death," and that hope for a life beyond the grave is the resurrection hope, and that the resurrection hope depends on Messiah's Kingdom, which has not yet been established, but for which they wait. Alas, that the Jewish rabbis give practically all of their attention to the reading of prayers in the synagogue, which the people could do as well for themselves, and to the killing of the cattle, which can be done better by our great beef trusts—which indeed do the most of it and then leave it for the rabbis to mark "kosher." God's Word through the Prophet applies to Jews as well as to Christians—"My people perish for lack of knowledge," "There is a famine in the land, not for bread, but for the hearing (understanding) of the Word of the Lord."

Pastor Russell's Views Misunderstood.

My own view of the relationship between Jews and Christians is so different from anything that has been previously presented for eighteen hundred years that I cannot wonder that the Jews are slow to understand it. So far from endeavoring to bring Jews into any of the Christian denominations, Catholic or Protestant, I would advise the Jews to stand clear of all of them. I seek to point out to the Jew that he has his own Divine promises, which are separate and distinct from those of Christians. God's promises to the Jew are all earthly. The Israelites are all to come back from the state of death under Messiah's glorious Kingdom, which will gradually efface sin and death from the world and make it like the Garden of Eden—Paradise restored, world-wide. If a Jew would have a high place in favor with the great Restorer, the great Messiah, he should take heed to his steps and order them according to the Word of God, as expressed through Messiah and the Prophets. To whatever extent he cultivates a love for righteousness, truth and honesty, nobility of mind and heart, generosity—in that same proportion he shall be the better

fitted and prepared for the glorious good time coming. To whatever extent he neglects the Law and the Prophets, the practice of self-control, etc., in that same proportion he will be degraded and enter the future life under less favorable conditions.

The Divine promise is that when Messiah's Kingdom shall be established under the whole heavens, Abraham, Isaac and the Prophets, and all Jews found loyal to God, will be granted high positions of influence and authority throughout the world—they will be the princes or rulers in all the earth. The Jews naturally will be the best prepared to receive those resurrected representatives of the Kingdom—the Kingdom itself being spiritual and invisible. Naturally the Jews will rally first to these leaders of their own nation. And those who have learned by practice to love righteousness and truth and to practice self-control will find it the easier to come into line with the laws and regulations of that glorious Epoch. Under Messiah's Kingdom, righteousness will be laid to the line and judgment to the plummet. This will mean a severe ordeal to those who love unrighteousness and untruth, but eventually it will mean a reign of law and righteousness world-wide, with countless opportunities and blessings and assistances. And although those blessings will come first to the Jew, they will not stop with the Jew, but will extend, through the Jew, to all the families of the earth. All who love righteousness and truth will be attracted by the new regime and become associated with the Jews therein, and thus, as the Scriptures declare, Abraham will become the "Father of many nations."

The Jew who ceases to be a Jew ceases to look in the proper direction for the blessings God has promised to him. And this is true, whether it be by becoming a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Romanist or an unbeliever—an infidel. In the Jewish Law and promises are the proper incentives for the Jewish life. The Jew has in his Law and in the prophecies everything

to encourage him to live a careful, honest, upright life—just as much as he would find if he believed the New Testament also. Indeed, we incline to think that, while Jewish training might be greatly improved upon, nevertheless the Jews as a whole are probably as moral a race as any in the world. There are probably as few sons of Jews in prisons, jails, penitentiaries, etc., as of Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics. Is not this an argument showing that the New Testament and faith in Jesus are not necessary to the Jew to produce moral fruitage?

Christianity is Misunderstood.

The world misunderstands Christianity; so do the majority of Christians. The general misconception is, that the Church of Christ is in the world as a reformatory institution—to give the world correct moral ideas and to help keep them out of drunkard graves and from all kinds of licentiousness, brutality, profanity, etc. Indeed, the world measures Christianity by its success in fighting down these evils, and many Christians have the same false views.

Such a view is entirely wrong. When God gets ready to deal with the world's sins—licentiousness, drunkenness, false doctrines, etc.—He will proceed along different lines entirely from any that He has authorized the Church to prosecute. He will establish His Kingdom. He will use Divine Wisdom and Power for the subjection of sin and all unrighteousness. He will grapple with the various forms of sin, and not unsuccessfully, as some in His Name are doing to-day. When His time shall come, when the Kingdom of Messiah shall be established, so great power will be exercised amongst men as to effectually rid the world of sin and sinners until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, and until the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the deep and until God's will shall be done on earth as thoroughly as it is done in heaven.

So far from teaching that the Church in the present time is to conquer the world, the great Redeemer distinctly told that His followers should suffer persecution and that at His own Second Coming there would be "little faith found on the earth." Instead of saying or implying that at His coming the world would be converted, everything in the Master's teachings advise us that at that time evil men and seducers will grow worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. (2 Tim. 3:13.) Only in a secondary and passive sense is the Church to fight against evil and against sin. It is not her mission to fight sin in the saloon nor at the polls. That is part of the world's affair; it is to attend to that. And the world is attending to it. Am I told that the Church is taking the most prominent part in all the fighting against vice and drunkenness? I answer, It is a mistake; it is the world that is doing all this fighting. The Church, indeed, feels a deep interest and sympathy for every good work at home and abroad—in everything tending toward human uplift. But the Church has a totally different mission. So far as immortality is concerned, it is the Church's part to lift up her light and let it shine; thus the good works will be a reproof on the sins of the world without one word being uttered on the subject. This, evidently, is what Jesus meant when He said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 5:16.) The Church is instructed to fight a good fight, but not with the world and not with the world's sins and immorality. She is instructed to keep her own gown spotless, white, "without spot or wrinkle." She is instructed to make herself ready for the coming of the Bridegroom and the marriage then to take place. She is nowhere instructed to make the world ready. And she would be unable to make the world ready if she were so instructed unless Divine power supplemented hers. Similarly the Jews are not instructed to

convert the world, and are not attempting so to do. Their work is with themselves—to develop a character which will be acceptable to God and which He can use in His own due time in connection with the blessing of the world.

Which Church is Referred To?

Some one will be ready to ask me to what Church I refer? Which Church is giving its time—not to attempt to convert the world, but in an attempt to build up the Church in the fruits and graces of God's Holy Spirit? Which Church is not engaged in moral reforms? I answer, The True Church—the special Church mentioned in the New Testament Scriptures—a saintly few, called or separated from the world and separate and distinct from all the denominations. "Christendom" gives us her official count as four hundred millions and the Jewish count as twelve millions. Judged in this broad, general way, who will dispute that the twelve millions of Jews are not in advance of the average of Christendom intellectually and morally?

But Christendom is not the Church of Christ at all. The term is a misnomer. It signifies Christ's Kingdom; whereas Christ's Kingdom, Messiah's Kingdom, is not yet, but is still waited for by the Jews and by the true Church—the saintly "little flock" of the New Testament. Both Jews and saintly Christians still pray, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done;" and both still recognize that Messiah's Kingdom is the need of the world, and the hope of the world—and both are waiting for it.

The true Church is neither Presbyterian nor Methodist, Lutheran nor Roman Catholic, Greek Church nor English Church, Baptist nor Disciple. The true Church is not a human organization at all. It is composed of saintly people whom God is gathering as His own elect from all nations, peoples, kindreds, tongues and from all denominations and from outside of all denominations. It will be composed of

some who were Jews, some who were Catholics, some who were Armenian, etc. This true Church is the great Messiah, a hundred and forty-four thousand—twelve thousand for each of the twelve tribes of Israel, as referred to in Revelation. These are referred to by the Lord saying: "Gather my saints together unto me, saith the Lord, those who have made a Covenant together with me by sacrifice"—self-sacrifice—by a full surrender to the Divine will in thought and word and deed. This class as a whole is the Messiah, the spiritual seed of Abraham, as the Jews are his natural seed. God referred to the latter, saying to Abraham, Thy seed shall be as the sand of the seashore. He referred to the Messianic few when He said, Thy seed shall be as the stars of heaven. (Gen. 22:17). This spiritual seed of Abraham, one hundred and forty-four thousand, a multitudinous Messiah, must first be developed, glorified, spiritualized, before the world can be blessed. And the blessing of the world can come only through the Divinely-appointed natural seed of Abraham—believing Jews. If all the Jews could be turned into Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., there would be no people ready to fulfill the great work which God's Word declares shall be accomplished through Abraham's posterity. Does this make clear my reasons for not wishing to turn the Jews into Presbyterians, Baptists, Roman Catholics, etc.? Does it make clear my reason for urging the Jews to a preparation mentally, morally and physically for the great work that God has for them to do? I hope so.

As for the spiritual seed of Abraham of all nations—the first opportunity to participate therein was granted to the Jews, and it is my conviction that that Messianic company, all saintly, will be composed more largely of Jews than of any other nationality. The great Head or Captain was a saintly Jew. Its most prominent members, His followers, were saintly Jews, and thousands of saintly Jews were subsequently gathered, is

the record—some from each of the twelve tribes. Additionally, however, God has been gathering a saintly few from all other nations, kindreds and tongues, to complete the total elect number—one hundred and forty-four thousand. From what we know of Jews, Gentiles and Christians, comparatively few give evidence of saintship—comparatively few claim to be saints—to be fully consecrated, devoted to the Divine service. From what we know of the scarcity of these saintly ones to-day, we might well wonder whether so many as one hundred and forty-four thousand could be found in eighteen centuries; but we have every confidence in the Wisdom of our great Creator and the testimony of His Word—that the full complement of the elect is about completed—the Kingdom, therefore, about to be set up.

Heavenly vs. Earthly Prospects.

Since only the saintly who walk the narrow way have any Divine promise of a change of nature from human to spiritual—since only these will be like unto the angels, much of the present-day religious teaching of Christendom is erroneous. The masses of Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., etc., are being wholly misled into supposing that they have any chance or prospect whatever of “going to heaven.” That great resurrection change, in a moment, from earthly to heavenly nature, in the resurrection, will be only for the saintly. All the unsaintly should know definitely that their prospects are entirely earthly—the very same blessings that are promised to the Jews, only that these blessings will come “to the Jew first.” The Jew, on the contrary, knows that the Law and the Prophets teach nothing about a heavenly and a spiritual condition, but wholly concerning a blessing coming to earth under Messiah’s regime; then the wilderness shall blossom as a rose and the solitary place shall be glad; then the earth shall yield her increase and the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth; then every knee shall bow and every

tongue confess to the Lord’s glory; and they shall build houses and inhabit them and long enjoy the work of their hands—for the blessing of the Lord will be with them. And all evil-doers, all resisting the Divine arrangement, will be cut off in the Second Death, and that without remedy, without hope of a resurrection.

Again I ask my Jewish friends to consider whether I am trying to “mission” any of them for Catholicism, Presbyterianism or any earthly ism when I clearly declare that their own expectations in every respect are much more nearly correct than those of the various Christian denominations?

Whether any Jews of to-day might still wish to become members of the Messiah company by becoming saints of God, is another question. If there are any, they are probably so few that the Jews would not miss them. Just so, also, with the Presbyterians, Methodists, etc. The saintly anywhere are few. The very thought of self-denial and saintship is repugnant to the majority of all denominations. They are really of the world and mistakenly suppose themselves and call themselves members of the Messiah Church, the true Church. This is not a disrespectful comment, either. Many of these are noble-minded and noble-souled in their efforts at earthly reform, and have our God-speed. It is to their disadvantage, however, and ours, that they do not discern the inappropriateness of the term, Church of Messiah, as belonging to themselves; called moralists or by any other true and appropriate name, they would be worthy of hearty encouragement along the lines of social uplift. The day cannot come too soon when the name Church of Messiah will be applied only to the saintly of every nation. The Jews will recognize the great Messiah in God’s due time—yea, all nations shall recognize Him—“The desire of all nations shall come.” But this will be after His completion—after the last saintly one shall have been tested, found worthy and glorified.—Romans 11:11, 12, 26-32; Gal. 3:29.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

In "The Passing of the American," Monroe Royce draws a gloomy picture of the future of the American type that is sprung from British ancestry, the type associated with the early Colonial days of the Atlantic States of the Union. He describes in strong language the invasion of the Hungarians, Italians, Russians and other people of southern and eastern Europe, which he believes threatens the whole fabric of the "American" nation. The author holds that the early carelessness and wastefulness of the British stock has caused it to suffer, and that the newcomers of other strains are by thrift and other qualities overrunning the country as well as the cities of the United States.

Thomas Whittaker, Inc., New York.

One of the most valuable contributions of the day to ethnologic literature is the "Handbook of American Indian Languages," just issued by the Bureau of American Ethnology, of the Smithsonian Institution. It is written mainly by Franz Boas, with chapters by John R. Swanton, Pliny Earle Goddard, Roland B. Dixon, William Jones and William Thalbitzer. There are exhaustive analyses of the languages of the Athapascan (Hupa), Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Kwakiutl, Chinook, Maidu, Algonquian (Fox), Siouan (Dakota) and Eskimo tribes of aborigines, and numerous illustrative sketches.

Government Printing Office, Washington.

Truly a literary gem is "Lyrics from Lotus Land," by Florence Land May, who shows in this dainty collection of verses a talent as high in poetry as that she has already displayed in prose. As she says in her foreword of the present volume, a panorama of sea, sky, fog, cloud, islands and mountains that enwraps San Francisco might well inspire a prose writer to poetic musings. But it is not the Golden Gate alone that has inspired Mrs. Land.

Raised on a Louisiana plantation, she has absorbed a wealth of folk-lore of the Southland, and many of the poems are in the strange dialect of that part of the country. These lyrics are really refreshing to the book-reviewer, who has to wade through so many volumes of mediocre output, some of which are literary cruelties. In sentiment, technique and appeal, Mrs. May's poems are of the highest merit.

The Poet Lore Co., Boston.

Under the title, "Men and Religion," the Men and Religion Forward Movement, which is attracting country-wide attention in religious circles, has published a book of lectures on such appropriate subjects as the Sunday school, the overcoming of indifference to religion, scepticism and sacrifice, prayer, and a number of other topics having a bearing on Christian revival.

Young Men's Christian Association Press, New York.

"Our Economic and Social Relations"—a pamphlet in which John F. Riehl recommends the establishment of an ultra-socialistic community by means of confiscation of all property. He would have every man and woman receive the same compensation, regardless of special talent, industry and importance of duties allotted. The booklet is too impractical, illogical and absurd to be taken seriously.

The Ivy Press, Seattle.

George Bird Grinnell has added another attractive tale to others from his pen descriptive of the life of the frontier. It is entitled "Trails of the Pathfinders," and narrates the explorations, adventures and accomplishments of such pioneers and trail-makers as Alexander Henry, Lewis and Clark, Zebulon M. Pike, Fremont and others who led the way in opening up the great West. It is entertainingly and at times thrillingly written, and is well illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



AUTUMN

By E. E. ECHLIN



Oh, the royal days of September !

The roll of the crackling wood ;

The caw of the black crows' calling,

The swirl of the yellow leaves falling,

With their dashes of red,—

How they pelt my bare head

As they fly like a wild bird's brood.

Here, the barefooted boy with his basket,

White-headed and brown-cheeked with tan,

Comes scurrying the woods with his sister,

A-nutting, the dear little man !

Oh, again to go roaming the forest

In the heavenly daylight of joy,

Thro' the regal dream-days of
September !

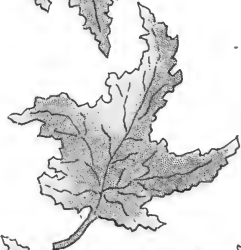
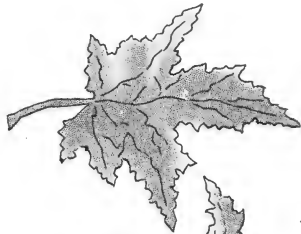
A pleasure thro' life to remember,—

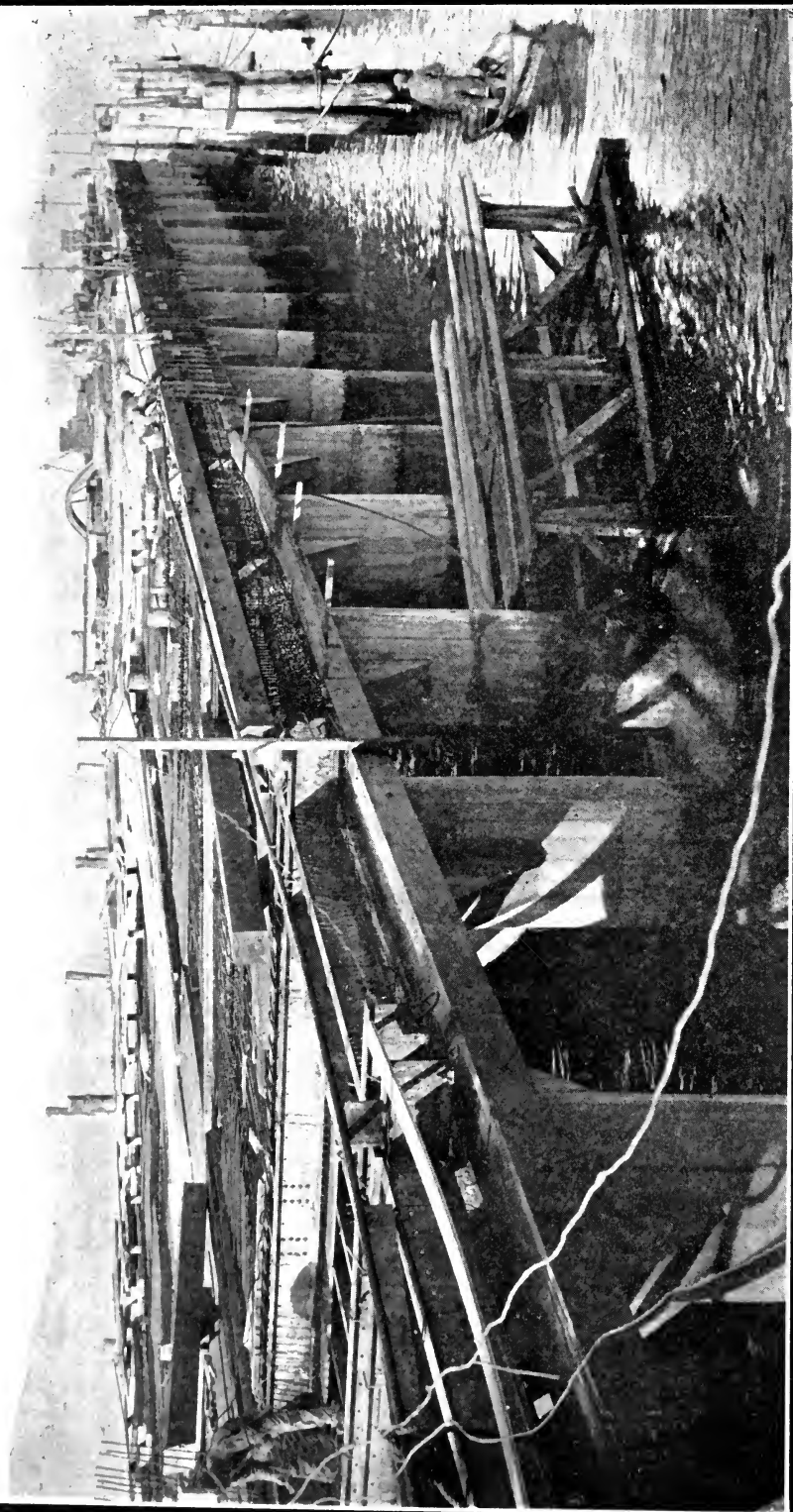
A pleasure which hath no alloy.

Oh, to dwell in life's Indian summer,

For aye to go nutting with sister,

And be a brown, barefooted boy !





Wharf No. 1, nearly completed, showing piling.

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OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY Vol. LVIII

Bret Harte

San Francisco

THE NEW TRANSPORT DOCKS AT SAN FRANCISCO

BY LYMAN GRIMES

EX-PRESIDENT Roosevelt in his Charter Day Address at the University of California, said: "I believe that, in the future, it is on the Pacific that the great crises in the world's history will be faced." Realizing this, and recognizing San Francisco to be the great strategic center of the West, the War Department ordered the construction at Fort Mason of the largest system of wharves, not only in the United States but in the world, for purely military transportation, at a cost of two million dollars.

For more than two years, hidden away behind the sandy cliffs of Fort Mason, this work has steadily gone on. Smoking, chugging donkey engines, whirling concrete mixers, and swinging cranes, assist in making what appears to the layman a wild scene of confusion. Soon this will have passed. Instead of hundreds of feet of wooden scaffolding and unsightly beams, will come the smooth, clean surface of concrete piers and warehouses.

Stretched out like a huge open hand at the foot of Van Ness avenue, the new piers will welcome the fleet of transports soon to be moored beside them. But two and one-half miles within the Golden Gate, this dock is situated at the very heart of the mili-

tary district. It is accessible by boat from Forts Baker and Barry on the Marin side, by a scant mile walk from the Presidio, and by means of the Belt Railroad to the Southern Pacific yards. This is the location of the new dock which is soon to become the terminal and supply depot of the Pacific Transport Service.

No modern improvement will be spared to make this terminal a model of efficiency. Each pier has its own concrete warehouse. Electric traveling cranes for hoisting heavy cases and guns are to be installed. An electric traction system is to carry freight from warehouse to wharf. A tunnel is to be bored under Black Point connecting with the Belt Line beyond the hill, thus establishing direct communication between railroad and transport. Under these conditions, inland troops can be transferred to ships without their setting foot on ground, without a moment's loss or delay. It is estimated that with these up-to-date methods, the Government will be able to load the full quota of men, 1,000 per boat, with equipment of food, ammunition, arms, and coal within forty-eight hours.

Pier No. 12 at the foot of Folsom street, is now used for the transport dock. This wharf is of the wooden

pile type, and is entirely too small for the demands of the service. It is roofed in and protected from the elements, but aside from this cannot be said to be an ideal wharf.

The ideal wharf, as proposed by Major Grant when in charge of Newport News, Va., was two-storied, somewhat similar to the pier of the American line in New York City. The lower story was to be used for freight, and had two railroad tracks imbedded in concrete, running the length of the pier. The upper was to be used for

The new transport dock will see no change in the present system of a separate service for the army and another for the navy. As before, the navy boats will dock at Mare Island, the army at the foot of Van Ness avenue. It is not generally known that the ten transports engaged on the Pacific Ocean would form the nucleus of the service in time of war. These boats are the only bulwark America has here against the invasion, too, of foreign bottoms. Ninety per cent of the goods for our insular possessions are

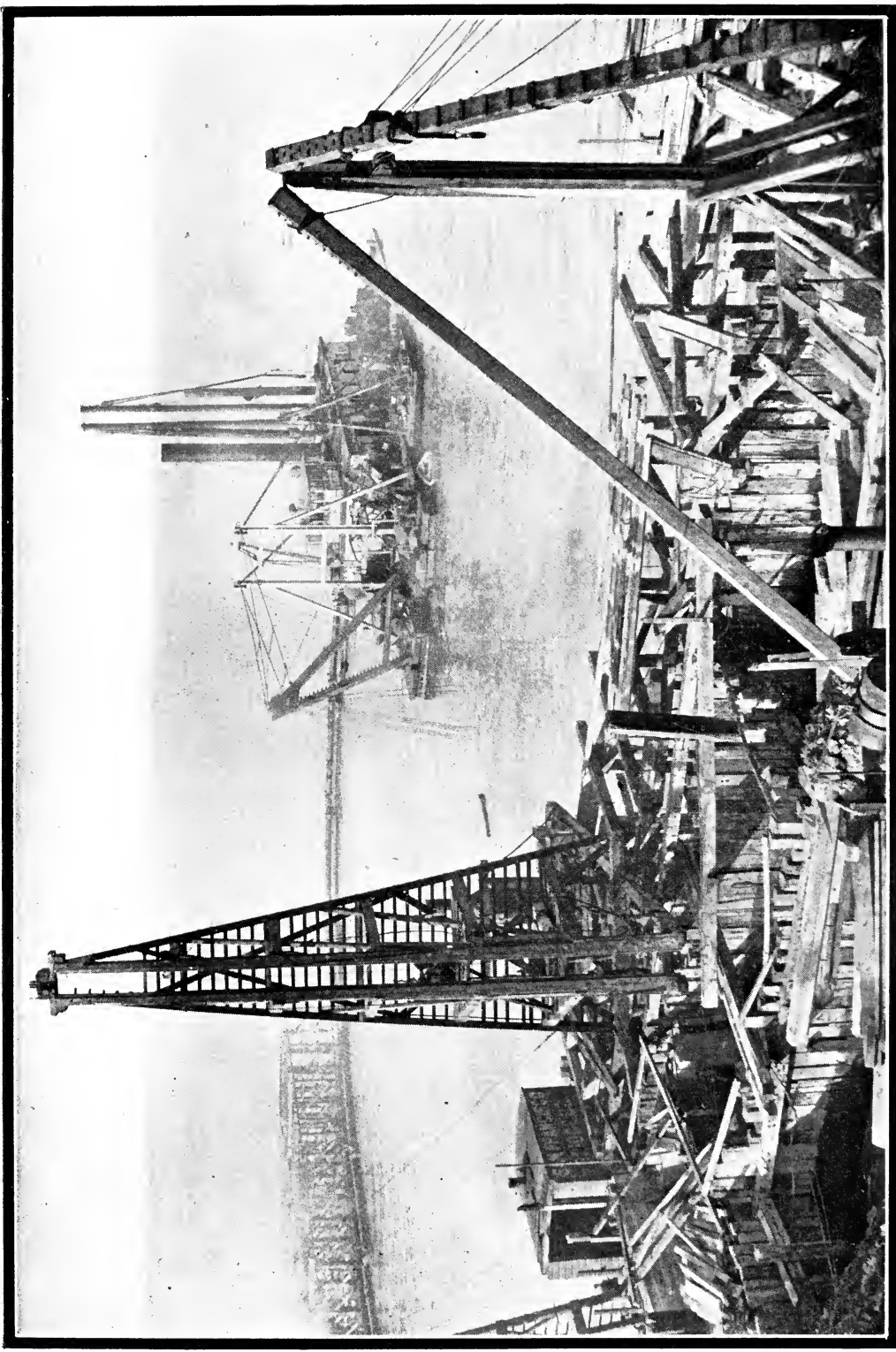


Wharf floor, showing reinforced steel construction.

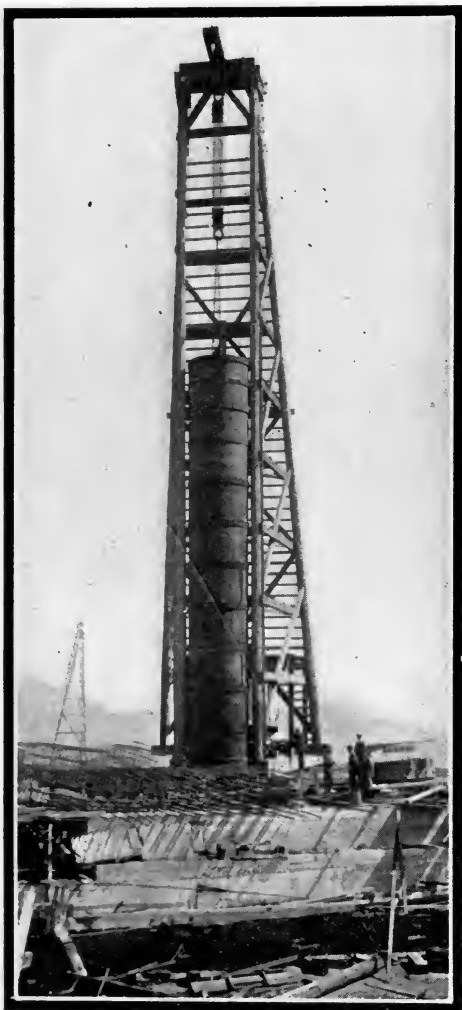
passengers, troops and their baggage. If need be, 5,000 troops could be quartered in this upper floor. The steam kitchens were placed on the right, the wash-rooms on the left. The troops were to sleep in long rows on bunks which fold up during the day, so that traffic be not impeded. Save that (but one of) the wharves at Fort Mason will be two stories high, there will be but little difference between them and the wharf planned above.

sent from this city in these vessels. The remaining ten per cent come from New York and Seattle. These transports must have proper wharves. Happily, the work on the new docks is progressing rapidly, and by the end of September should be completed.

The project embraces three piers, two of which are single and one double, enclosing two docking slips and leading to a wide plaza protected by a high sea wall. Behind the protec-



Seawall under construction. Dredger in background.



Driving one of the 60-foot caissons which support the wharf.

tion of this bulwark stand the store-houses, one for each ship's berth. Provision is made in the general plans for the extension of the piers in length, for dredging around the piers to a depth of thirty-five feet, and for the addition of other piers.

At the point where the dock is located, high land slopes sharply down to the north, to a sandy, crescent-shaped beach. It runs out on the east to a rocky point. The sea wall starts

at the rocky headland and extends 1030 feet diagonally into the bay, then turns at right angles and runs 50 feet to shore, where it joins the base of the hill back of the beach. Sand has been pumped into the hollow thus formed, constituting the court around the warehouses. Beyond this front sea wall which towers a good thirty feet above the water level, the three piers stretch out into the bay 500 feet, the single piers at the two ends of the wall and the double one in the middle, with 200-foot slips between. The single piers are 81 feet wide. The wall, piers and buildings are of concrete construction; timbers are not used because of the ravages of the teredo.

In the construction of the piers, a departure has been made from former work in this line. The huge supports are entirely of concrete, consisting of a slab and beam platform, supported on rows of concrete columns which replace and correspond to piles. The columns are carried below dredge grade, and with their bases rest on the top of timber piles completely embedded in the bottom of the bay.

The long sea wall, extending parallel to the shore end of the line of piers, is of concrete. It is 52 feet high, and in the deepest section is 24 feet wide. This wall has to be doubly strong, for should there be the slightest leak in its mass, the sand heaped up behind would be undermined and the warehouses destroyed.

The magnitude of the work may be realized by the following figures: The principal quantities involved in the construction of the dock are 28,500 yards of concrete in the seawall, 2500 yards in the cribwall, 27,500 yards in the piers, 2,600 in the pier footings, 850 tons of reinforced steel, 1250 tons of structural steel in the piers, and 125 tons of reinforced steel in the seawall. There are 452 cylinders or columns supporting the three piers. About three-fourths of that in the seawall is placed under water. The construction work is by the San Francisco Bridge Company, under the supervision of Major Geo. McK. Williamson, with Mr.

George W. Armitage in immediate charge of construction, and O. W. De-gen as consulting engineer.

From the engineering standpoint, this work has been very interesting. Since the location of the work has been one exposed to storms and high seas, the early work on the site was difficult. The wind blows strongly across the bay at this point, and raises rough water. There is a range of about five feet in the tide; this, of course, had to be taken into account. Some of the construction and the methods followed to execute it have no precedents, so there were a number of important problems to be solved in carrying out the work.

In the building of the outer seawall, which extends from the rocky point in front of the shore-line 1000 feet, much trouble was encountered. A twenty-inch suction dredge with a revolving cutting head was used to excavate a trench down to solid material for the foundation of the wall. It was necessary to remove 28 feet of sand, soft mud and clay to uncover a hard pan of mixed sand and clay. A floating pile driver then drove parallel rows of

standard piles along the sides of the trench. These piles were so braced that when the sheeting was in, a clear space was left which served as a form for the concrete.

At the east end of the wall, where the bottom is rocky and rises to the point, it seemed advisable to build a cofferdam out from the shore to prepare the foundation in the dry. A large section of this portion of the wall was built in it, but when within 80 feet of completion, a rough sea wrecked a section of the cofferdam, and it was decided to complete the rock foundation under water. This is an illustration of but one of many problems encountered in the task.

All the crushed stone is brought in barges from a quarry across the bay. The sand is dredged in a fresh water stream one hundred miles away, to meet Government specifications. Water for the concrete is pumped from a fresh water well near the dock. If nothing unforeseen happens, before the winter returns, the transports will have said farewell to Folsom street forever, and taken up their new moorings at Fort Mason.

SONG OF THE "STREET"

BY LEROY MELVILLE TUFTS

I am the Siren-Song of the "Street;"
 I am the Lust that sears and scars;
 I am the Lure that leads their feet;
 I am the Draught of death-drugged Wine;
 I am the hell-hot Blasts that beat
 On the Flesh that festers at my shrine:
 Sear of the Sun and sting of the Sleet;
 Lilt of the Lash and burn of the Bars!

Yet fear thou not, though hell I hold!
 For the Keys to the Clay,
 They are mine, alway!
 And the Kings of the Blood
 Bow down to my Mud,
 For I am the God of Gold!

FIGHTING THE OPIUM RING

BY EUGENE B. BLOCK

WHEN WORD reached the Custom House at San Francisco on the morning of February 9, 1909, that President Roosevelt had signed the bill forbidding the importation of smoking opium into the United States, a veteran official rose from his desk and pointed to a corner of his office where rested a false hollow beam that once had been part of a ship.

"Twenty years ago, when we were fighting the old opium ring," he said, "we found beams like this one filled with tins of contraband opium. Now we can expect a similar fight, for the ring will be revived as soon as the lawful importation of the drug is forbidden. Opium smokers must have the dreamful drug."

The speaker was Colonel Charles H. Blinn, special deputy surveyor of customs, who for years has directed the searching of vessels at San Francisco for contraband opium. His prediction did not fall amiss. The opium ring has been revived.

Less than sixty days after the law went into effect on April 1, 1909, tins of smoking opium were found concealed on board the incoming trans-Pacific liners, for, as the experienced official predicted, opium smokers cannot do without the drug, and if the law will not permit its importation, then the law must be defied.

The seizure of eight tins of smuggled opium as they were being brought ashore from the steamer Korea on May 24th—less than two months after the law went into effect—marked the opening of a new fight that has since been waged in San Francisco between the Government on the one side and the malign influences commonly

known as the opium ring, on the other. San Francisco, being the general port of entry for steamers from the Orient, necessarily is the place selected by the smugglers to carry on their trade, and consequently it is here that the fight against the ring centers.

It has been a hard fight, with Uncle Sam's officials arraying their wits against the cunning minds of the smugglers. Customs officials declare that the struggle has been keener even than the fight waged against the old opium ring which went to pieces in 1904.

Since the closing of United States ports to the importation of opium for smoking purposes, almost 2,000 pounds of the drug, valued approximately at \$250,000, have been confiscated by Government agents at San Francisco from vessels on which it had been hidden by the smugglers. All of this contraband has been destroyed by the Government, the opium first being boiled and then thrown into sewers.

The enforced scarcity of smoking opium in San Francisco has raised its value to almost incredible figures. Prices have increased from \$12 a pound prior to the passing of the law to \$70 a pound two years since. The increase in value has taken place in all cities where there exists a strong demand for the drug.

The unusually large seizures made at San Francisco are the fruits of vigilant and persistent work on the part of a skilled squad of searchers under the personal direction of Special Surveyor Blinn, who himself has achieved a national reputation for his efforts to crush out the smuggling ring.

Each vessel arriving at the Golden Gate city from the Orient is combed by the searchers for contraband opium.

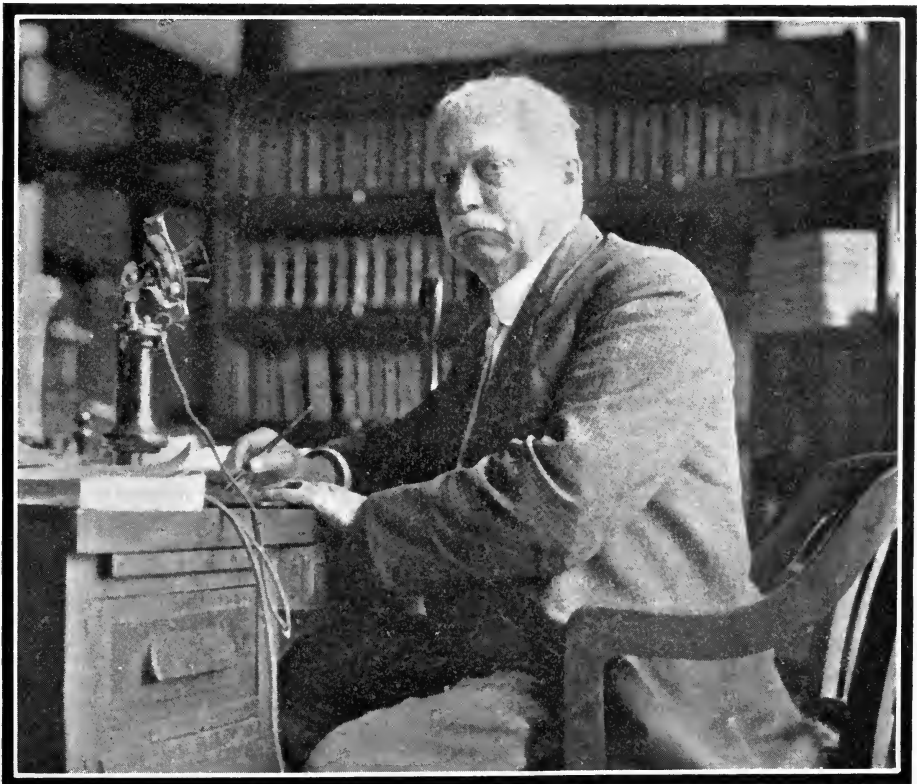
Their hunt for the drug extends from the darkest recesses of a steamer's hold to the mastheads. Not a part of the vessel is overlooked. Armed with tools of all varieties, and with powerful electric searchlights, these men begin searching immediately upon the arrival of a steamer from the Orient, and the hunt is not concluded until every nook and corner of the great vessel has been examined.

The smugglers, determined to defraud Uncle Sam and reap rich profits from their nefarious trade, have resorted to tricks and devices new even to the oldest of searchers. During the past two years, Uncle Sam's men have learned that not a part or fitting of a steamer can be overlooked. In coal bunkers, in the boilers, in the engines, in flour bins, even in pianos and sirens, contraband opium has been found con-

cealed. On liners heavily laden with passengers, opium has been found hidden behind false paneling, in hollow beams, and even under staircases. One of the largest and most recent seizures made was that of 900 five-tael tins of opium concealed in nine large, hermetically-sealed cylinders in the water tanks of one of the largest liners. So the Government searcher is ever on the alert, and his trained eye quickly detects anything of a suspicious appearance.

During the past two years, since the revival of the ring, fully a dozen arrests have been made of persons suspected of implication with the smugglers. Two men have been sent to jail because of their affiliations with the organization, while several others have paid heavy fines.

The opium ring is primarily a com-



Colonel Charles H. Blinn, who has personally conducted the fight against the opium ring.

mercial organization. That is the conclusion of Uncle Sam's most experienced agents, reached after years of investigation. With a purpose as well defined as that of a law-abiding corporation, the ring is operated to gain the enormous profits to be made by buying a product in one continent at a low price and selling it in another at fabulous values.

There is no necessity for creating a market, for the market is already here. The great scarcity of smoking opium due to its importation being forbidden, induces smokers of the drug to pay incredible prices for it; for the smoker needs opium as badly as his more fortunate neighbor needs food and drink. Consequently, when the supply is low, the smoker will pay almost any price for the soothing drug, and thus the importing and selling of contraband opium becomes a business productive of enormous profit.

The organization of the ring is well perfected, extending across the seas from one continent to another, and operated by means of hundreds and hundreds of subsidiary agents, each receiving good compensation for the small part which he plays in the running of the well regulated machine. The compensation must needs be good, for a disgruntled agent may pass to the Government a tip that will result in losses to the smugglers of thousands of dollars.

In China, the home of the poppy, agents of the ring gather the drug and devise means of smuggling it aboard the ocean liners that are intended to baffle the cleverest of customs officials. Ordinarily it is taken aboard hidden in baggage and cargo. In Pacific Coast cities are other agents, ready to match their wits with those of Uncle Sam to land the drug and dispose of it. The common method is to bring it ashore concealed in baggage, but smugglers have been known to throw big amounts of opium overboard and have it towed ashore by agents.

To complete the ring, there must be intermediate agents, and these it is

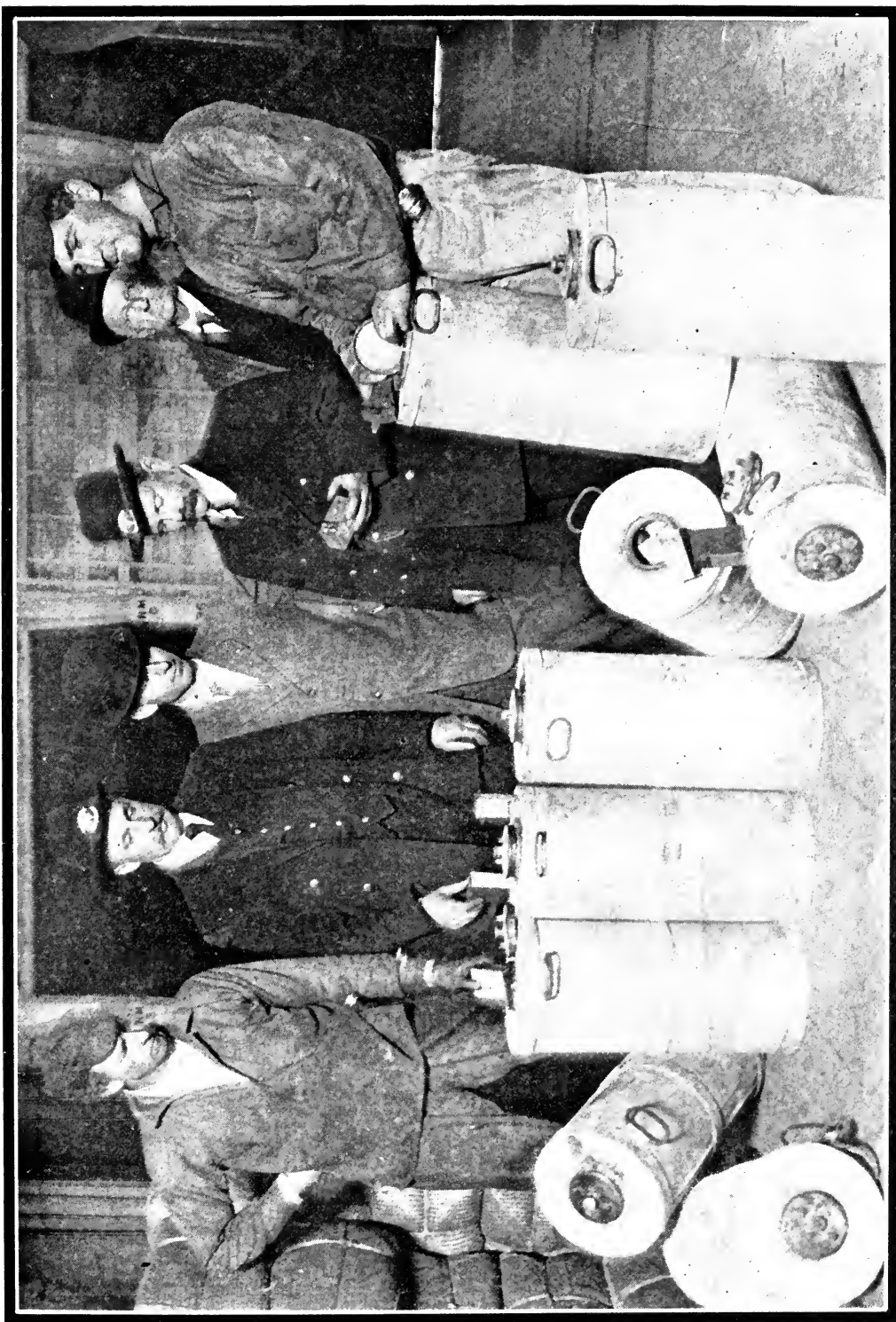
not difficult to secure. In members of crews of trans-Pacific liners the ring completes the link that makes possible the smuggling into the United States of smoking opium. The steamship companies make every effort to prevent opium from being concealed on their vessels, and to restrain their crews from assisting the smugglers, but detection is almost impossible.

The reward is big, the chances of detection small, and the crews—many of them—are willing to lend their services to the smugglers. In the Orient they aid in getting the contraband aboard the big steamers. In the Occident they stand ready to assist in landing the drug. But due to the watchfulness of customs inspectors, but little of it actually gets ashore. A certain amount of the contraband drug is landed, the officials concede, but this has been reduced to a minimum, as is proved by its great scarcity in America.

In former years, high duties were responsible for the existence of an opium ring. To-day the cause is the actual closing of all ports to opium importations. For many years the duty on the drug prepared for smoking was \$12 a pound, giving it a selling value in San Francisco's Chinatown of about \$18 a pound, duty included. In those days the Government was forced to fight the ring as it is doing now, for it was a profitable business to land the drug free of duty, sell it at a price lower than the regular cost, and still reap gains.

Uncle Sam's fight against the old ring came to an abrupt end in 1904, when the duty on smoking opium was reduced to \$6 a pound, cutting off the profits to be made by smuggling. In the five succeeding years, but few seizures of smuggled opium were made. Occasionally, searchers found small amounts of the drug hidden away on some steamer, but as far as the fight against wholesale smuggling was concerned, it was over. The opium ring virtually had ceased to exist.

In 1909 it was restored to life, how-



Nine cylinders filled with contraband opium, taken from one steamship.

ever, when Congress passed a law forbidding after April 1st the importation of smoking opium into the United States. As a penalty for attempting to smuggle or assisting in smuggling opium, the new law fixes the penalty at a fine not to exceed \$5,000, or be less than \$50; imprisonment for a time not exceeding two years; or both.

Almost simultaneously all nations of the civilized globe took similar measures to forbid the importation of opium, realizing its degrading effects upon society. China, too, has awakened to a realization of the sociological effects of the use of opium, and has taken steps to bring the poppy industry to a close. New laws passed to meet this end forbid the preparation of smoking opium in any part of the country after 1915, and compel a stipulated decrease in the industry each intervening year.

The United States law applies only to opium prepared for smoking purposes. Medicinal opium cannot be used for smoking. The raw product, by a boiling process known to the Chinese, can be refined for smoking, but the process is an unsatisfactory one and now has been practically abandoned. This makes smokers of the poppy juice actually dependent upon the drug in its state prepared for smoking—a black fluid of the consistency of molasses. In this form it is packed in cans known as five-tael tins, each about the size of the ordinary sardine can and holding one-half pound of the drug.

Perhaps no city in the United States has felt the effects of the opium law keener than has San Francisco, with her great cosmopolitan population. The scarcity of the drug is felt in the Oriental quarter, especially, where live hundreds of persons addicted to the use of opium. The price of the drug in that quarter rose even before its importation was forbidden, and customs officials, appreciating the situation, predicted an immediate revival of the opium ring. They did not have long to wait for the revival of smuggling.

On May 24th, the steamer Korea reached San Francisco from the Orient. Before the liner could be searched a stevedore was seen walking down the gangplank in a manner that aroused suspicion. Inspectors, ever on the lookout, searched him, and found eight five-tael tins of opium hidden inside the lining of his coat. He was arrested and tried, but the case eventually was dismissed. Search of the Korea revealed no hidden opium, but the inspectors waited patiently. Two days later the Nippon Maru came into port, and in the storeroom were found hidden two tins of the forbidden drug.

Next to reach San Francisco from China was the steamer Siberia. To the searchers the vessel gave up fourteen tins of contraband opium that had been found carefully hidden away in a storeroom. From the China, arriving a week later, were confiscated fourteen tins.

Chinatown, in the meantime, was searched for opium that may have been brought ashore from incoming vessels by ruse, in spite of the vigilance of the customs inspectors. The search netted 131 tins of opium, found in an abandoned trunk in a room of a lodging house.

The Japanese liner Chiyo Maru reached port on June 20th, and inspectors took up their usual watch at the dock, expecting that the smugglers would become bolder and bolder. They were rewarded for their watchfulness late in the night, when they caught two Chinese members of the crew sneaking from the pier with 42 tins of opium. The men were arrested and as a result each served one year in jail.

Now did the customs men realize only too well that the expected smuggling revival had come. Not a steamer arrived from the Orient that did not give up to the searchers some opium, nowever small the amount. Determined to play their part in the Government's fight to wipe out the smuggling ring, the searching squad scoured each incoming vessel with even greater



Searching squad of San Francisco, ready for work.

care than before, looking for contraband everywhere.

From the steamer Asia, the next incoming vessel, searchers removed 80 tins of the soothing drug. Seizures were made regularly throughout the remainder of the year. All records were broken, however, during the search of the steamer Siberia, which reached San Francisco on January 13 of the following year. Opium was found hidden in the storerooms, in the galley and in the boilers. Everywhere the searchers looked, they found tins of opium. As one searcher expressed it, after the work was over, "If a party of men had been directed to scatter tins of opium in every part of the ship that would hold a tin, they could not have succeeded better than did the would-be smugglers operating on the Siberia."

As is the usual custom, the searchers started looking in the storerooms, and there, in cases that should have held edibles, found tins of opium. In the coalbunkers, hidden under tons

of coal, were tins of the drug; in the galley were found opium hidden in the flour bins. They had searched every corner of the steamer that they thought might hold a five-tael tin, and were about to leave, satisfied that the job was finished, when one of them, in a streak of fun, lifted up the cover of the baby grand piano in the social hall. There were fifteen tins of opium. This was the first time in the history of opium smuggling that such a hiding place was resorted to. So the search was pressed further, and in a day or so, some one found several tins hidden in the steamer's siren. In all, 398 tins were seized from the Siberia.

From this time on, members of the ring took their greatest chances, it appears, at bringing the forbidden drug across the ocean, and therefore, during 1910, the fight against the smugglers was at its height. Seizures made during that year are said by officials to rival those of any twelve months in the days of the old ring.

In February followed two more

great seizures. One hundred and ninety-nine tins came from the Chiyō Maru, and 128 tins from the steamer Mongolia. From every liner reaching San Francisco, inspectors took off contraband opium. The smugglers, suffering thousands of dollars in losses each month because of the Government's fight, became more desperate and sought to devise hiding places new to the searchers. But it proved impossible to outwit the skilled searchers, and heavy seizures continued throughout the year.

On January 7, 1911, the steamer Korea arrived in San Francisco, and after the searching squad had finished with her, 795 tins of contraband opium had been confiscated from hiding places in all parts of the liner. The search of the Korea revealed two unique hiding places, never before resorted to by opium smugglers, which would be overlooked by all but the cleverest of the clever. One place of concealment was in the chain locker, a compartment extending to the very bottom of the vessel, and used to hold the anchor chains. Three searchers lowered themselves on a ladder to what they thought was the bottom of the locker. They turned their electric lanterns on walls and flooring, and all looked well. But suddenly one man detected a wide crack in the floor. A board was ripped up, and the searcher peered into a separate compartment six feet square filled with several hundred tins of opium. The smugglers had constructed a false floor.

The other place of hiding was behind the staircase leading to the saloon and trodden daily by hundreds of passengers. Searchers detected this place by finding one screw missing in the polished hardwood stair. This aroused their suspicions, and the step was pulled out, with the result that scores of tins of opium were found carefully packed away under the stairs.

A night before the searching of the Korea was completed, watchmen at the dock noticed a small boat being

rowed toward the shore. Searchlights were turned on the craft, and several men were seen at the oars. On discovering that they were observed, they quickly pulled away and disappeared. But in the morning the mission of the mysterious oarsmen was discovered when a sack containing three hundred tins of opium was found on the beach. It probably had been smuggled off the Korea, and put in a small boat to be brought ashore by agents of the ring, but abandoned when detection seemed probable.

Customs officials were taken by surprise on January 28th, when a search of the steamer Pleiades from Salina Cruz revealed 95 tins of opium, cleverly hidden under the flooring of the coal bins and behind several false panels in the pantry walls. Here, officials observed, was an evident attempt to bring the contraband into San Francisco by way of Mexico instead of direct from the Orient, and thus catch the Government agents off their guard. In April two steamers from Central American ports were found to be laden with contraband opium. Since then, however, no further seizures have been made on steamers from these points, and the change of itinerary apparently was abandoned by the smugglers.

It was early in 1911 that inspectors made what they believe to be an important arrest when they caught W. J. Fitzgerald, an aged watchman, with a quantity of smoking opium in his possession. Search of his room resulted in the finding of many more tins of the drug. Fitzgerald had long served as watchman on the docks, and officials believe that he acted as a faithful agent of the ring for many years. He pleaded guilty, and because of his age was permitted to pay a heavy fine and go his way.

Another big haul was made on March 13th, when Uncle Sam's searchers confiscated 128 tins from hiding places on the steamer Mongolia.

During the two months following, no seizures were made, and it was thought that the smuggling ring had

been broken by the heavy losses which it had sustained during the two years of fighting. This belief, however, was dispelled in the afternoon of June 1st, when searchers, working on the American Maru, came upon nine cylinders in the forward watertanks of the vessel. Each cylinder was three feet long and contained one hundred tins of the poppy extract. Advance word had reached the customs officials at San Francisco, telling them just where the contraband would be found. The tip, it is said, came from a dissatisfied agent of the ring at Honolulu, who believed he had not been rightly treated, and saw this means of revenging himself.

So thoroughly had the San Francisco officials been advised as to the hiding place on the American Maru that it was a comparatively easy matter for searchers to board the vessel and make the seizure, one of the largest in the history of the treasury department. It had been said that fourteen cylinders would be found in the tanks, but it is supposed that the five missing ones perhaps were successfully landed at Honolulu. This seizure, alone, amounted in value to approximately \$40,000.

A week later, the Tenyo Maru arrived at San Francisco, and before a search of the liner could be made, an engineer turned over to the inspectors 80 tins of opium, valued at approximately \$3,200, which he had found hidden in the engine room.

Thus the fight between Uncle Sam and the smugglers is continuing. For how long the ring can endure in spite of its heavy financial losses, customs officials will not venture to foretell, for the confiscating of thousands of dollars' worth of contraband opium has had apparently no tendency to curb the activities of the smugglers.

Now officials contemplate that the

ring, after suffering from the heavy seizures of opium from trans-Pacific liners will attempt to bring their contraband by hiding it on coast steamers at Victoria, B. C., and bringing it thence to San Francisco. Consequently, all vessels from the northern port are being searched with increased vigilance, and already quantities of the forbidden drug have been seized from these steamers.

"It probably will not be long before heavy seizures of opium are made on steamers reaching San Francisco from Canadian ports," declared Colonel Blinn in discussing the smuggling situation. "Two years of fighting with the smugglers has cost them thousands of dollars in opium taken from trans-Pacific liners by our searchers, and it is only reasonable that a new itinerary for bringing or at least trying to bring the drug into the United States will be taken."

The present scarcity of smoking opium, besides causing the price of the drug to rise higher than ever before, has brought about two results of national importance. It has caused an enormous increase in the use of morphine among drug fiends, for medicinal opium, which may be imported in unlimited quantities, can be refined into morphine very cheaply. But still more important, perhaps, is the attempt now being made on the Pacific Coast to grow the poppy from which opium can be extracted. Experiments in poppy culture which are said to be satisfactory are being made in Southern Oregon and in various places in California.

Should these experiments result in the beginning of an opium industry on the Pacific Coast, the Government will be called upon to face new problems, but meanwhile Uncle Sam is carrying on relentlessly his fight to crush out the opium ring.

BUMMER AND LAZARUS

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

A story of the two famous dogs of old San Francisco—the only dogs known to have had the honor of the freedom of any city conferred by the City Council.

*With her pride in the gates that are gold,
In her ears the wild song of devotion,
From her children, the new and the old,
Sits the beautiful Queen of the Ocean.
There's a pang in Bohemia's mind
While humming some olden-time ditty,
At the landmarks he never can find
In this new, this magnificent city;
And the throat of the old-timer clogs,
While his memory rakes in the embers,
At the vision of two common dogs,
With a friendship he fondly remembers:—
Old Bummer and Lazarus.*

*Here is memory quenching its thirst
With a gold fifty "slug"—ever see 'em?
And old Emperor Norton, the First;
Meigg's Wharf and the Cobweb Museum;
The "Niantic," "What Cheer House" and "Scaggs;"
"Woodward's Garden," "The Old Bella Union."
At the Plaza fond memory lags
With the worthies of old in communion:
But the wonderful thing on the coast
Was the gold in the heart of the miner,
For a friendship no other could boast
Was the creed of the old Forty-niner,
And of "Bummer and Lazarus."*

This "Bummer" was only a cur—
That's a dog who must fight for his living,
Denied even scraps, as it were,
From the surplus Jehovah keeps giving.
Tying cans to a dog will not fail
To prove him a coward who tries it—
Since he sneaks to the tip of the tail,
Far away from the teeth when he ties it.
Turn your lap-dog adrift, he will take
To the highways and starve for his shyness,
Where the much-abused cur dog will shake
All the pedigree out of His Highness—
Ask "Bummer" and "Lazarus."

Now "Bummer" was given his name
By a kind-hearted restaurant waiter,
Who will ever be worthy of fame
By refusing to be a dog-hater;
Though this "Bummer" got many a cuff
Yet he begged with tail-wagging persistence,
Till he won without further rebuff
The right to a simple existence.
Right here came the proof of his worth:
Having plenty, he could not be greedy—
Found another stray dog on the earth
And helped him because he was needy.
Thus "Bummer" found "Lazarus."

For he dragged him, all battered and bruised,
From the wheels of a truck on the paving
To a shed full of boxes unused—
'Twas a dog picture worthy engraving—
There he bore to his poor protege
Choice scraps from the restaurant table
And gave to his bruises each day

*All the medical skill he was able.
Thus Lazarus came by his name,
And "Bummer" was covered with glory,
For the newspapers published the fame
Of the two noted dogs of all story—
Called "Bummer" and "Lazarus."*

*Some imagine a dog cannot talk—
Has not intellect, instinct nor reason;
A sleeper to cumber the walk,
Or a nuisance to propagate flees on.
Far more likely the man is the dunce
When he can't understand the dog's diction,
Who is talking with both ends at once,
Never telling a lie nor a fiction.
To the waiter proud Bummer went straight—
With the one he had plucked from disaster.
"Here's another poor orphan of Fate
Who begs you to act as his master,"
Spoke "Bummer" for "Lazarus."*

*He was only a big black-and-tan,
While "Bummer" was shaggy and yellow,
With the heart and the genius to plan
For his nondescript, tail-sagging fellow.
Neither one from the other would part,
Though "Bummer" was vastly the brighter.
Each one had the big Western heart
And the pluck of the Golden State fighter.
And there wasn't a soul on the Coast,
From the hoodlum 'way up to the Mayor,
Who did not claim friendship, and boast
He had petted and been the purveyor
To "Bummer" and "Lazarus."*

*When the wise City Fathers decreed,
Every stray dog be forthwith empounded,
On account of the number and breed,
The citizens all were dumbfounded:—
“What? ‘Bummer’ and ‘Lazarus’ die?
Or even be robbed of their freedom,
When the God of the earth and the sky
Sends the bounty of heaven to feed ’em?”
Two reporters then worked out a plan—
A petition pathetic and witty,
Well-signed, which substantially ran:
“Give the keys and the freedom of city
To ‘Bummer’ and ‘Lazarus!’”*

*By reporters well-tutored before,
To the Council these dogs were conducted,
And thrust through the half-open door
And watched that they did as instructed.
Notwithstanding some Councilmen growled,
Wise ‘Bummer’ obtained recognition,
For he sat on his haunches and howled
Till they granted his modest petition!
San Francisco stands ever alone,
Of munificent bounty the donor—
And never has history shown
That two nameless curs had such honor
As “Bummer” and “Lazarus!”*

*This friendship so strangely begun,
Increased every day without lagging.
Whenever you petted the one
The other would keep his tail wagging.
Together they fed on the best,
Together they fought for dominion,
And whipped those who dared to molest*

Or growl out an adverse opinion.
And out of a friendship so strong,
There's many a man took the notion
Of helping his fellow along,
And learning the sweets of devotion
From "Bummer" and "Lazarus!"

When both of these faithful friends died,
Taxidermy kept them together;
And out of the window, glass-eyed,
They gazed on the glorious weather.
Close observers were said to descry—
Or was it an optic delusion?—
A tear in old Bummer's glass eye—
Perchance 'twas a flaw in the fusion;
But their faces implied discontent—
No matter how poets might rhyme it—
With the Paradise whither they went,
As not up to the old 'Frisco climate
For "Bummer" and "Lazarus!"

With her pride in the gates that are gold,
In her ears the wild song of devotion,
From her children, the new and the old,
Sits the beautiful queen of the ocean.
In her robe is the glow of the fire,
With the rose in her matchless complexion,
And her fingers are laid on the lyre
For the song of the world's resurrection!
While she bathes in the gold of the sun,
With the gold of the Ind. in her coffers,
No story of deeds she has done
Shows the kind, tender heart that she offers
Like "Bummer" and "Lazarus!"

THREE SEPTEMBER DAYS

BY RICHARD SILL HOLMES

THE VIEW from the summit of "Old Snowy Mountain" fascinated Van Buren Castlewine. Below him lay the all-surrounding forest, and its top was like a waveless ocean of green. Lakes gleamed here and there in it, looking like silver islands, and an occasional curl of smoke told of unseen camping parties, or of the cabins of woodsmen.

Castlewine was sitting near the edge of the cliff, now taking in the wonderful panorama, now reading from a volume of poems. Suddenly dropping the book: "The brute! served him right!" he said.

Castlewine's guide heard. "Served who right, Mr. Cassle'in?" he asked. "Who mought the brute be?"

"A Swiss hunter."

"What'd he do?"

"Killed a deer with his knife."

"How? How'd he git nigh enough?"

"Listen: A hunter on a narrow ledge of a Swiss mountain met a stag at a turn of the pass. The ledge was so narrow the stag could not turn back, and the man would not, but lay down on his back. The stag understood, and tried to go over, putting one foot on one side, and one on the other side of the prostrate man. When that animal was squarely over him, the wretch drew his knife, and plunged it to the hilt in the stag's body. Over the precipice went the deer, and over with him went the man, dragged by the feet of the falling stag. They fell over the rocks and through the bushes for fifteen hundred feet. The man was living when the rustics found him, but nearly every bone in his body was broken. You see why I said: 'It served him right.' He was a brute."

"Brute, Mr. Cassle'in? Durned sneak, that's what he was. But say! that chance was awful temptin'. When a critter gets hisself 'round whar there is a knife, thar ain't no tellin' what that thar knife'll do."

"Dave, would you do a thing like that?"

"Wal, I never was into no such place, and I never want to be. No feller kin tell what he'll do, or what he won't, until he knows. We'll find a place like that on the Swiss mountain goin' down, an' ef you cal'late to git down to-night, I reckon we'd better be moggin'."

As they were tramping down, Castlewine heard David Thornton mutter: "The durned sneak." A little further on, he stopped. "I don't believe it," he said. "Wouldn't no livin' guide do it."

"Don't believe what?"

"That thar yarn. Did the feller what writ that see it?"

"Oh, no. That's only poetry."

"Ain't no po'try true, Mr. Cassle'in?"

"Not all of it."

"What's the good of 'er, then?"

"Oh, it pleases some people; mostly them who write it, I reckon."

"Does it please your kind of folks to have lies told fer 'em?"

"Well, yes; it pleases those that like that sort of thing."

Thornton caught the humorous note, and laughed a little, laconic laugh. Then he asked: "Is all po'try lies?"

"No. Some of it is. Some of it is worse."

"What's wuss'n lyin', Mr. Cassle'in?"

"Wasting God's good time, instead of doing something useful."

"Wal, ef po'try's lies, ain't you

wastin' time readin' 'er?"

"Perhaps I am."

Once more they tramped along in silence. Castlewine was thinking of his guide and his moral notions, and David was thinking about the uselessness of poetry. Suddenly he said: "Is all lies po'try? Ef they be, they's been a lot of po'try made in my cabin. 'Nuff to fill ten books like yourn."

Steadily down went the trail until it reached the ledge that led across the perpendicular face of the mountain, making, as David had said, a pass like that on the Swiss mountain. As they crossed, Thornton said: "A feller could do it here, easy; plumb easy. The durned sneak!"

"But you wouldn't, Dave; neither would I. But suppose a gray wolf should come yonder. What then?"

"They wouldn't be no layin' down, Mr. Cassle'in. It would be dead wolf, or dead man; one or t'other."

Night was coming fast now. The mountains are high, and the daylight dies fast in late September at Indian Lake. A half mile from the cabin, Castlewine shot a brace of partridges, and as he handed them to Thornton, he said: "Have Mandy cook them for my breakfast, Dave, and tell her to save the best pair of wings. I want to get them mounted for one of my girls to wear on her hat."

About mid-afternoon of that same day, a party consisting of four ladies and two gentlemen had come in upon Mandy Thornton unexpectedly. The Rev. Dr. Hamilton Hood and his wife were elderly people. The others were Mr. and Mrs. Amos Towle, and her two sisters, Miss Germain and Miss Laura, both young and very pretty.

The arrival troubled Mandy Thornton a little, for she knew the limitations of her house. But she was equal to the emergency. While the party was occupied with the lunch, she speedily prepared, she removed Castlewine's belongings to a room she improvised on the porch between the cabins. She intended to intercept and notify him of what had occurred, before he could enter the house. But it

was dark ere he and David came, and she was busy with the supper, and Castlewine, on his way to his room, walked whistling and stamping into the presence of six rather pretentious-looking strangers. Politeness never failed this young man; becoming quiet instantly: "Pardon me," he said. "I did not know any one was here." Then he disappeared up-stairs.

In his room, the surprise he had felt in the parlor changed to discomfiture. "I've got to back out of this," he thought. "But where to? Where are my clothes?"

In the kitchen he found Mrs. Thornton, and before he could speak, she began: "You see, Mr. Cassle'in, you see——"

"Yes, I see fast enough, and what I see looks all right. What bothers me is what I don't see. Where are my clothes? Where am I to dress?"

Mrs. Thornton explained matters, and the young man went to his improvised room. Having dressed himself as the occasion demanded, he returned to the parlor. Ignoring the fact that no one paid the least attention to his entrance, he went directly to the elder man. "I must ask you once more to pardon me for coming in upon you so unceremoniously," he said. "I will explain: I had climbed the mountain to-day, had had a most enjoyable time, and was perhaps a little excited by it all. I was only just down, and was hastening to my room to dress, not knowing of your arrival. I am Van Buren Castlewine of Richmond, Virginia. I have been here for a month, and feel almost at home, so perhaps I may make you welcome to 'The Castle of Indolence,' as this place is called, as if I were really the host."

Now this elderly man was, as has been said, a clergyman, and somewhat rigid and Philadelphic in his manners. Who was this young man who was speaking to him in such an off-hand way, without an introduction? The good clergyman could not quite adapt himself to the situation, and Mr. Towle—seeing the turn things were taking—came over to Castlewine. He spoke

like a man of the world who knew what to do and how to do it.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Castlewine. Glad to accept your very cordial welcome. This is the Rector of our church, Dr. Hood. Let me present you to Mrs. Hood, and to my wife, Mrs. Towle, and to her sisters, Miss Germain and Miss Laura. I am Amos Towle, a lawyer, of Philadelphia. We all live at Ridgerton Manor, a suburb of Philadelphia."

Castlewine's courteous manner won him immediate favor with the ladies, who saw that he understood the usages of the best society, and a few minutes of animated general conversation followed. But it was brief, for David Thornton called to supper.

As they followed David's call, Edith Germain whispered to her sister:

"That youth from Richmond is somebody, Laura."

"He certainly is," was the answer. "Everybody is somebody, but I am glad that somebody is not everybody, for then this young man might be Tom Meldrum, your last, Edith, and that wouldn't suit me at all."

What Miss Germain said was true. Van Buren Castlewine was somebody. His father was rich, a member of Congress from the Richmond district, and a kinsman of the Huguenot family of Lorraines. His mother was a cousin of Martin Van Buren. He was a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, and had become acquainted with the Adirondacks during one of his summer vacations. He was as much impressed with the fact that these two girls were worth while as they had been by his appearance, and he made it evident to David Thornton by what he said to him after supper.

"Dave, I've changed my mind about those partridges. Have Mandy put one at Miss Germain's plate, and one at Miss Laura's for breakfast. Understand?"

"Yes. But how about them wings, Mr. Cassle'in?"

"Save the best pair, just as I said."

That night David Thornton told Mandy his opinion of Castlewine.

"That feller's about the best I ever

see. He kin tramp, shoot, row, paddle, an' he ain't afraid o' nothin'. But, Mandy, he's struck. He certainly is struck onto them two gals. He's goin' to give 'em them partridges fer breakfast. An' he's goin' to give the best pair o' them wings to that youngest gal."

"How do you know that, Dave?"

"Oh, I've been watchin'. He's struck onto that youngest gal."

"I don't know as I blame him. But, Dave, ef them folks stay here over to-morrer, I've got to have a bar'l o' flour."

"All right, Mandy. I'll git 'er."

* * * *

There were three guides with the Towle party, and of these Lysander Hall seemed by common consent to be the leader. Their supper was late, but guides never grumble. They sat after they had eaten it, on the porch of the kitchen, and smoked pipes, and Hall told them the story which Thornton had managed to tell him, about the stag and hunter on the Alpine pass.

"I don't believe it, boys. Not a hooter! But I'm goin' to tell it to Alvy Dunning, an' the fust time you git into John Holland's at Blue Mountain, ef Alvy's thar, ask him ef he ever heern about a feller stabbin' a stag on a mountain pass. I'll bet you a bar skin that he sez he done 'er right here on 'Snowy.'"

"Wal, ef he does," said John Pike, "I'll tell him that I done that ere stunt too, only thar was two deer, one comin' one way, an' t'other, t'other, an' I lay down fer both on 'em, an' killed both on 'em, an' see 'em both go over the cliff. What you s'pose he'll say then, Lysander?"

"Oh, he'll tell another that'll beat yourn. He kin out-lie you, John."

* * * *

The guests of "The Castle" divided into two groups. Amos Towle and his wife, and Doctor and Mrs. Hood settled down in the parlor to a rubber at whist, while Castlewine and the Misses Germain took to the porch. It was the twenty-third of September, but the night was warm.

"Young ladies, have you ever seen a deer in the forest? A deer unconscious of the presence of a human being, and for the moment fearing nothing? There is no more beautiful sight on earth."

The girls answered together, "No." Then Laura asked: "Have you ever seen such a sight, Mr. Castlewine?"

"Yes, I saw that very sight this afternoon."

"Oh, how? Where?"

"Coming down the mountain. About two miles up from here there is a pool shaped very much like a spoon. It is probably as long as these three cabins, and half as wide. A little stream that flows out from beneath the base of a perpendicular rock makes it. I drank of the water. It is as cold as ice. Did you notice the brook down near the boat-landing?"

They both assented.

"Well, it flows from that pool. Around that little lake stand mighty birches, as if to guard it. Those trees are one hundred feet high, or some of them are. A wide mossy carpet surrounds the pool. It is the loveliest arena for a dance of fairies that I ever saw. I believe in fairies. Do you, Miss Laura?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Castlewine. There are no fairies."

"Oh, yes, there are. These woods are full of them. You would be transformed into one yourself, if you should stay here long. I never saw this place until this afternoon. As we came down from the summit of 'Old Snowy' we passed it, and I could not go by without a long rest. Oh, but it is beautiful!"

"Couldn't we go there, Mr. Castlewine?"

"That will depend upon how good trampers you are, Miss Laura. The route is five miles up, and two and a half miles down. Could you girls do that?"

"Why, of course we could, couldn't we, Edith?"

"Yes, if Amos doesn't say no."

"I was sitting by that pool when I saw the deer. I had a seat on the

moss, and was leaning against a big birch. David stood by watching me, disgusted because I stopped so long, when we should have been hastening home. But I could not help it. The silver surface of the pool, the soft light filtering through the foliage, the autumn coloring which even so early has begun to deck the maples, the shadows cast by the trees, the gentle whispering of the winds to the wood-spirits, and the balminess of the afternoon roused all the poetic in me. It was then I saw the deer. The wind was blowing toward us from beyond the pool. The deer came out of the thick brush on the further side of the little lake. It was a fawn coming to drink. She did not see us. She stood close to the water, with head lowered, when David moved. His foot cracked a dead twig. Up went the head of the fawn. There was one frightened look, and she whirled and sped into the thicket. That was a picture not soon to be forgotten, Miss Laura."

"I think that was an unwritten poem, Mr. Castlewine. I wish I could see a sight like that."

"Perhaps you may. There are great possibilities in the forest."

When the parties separated that night, two utterly unforeseen things had happened. Laura Germain had made up her mind that Van Buren Castlewine was the finest man she had ever seen. And Van Buren Castlewine was wholly in love with the young girl from Ridgeton Manor.

He went to his porch room, but was restless, and instead of retiring, wandered out presently, and down to a great flat-topped boulder near the shore. He climbed to the top of this, and lay down with his face up to the stars. He heard far out on the lake the cry of a loon, and ere very long the plash of oars, steady, regular, distant at first, then nearer, and when by and by the sound ceased, he knew some one was landing at Thornton's dock. But he was in no mood to care who the late comer might be. He was thinking of Laura Germain. Her face, her figure, her bronze-red hair were on

the air before him as if photographed there. He saw her eyes, like those of the fawn in the glade under the precipice, and he dreamed waking dreams of what the future might bring. He had already forgotten that a boat had landed when a man stopped by the stone on which he was lying.

"Ain't Mandy fixed the porch good enough? Be ye goin' to sleep out on this stun? You better come to bed."

"That you who landed just now, Dave?"

"Yes. You better come to bed."

"All right. Where you been this time of night?"

"Down to Hosey's."

"What did you go to the foot of the lake for?"

"Bar'l o' flour fer Mandy."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Down at the landin'."

"Going to leave it there all night?"

"No. Mandy an' I'll roll 'er up."

"Mandy and you? Not much. Come on: we'll roll it up." With a bound he was on the ground and going down the hill.

They were a half hour at the job, and then Castlewine said "Good-night," and added, "Dave, I want you to take your light canoe and paddle that bronze-haired girl and me up Jessup's River to-morrow night."

"All right, Mr. Cassle'in. Can she sit still in a canoe?"

"I'll find out in the morning. She looks as if she could do anything she felt she must."

"All right, Mr. Cassle'in. But what did you call her hair?"

"Bronze, David."

* * * *

"Think of it, Mandy. Bronze hair. Me to paddle him an' her up Jessup's. He's struck, Mandy. He allus seemed sensible afore."

"Is a man lackin' in sense 'cause he's perlite to a purty gal, Dave? Was you, when you used to come trampin' down Long Lake way to see me?"

"Oh, shucks, Mandy! You know I didn't mean no sech thing. I'd 'a

tramped from Dan to Beersheby to git you, an' been twice as big a fool as I was."

"Then you was a fool, was you, Dave Thornton, comin' arter me? Wal, I never told you I was a fool for taking you."

"Oh, sho, Mandy! We're talkin' po'try, both of us. Po'try's lies, Mr. Cassle'in says." Then that woodsman threw his arms around his wife, and having given her a hug like that of a bear, was gone.

Castlewine did not read his letters until morning. Among them was one from his mother. It said: "Abraham Lincoln has spoken in New York, and the whole country is talking. The South is furious. Your father says the speech will elect that—what shall I call him?—that nigger-loving renegade. Your father has read the speech and says it is one of the greatest utterances ever made against slavery. He says he shall sell his niggers and get the cash before election, and then he will be ready for whatever happens."

Disturbed though the young man was over that, one look at Miss Laura as they met restored his equanimity. He proposed to row the two girls down the lake, after breakfast, and he announced a program for the evening.

"Mrs. Towle, if you will allow me to have Miss Laura, who I think is the lightest of you ladies, I can persuade Thornton to paddle her with me in his birch-bark canoe. It is frail, but it will carry Miss Laura if she will sit very still."

"Oh, may I go in that? I was down at the lake early this morning, and saw it. May I go in it?"

"That is for Mrs. Towle to answer," replied Castlewine.

* * * *

The three boats which had brought the Philadelphians to "The Castle" followed Thornton's canoe, as about sunset the start was made for Jessup's River. Lysander Hall was in the lead of these boats.

Out of the lake, through the flags, into the sluggish stream, which no eye

of the visiting group had seen or suspected, David Thornton paddled his light canoe into the broad, deep water—banked on either hand by wide-spreading lowlands covered with flag and marsh grass.

The sun fell swiftly now behind the southern spur of "Old Snowy Mountain," and the shadows across the marsh were beautiful. Thornton's paddle made not even so much sound as would be caused by a drop of water. Almost imperceptibly, the colors of the autumn flowers blended into the hue of the grass on the marsh. High above floated broad, fleecy clouds, their edges touched with silver by the light from below the hills. Far over to the East a reflection from the crimson of the after-glow, gave a faint illumination to the sky, and the spreading forest made a strong, rich background for the picture.

Miss Laura sat in silence watching the earth and sky. Suddenly she said, "Have any other parties turned you out of your room?"

Castlewine answered: "Other means comparison. Do you think that your party has turned me out of my room?"

"But you have not answered my question, Mr. Castlewine. Have they?"

"If I say yes or no, I allow at once that you have, and how could that be? I was miles away when you arrived. You could not turn me out of a place where I was not."

"Oh, you evade, Mr. Castlewine. What made you run up stairs so fast, and then come down again so quickly? We turned you out, you know we did."

"I did not see you do it, Miss Laura."

"But we did. You know we did, and it was not nice, and I shall ask Mrs. Thornton to let us——"

"Shhh!" came a long sibilant note from the guide. They understood it to be a call to silence, and obeyed. A strong, quick, backward stroke stopped the canoe.

"Look!" whispered Thornton, almost inaudibly. Thirty yards away, where the river made a sharp turn, was a

spot of solid bank covered with grass, and between the grass and the water a beach of yellow sand. A spreading pine cast a shadow over the spot, and close to the water, with forefeet almost in the stream, stood a red fox drinking. With head down, and eyes fastened on the river, the creature was utterly unconscious of the nearness of human beings, nor is it probable that he knew there were such on his earth. His long tail lay straight back upon the sand. Almost imperceptibly, the canoe, headed up the stream, moved toward the fox. The animal felt, rather than heard, something unusual, and slowly raised his head. The eyes of the wild creature looked full into those of the girl. They thrilled her to the center of her life. The boat was not twenty feet away now. Then, very deliberately, the red fox whirled, and trotted up the bank, past the pine, to the edge of the flags. There, pausing as if to say good-night, he gave them one last look, then vanished.

Laura Germain's face was a study. She had never seen such a sight, and her whole emotional being was roused. "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful he was!" she said. "I would give anything to have him back there. How I wish I could have laid my hand upon his head! That was the most lovely sight I ever saw."

Castlewine noticed her emotion, but he did not comprehend its depth. How could he? He knew almost nothing about girls, and he knew nothing at all about this particular one. His reply brought a revelation of her nature for which he was unprepared.

"Yes. He was very beautiful, very beautiful, and I was glad, Miss Laura, that I left my gun at 'The Castle.'"

"Gun? You! Oh," and Laura Germain burst into tears.

* * * *

Laura Germain stood next morning before the cabin, ready for a tramp up "Old Snowy Mountain."

Castlewine came down the steps. "I shall be obliged to take my gun to-day, Miss Laura. There are wild wolves on that mountain. One will

not attack a party, but it is safer to carry guns. Gray wolves will not trot peacefully away like Reynard the Red of the evening shades."

Such was Castlewine's first allusion to the drama of the preceding evening, and was a half apology for the unfortunate speech which had caused the scene. Had he known girls better, he would have comprehended that those three monosyllables were an involuntary revelation of the feeling for him which had taken possession of the heart of Laura Germain. He did not know, but she, fearing that he did, answered with a shrewd admixture of brusqueness and sentiment that was intended to direct his thoughts into other channels.

"You must have thought I was a fool last night, Mr. Castlewine. Well, I was. But do you know, poetry, music, pictures always, almost, make a baby of me? No, of course you don't know, for you don't know me. We had all three last night. Music? Why, I almost heard the melody of the patter of the feet of that fox upon the sand. But I wouldn't have been such a fool but for the climax when he turned to say good-night."

That was the only allusion she made to the scene by the curving bank of Jessup's River.

"But you have not told me I may carry my gun, Miss Laura."

They were going to ascend "Old Snowy Mountain" that day, and David Thornton's appearance equipped for the start prevented her answer. David's first words made it unnecessary. "Lysander says he heern a wolf las' night, Mr. Cassle'in. You've got your gun. That's right. Come on! Lysander's waitin'!"

The tramp was five miles by the north trail, which led at first among gleaming white birches, and then through a belt of tall, dark hemlocks, and at last past the ash and birch giants that grew midway up the mountain. The girls were tired when they reached the top, but they found compensation, abundant and satisfying, in the wonderful view which burst upon

their eyes from the summit. Castlewine and Towle, with the two girls, sat down by the edge of the precipice where two days before the young man had read the poem.

"While we wait for dinner, how would you like a story?" he asked.

"That would be great," answered Miss Germain, "but it must be a mountain story, and romantic, too."

"Alright," was the reply, and drawing from his pocket the volume containing the Alpine story, he read it, adding as he closed: "Our path down will lead across just such a ledge. Can you walk it, Miss German? Can you, Miss Laura?"

"I can do what I must," she replied.

Then followed the story of the effect of his previous reading upon David Thornton, and of the guide's repeated utterance, "The durned sneak!" and as he told it, David himself appeared, and having overheard, said quickly, "And that's what he was, too. But it's time to stop doin' poetry, and to come to dinner."

They went in eager obedience to the call. And what a dinner! Did you ever eat one cooked by an Adirondack guide after tramping on a mountain trail, or after trolling for a whole morning on some lake? Potatoes roasted in hot ashes, chicken, trussed and spitted before a blazing fire, done to a brown; green corn prepared in the same way; bread made by a cook like Mandy Thornton, and pie! But if you are not a Yankee, you do not care for pie. But they liked it; liked all there was, and ate as if they had never eaten before, and through it all Van Buren Castlewine was charmingly fascinating. You men who read this know why. He was "struck," as David had told Mandy.

The four returned to the edge of the cliff, presently, and threw themselves down in holiday fashion. The girls chatted, and the men puffed at their pipes. Suddenly the Philadelphia lawyer said: "Can we talk politics, and not quarrel, Mr. Castlewine?"

"Yes. I'll not quarrel with a guest. That's what you are to-day."

"Well, what is going to happen after election this fall?"

"War, probably."

"Do you really think that?"

"Yes."

"Will you fight?"

"Yes."

"What will be the good? You can never win."

"Yes, we can, and will. There will be a severed union. There will be a Southern Confederacy, never a Southern nation. Sovereign States cannot make a nation. They can unite for a time by mutual consent, and can separate at will."

"But, my dear Castlewine, African slavery will be the corner-stone of that confederacy. Will you fight for slavery?"

"No. I will fight for the honor of my State."

"What? Against the old flag?"

"I love the flag, Mr. Towle, but I love Virginia more. If secession comes, as South Carolina already threatens, and Virginia follows that lead, I shall go with my State."

Then impulsively Miss Laura Germain spoke: "Would you, Mr. Castlewine, fight against the flag of your country?"

"Not if you carried it, Miss Laura."

"That is an evasion. I want an answer. Would you?"

"Shall I see my native State invaded by a foe?"

"It's time to be startin', Mr. Casslewin. Them gals must git across that ledge, one to a time. We've got to mog."

David's call admitted of no debate. Miss Laura's question remained for the time unanswered, but a time would come between these two when it would have to be answered. Each knew it, and each feared what the answer would effect in their lives.

As they came to the ledge, Laura said: "I'm going across first, Edith. I'm going to have something to talk about all next winter. You're the oldest, but you've got to wait."

Thornton took from his pack-basket a short rope, and said: "Wal, my gal,

ef you go fust, you're the fust to be tied up."

He passed the rope around her waist, and fastened one end to Castlewine's wrist, the other to his own. "Don't look down once, my gal. Keep your head up. Side-step when I do, and keep cool."

Half way across, Miss Laura called suddenly: "Stop!"

She set her back against the rock as they stopped, and looking at Castlewine, asked: "Would you? Would you have shot that fox if you had had your gun?"

"No, marm, he wouldn't. He ain't no sneak." Then the memory of the story came over him, and he added: "The durned——"

She did not let him finish, nor did she accept the answer.

"Would you, Mr. Castlewine? Tell me. Would you have shot that fox?"

"Miss Laura, I'll be honest. I was glad I did not have my gun. David said, when I read him the poem: 'Knives can't never resist temptation when a deer gets in their way,' and I am afraid guns are like knives."

"Then I am glad, too, for I shall not have to hate you now."

"Then you would hate me had I shot the fox?"

"I certainly would."

"And you wouldn't like to hate me?"

"I wouldn't like to hate any one. Hating people is not nice, especially people you don't know very well. Go on, David."

Having piloted Miss Laura safely across, the two men returned after the others, for the guide said he wanted Castlewine's help with Miss Germain. So Miss Laura was left in the forest alone. She should have remained where they left her, but she was young, daring, curious, and the trail was plain, and the forest beautiful. The distance across the ledge was not great, and the rest would be over very soon, so feeling utterly secure, Miss Laura went wandering slowly along the trail until at last turning from it, she entered a thicket, attracted by some brilliantly-colored autumn leaves. Then sudden-

ly, she was startled by a growl and snarl, and through the undergrowth she saw the glaring eyes of a mountain wolf. With rare presence of mind she stepped backward slowly and steadily, thinking the wolf would not follow, but to her horror the beast began to move toward her. Where were her friends? Why had she left the ledge? She reached the trail, then turned to run, but at once heard the plunging of the creature in pursuit. And now the hitherto self-possessed girl, frightened beyond all control, screaming and shrieking went racing for life back toward the ledge, conscious that the wolf was fast overtaking her. She knew she could not run upon the narrow crossing without falling over the precipice. She saw her friends, but they seemed miles away.

Then she heard David Thornton shout: "Down, gal, down! Flat down, on your face! Quick! flat down, I say!"

Obedying, she fell on her face; the next instant she felt the clutch of her pursuer, and in a paroxysm of terror, fainted.

Thornton's call and the sight of men made the angry forest scavenger raise his head. That was Castlewine's opportunity. He was in the lead of the crossing party, and dropping to one knee: "Steady, Miss Edith!" he said, then aimed. The risk was great. The head of the wolf was just above that of the girl. There was the ring of a rifle, and the beast fell dead upon the body of Laura Germain.

"That was a good shot, Mr. Casle'in. You oughter be a guide. Lysander couldn't beat that, an' he never misses. Don't be afeared now, Miss Germain. Thar ain't no more on 'em. Lysander heern this one last night, an' I reckoned we'd better take the guns."

* * *

"Can you make the tramp down the mountain, Miss Laura?" Castlewine asked, when, after a half hour the resuscitated girl announced herself ready for the tramp down.

"I can do what I must," she answered.

Supper was late at "The Castle," but it was good, and entirely restored Laura Germain to her usual self, and when after her two sisters had taken their seats for a game of whist with Dr. Hood, and Mr. Towle, Castlewine asked her if she would sit on the porch with him for a last chat, she said: "Yes I will. For I have some questions to ask that you have not answered."

So they went out into the radiance of the full September moon, two lovers in the shadow of the walls of the "Castle of Indolence," their love unspoken, but their hearts beating under the consciousness of its power.

"Your questions, Miss Laura. What are they?"

"Did we? Did we turn you out of your room?"

His first answer was a hearty laugh. Then: "Still harping on my daughter? Are you Hamlet? Am I Polonius?"

"Hamlet enough to prove that we did, whether you answer or not. See?" She drew from her pocket a neck-tie. "That was on the floor when we took possession."

"I'll be Mrs. Malaprop instead of Polonius," he laughed. "I own the soft impeachment."

"You mean you own this neck-tie. You wanted to make me think we did not turn you out. But you couldn't. I knew. Now, one more question."

"No, that's not fair," he replied. "It is my turn now. You may ask your next after I ask mine."

"Alright." Her voice was like music to him. She did not dream of what was held in her reply.

He looked into her face, and then in the moonlight she saw what was coming from his soul: "Laura, dear Laura!" He paused just an instant. She was trembling, but she could not stop him. "Laura, I love you with all my heart. My question is, will you be my bride some day?"

She looked him full in the face as she said very slowly and tenderly: "Van Buren Castlewine, I owe you my life. I love you with all the life you have saved. I cannot keep it unsaid. But I cannot answer you until I ask,

and you make reply to my second question."

"What is it, dear?"

"Should the South make war for slavery's sake upon my country, would you fight against my country's flag?"

He tried to parry. "This has nothing to do with my love for you, Laura dear."

"But it has with mine for you, Van Buren. I love you. How can I help it? But would you? Would you fight against the flag?"

"I must go with my State, dear girl. I can do no other. Virginia owns me. She is my mother. If she calls me to defend her from invasion by other States, I must answer."

"Then, Van Buren, this night, which might have been that of my betrothal, becomes that of my widowhood. I love you, but I will not marry any man who will fight against the flag of my country."

"Oh, Laura, dear Laura, recall those words! Take them back! They are woe to me. Are they not to you, also? Oh, how can you, how can you say them? Unspeak them, Laura, dearest. Forget you ever framed them even in thought."

"Do not make this harder for me, Van Buren. They have been spoken. They must remain so, unless you stand with and by—me. Oh, no! Not me. By our country and her honor. How can I say them? How can I break my own heart? I told you before we crossed the ledge, 'I can do what I must.' I told you that, too, when you asked me after the mountain horror, if I could tramp down. Now once more, Van Buren, dear, I tell you I can do what I must, and I must say, though I love you, No."

She was silent for a moment, then very gently laying her hand on his she said: "Van Buren, dear, give it up! Stand for your country, with your country. I will marry you any day you will come to me, and then will let you go to the war, if there must be war, though that would mean heart-break for me."

"Oh, Laura, Laura Germain, take it

back! I cannot be recreant to my kindred, my home, my very mother-land. I am captain of a company of cavalry. If Virginia secedes, that company will go with the Southern army, and I must go with it. To abandon my mother-State, with her traditions, and make cause against her because of longings for my happiness with you, would make me lose my self-respect, and forfeit your respect for me, too, some day. That sentence of David Thornton would forever ring in my ears, 'The durned sneak!' Oh, Laura, tell me I may go as duty calls, and when it is over, if I survive, I will seek you once more."

She looked at him for a long moment in silence. There were tears on her face. Then she answered: "No. I love you. Oh, to say it is sweet! But Van Buren, I love my country more. David Thornton's text will serve me also. I owe you my life, and I will pay the debt by keeping ever as I am, yours in heart and memory. I will never marry, unless I marry you, Van Buren. And I will never marry you unless it be under the old flag waving over one undivided union."

As she finished speaking, she rose and offered him her hand. "May I keep the neck-tie?" she asked.

"Yes," he said sadly. Then suddenly, with strong impulse, he took, not her hand, but her face between his two hands, and kissed her. "Just once," he said, and then went swiftly out into the shadows toward the forest.

She remained where he had left her, looking off toward the Eastern hills for a long time silently. At last she spoke: "This is the twenty-fifth of September. It is my birthday. I am twenty-one. My life has been saved and lost to-day."

Her sister Edith came out presently. "I thought you and Mr. Castlewine were here," she said.

"We were," was all the answer.

"Where is he?"

"I do not know. He started toward the mountain a little while ago. I do not think we will see him again."

"Oh," said Edith.

When Castlewine moved back to his room he found a note: "Yesterday was my birthday. I was twenty-one. It was my death-day, too. I have lost my life forever. Laura."

By the note lay a ring, which he had seen and felt upon her hand as he helped her across the ledge. He wrote in his note-book: "September twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred sixty: Laura Germain and I were married in heart at the Castle of Indolence on Indian Lake. We shall never meet again."

* * * *

On September twenty-fifth, Mrs. Edith Germain Meldrum made a party to celebrate her sister's birthday. This she did each year, inviting each time as many guests, less one, as was the number of her sister's years. The lacking one would never come. He had been killed on a Virginia battlefield. There was no doubt of it. Col. Towle had seen him fall, and at night, with his orderly, had found on the field the body of the dead man, and had washed his face. A chair was always placed for him, but was always empty at the Meldrum annual feast.

On this particular night the butler brought a message to Miss Laura that a stranger wished to speak with her. "He would give no name, Miss. He said: 'She will know!'" In the hall stood a man tall, straight, handsome. Laura had gone half the way toward him before she recognized who was this caller.

Then, stopping, she cried: "You! You! You!" She could say no more, and would have fallen but for his quick, supporting arm.

"Perhaps I should have sent my name," he said, apologetically.

"No, Colonel Castlewine, this is better," she replied.

"Laura, I am not Colonel Castlewine. I am Van Buren Castlewine of Old Snowy Mountain. This——"

"They told me you were dead, killed two years ago at Petersburg, Colonel——"

"Not Colonel! Oh, don't you know, Laura! Don't you know? The nightmare is gone. The horrors are past.

This is September twenty-fifth, your anniversary, our anniversary. I am a loyal citizen of the great Republic now. My debt to my State is paid. The question of a national union is forever settled. Your flag is my flag. Your country is my country forevermore, and Laura I have come for what you know is mine."

"Yes, I know," she answered, "and I will keep my promise."

He drew from his pocket the ring she had left at the "Castle."

"Laura, this was in my pocket when I fell at Petersburg. Shall it be our betrothal ring?"

"Yes, dear," she said as he placed it on the hand from which it had been gone for six long years.

The vacant chair at the Meldrum table was filled presently. As Laura led the unexpected guest into the dining room she said: "Amos, this is Col. Castlewine whom you saw killed at Petersburg."

The two men clasped hands, and looked at each other, each too deeply moved to speak. At last Colonel Towle found his voice. "Alive? Is it true? I saw you fall that day. I saw you again that night on the field."

"Yes, I know. You thought I was dead, but I was not. I recognized you and I thought as you bent over me, 'I can kill one more foe,' and my right hand grasped my pistol. Then out of memory came an echo of 'Old Snowy Mountain,' 'The durned sneak!' It was like the sound of a voice, and in the sudden revulsion of feeling, I fainted once more. Some negroes, before morning, found me and carried me away. That is my story."

* * * *

The happiest, cheeriest old couple in Ridgerton Manor are Colonel and Mrs. Castlewine. Their home is the most beautiful in the suburb. There are grandchildren there, too, and every year at Christmas there is a great celebration, for Christmas is the day when, forty years ago, Grandfather and Grandmother Castlewine were married.

A FEMALE ROBINSON CRUSOE

A True Tale of the Santa Barbara Islands

BY O. M. PAUL

IN SOLITUDE and utter loneliness a bleak sentinel on the vast stretches of the Pacific Ocean, with no sound save the roar of the seething breakers as they play in wild abandon on its rugged cliffs the farthest outpost of the shores of Southern California, lies the little island of San Nicholas, some thirty miles beyond its nearest neighbor. With this and a few others, the whole group comprises the Santa Barbara Islands. At one time they were quite rich in seals, sea otters and abalone shells, but now they are sparsely settled and rarely a wanderer drifts to San Nicholas Island. However, it was not always uninhabited. At the time of the discovery of California all the islands were quite thickly populated. The people were a superior race, with white skin, light hair and rosy cheeks. As the early settlers coming from Europe increased, the native population fell off. A few years later, Franciscan monks from Spain founded missions in many parts of Southern California, first converting and then utilizing the native Indians. Some time later they brought the inhabitants of all the nearer islands in a body to the mainland, and in 1835 the entire population of San Nicholas, hitherto left in peace, because of its distance, was also transported. It was at this time that the event occurred which the writer gives verbatim as told him by an old English sailor on the water front of New York City, at the time reporter on a daily journal of the great metropolis. The story was substantiated by an old log-book in the possession of the sailorman.

One sunny morning in the month of April, of the year 1835, all of Santa Barbara crowded to the shores of the bay to enjoy the rare spectacle of a ship sailing out of the harbor. Even the pious monks left their customary employment in the garden to mingle with the curious throng at the beach.

The attraction was the little ship *Peor Es Nada*, a trim schooner of 25 tons, that had been chartered by two Americans for hunting sea otter along the coast of Lower California. Three months later, after a successful cruise, they entered the harbor of San Pedro, disposed of their skins, and at once set sail for San Nicholas. This in compliance with the commission of the missionaries to convey its inhabitants to their domain. Before the little schooner reached the island, the weather changed, and a fierce storm threatened. After considerable difficulty a landing was effected. As the wind increased rapidly, it was feared the ship might wreck on the jagged cliffs and the embarking of the natives was hurriedly accomplished. Immediately the vessel prepared to leave the dangerous neighborhood of the island to seek the safety of a sheltering harbor. At the very moment of the departure, one of the women missed her baby, which she thought had been carried on board by one of the sailors. Weeping and with heart-breaking lamentations, she begged to be allowed to go on shore again.

However, as it was now blowing a gale, not daring to lose a moment, as the least delay might cause the destruction of all, the Captain gave the

command to put off, assuring the broken-hearted mother that immediately after the storm, probably the very next morning, he would return. When the poor mother realized that her pleading was in vain, and the vessel was leaving the island, with a despairing shriek she jumped into the boiling sea. She was seen to battle with the breakers, then was soon lost to sight. Nothing could possibly be done in such an angry sea toward her rescue.

After a tempestuous voyage, the schooner reached San Pedro. There the San Nicholas Islanders, never to return to their home, were landed, and were distributed among the missions of Los Angeles and San Gabriel.

The captain was sincere in his intention to return to the island and learn the fate of the poor woman and her child, but the craft was needed so urgently for other purposes that humanity was forced to withdraw before business, and as the ill-fated schooner had the misfortune to wreck on the next trip, no possible means of reaching the island offered, since at that time the coast of Southern California could boast of nothing larger than a fisherman's yawl, and no one would venture in an open boat. Indeed, there was little hope that the woman had reached land, the indications being that she had been drowned in the breakers, while the infant, thus abandoned, could not possibly survive its mother; therefore, the affair was soon forgotten.

Not entirely, however, as among the monks in the mission of Santa Barbara was a certain Father Gonzales, whom the fate of the unfortunate mother affected very deeply. He spared no pains to obtain certainty relative to it; nevertheless, it was 15 years before he was able to find a person who would consent to go to San Nicholas Island and search for proof on the spot. A skipper named Thomas Jeffries, who had just had a small schooner built for himself, was guaranteed \$200 for the trip. Jeffries searched the entire island, and though

signs of human habitation were not lacking, for he found a hut of whale-bone, a number of stone utensils, some of which, among them a beautiful cup of serpentine, he took with him, he discovered nothing that would lead to the belief the woman was alive and on the island.

On his return, San Nicholas Island was again a favorite subject, and not long after a second expedition sailed for it, though with a different object. Jeffries had related of having seen, outside of numerous foxes and wild dogs, an almost inconceivable amount of seals and sea otters. His description aroused the intense interest of a number of hunters, so the following spring a small party under the leadership of Captain George Nidiver, and accompanied by Jeffries, set sail for the island. Arriving there they anchored at the southern end. Climbing to the top of the cliffs, they had a magnificent view of the endless stretches of the ocean, horizon to horizon. But neither the grandeur of the water nor the wild beauty of the island produced the effect that the many rocks did, literally covered with black seals and the numberless fissures alive with otter. Scarce taking time to erect suitable tents, the men began the slaughter. For six weeks they remained on the prolific shores, employing the entire time with seal killing and otter trapping.

They had neither the time nor inclination to explore the interior of the island, a spring bubbling out of an adjacent rock furnished sufficient fresh water, everything else having been provided beforehand.

At one time during the last few days of their stay, while resting because of a severe storm, one of the men claimed to have seen on a distant exposed rock far in the interior, a woman's figure, which appeared to run back and forth and to try to hail him. When in response to the man's shouting the captain came, the figure had disappeared. In Santa Barbara, on the arrival of the party, the story quickly spread, and the ghost of San Nicholas was for a

long time a favorite topic among the superstitious.

In July, another party left the island with Captain Nidiver again at the helm. Among them was a certain Charles Detman, a fisherman known as Charley Brown, an Irish cook, also a number of Indians from the Missions.

This time the destination was the northern end of the island. Immediately after anchoring, Nidiver and Brown started on a jaunt along the shore, though only for pleasure. The night being warm and the full moon very bright, they wandered further than they had intended. Suddenly, Nidiver stood still, glanced about in all directions, then knelt down to examine something that had attracted his attention. What he saw was the clearly defined imprint of a human foot. Eureka! the ghost of San Nicholas was real, the woman was still alive. On making this discovery the excitement of the men was intense. Without signaling to the rest of the party, they at once began search. They called loudly that they were friends and had come to help her. But although they walked and called for hours, they neither saw nor heard anything. The next day they found hanging on the limb of a tree a basket made of rush containing some bone needles, twine made of twisted fish gut, fish hooks of shell, and an unfinished dress of bird skins. Brown advised throwing the things under the tree to ascertain if they would be picked up. This was done. Further in the interior they discovered circular enclosures, constructed of dovetailed branches. Nearly clean-hewed posts had been driven in the earth, having cross-pieces high above the ground, on which were hung dried meats. Likewise they found dried fish and seal fat, stored away in crevices near the springs. Yet nowhere a sign of the woman herself. However, that someone, whether the woman or the child, grown up, had lately been on the island, was proven beyond a doubt. Searching for many days without further success, and the articles thrown out of the basket not having been

picked up, the foot-prints also proving to be older than at first supposed, they finally came to the conclusion that no living being existed there any more, and returned to the business which had brought them. In a few weeks they had finished, and were preparing for the return trip. Old Nidiver, however, could not forget the poor, abandoned soul. He proposed to the party that they should make one more search in every part of the island, to find if possible, at least, her remains. Refusing at first to waste their time on such a fruitless mission, he finally, though with great difficulty, persuaded them—and so now the entire party scoured the island, "seeking a ghost," as they said.

After several days, Charley Brown found the whale bone hut, in which lay several implements, but the grass around it bore no traces of disturbance. Climbing up a towering promontory further toward the interior, he discovered fresh footprints that were, however, soon lost in the moss. Going to the edge he saw his companions far below him. Coming back to examine further, he suddenly became aware of a strange movement at some distance, but could not make out what caused it. Gliding closer, as silently as possible, he soon perceived the head of a woman that just showed above the bushes. Carefully approaching to within a few feet, he saw what he had supposed to be bushes was the wall of a roofless hut, built of strong branches intertwined. In the hut was what appeared to be a couch of grass, several pots, a knife rudely fashioned out of a barrel hoop with a wooden handle, also a steadily burning fire, with some bones in the ashes.

The woman's skin was lighter in hue than most Indians, her features were very regular and pleasing, and her brown hair hung in thick braids over her shoulders. Talking incessantly to herself, her eyes shaded with her hands, she was gazing at the foot of the rocks. She had not yet seen the men below. Brown, fearing to frighten her if he called, endeavored to attract

her attention by placing his hat on the ramrod of his gun and raising it up and down. This signal, however, was seen by the men, so Brown by further signals, gave them to understand that they should surround the place and then climb up, thus preventing the woman's possible flight.

Before the men came up, he approached the woman and spoke to her. She started back in fear, seemed anxious to run away, but evidently changed her mind, for she stood perfectly still, then spoke to Brown in a strange tongue. She appeared to be between 40 and 50 years old, of sturdy build and erect stature; her face was also well marked with wrinkles. She was dressed in a sort of cloth made of bird skins that reached to her ankles, her arms being bare. As Brown's companions neared, she greeted them in a simple but dignified manner that impressed both the white men and the Indians. She then busied herself to prepare a meal for them from her scanty store, which consisted only of roasted roots. The Indians in the party spoke a number of dialects, but none could converse with the new-found hermit nor understand what she said. Made to comprehend by pantomime that they wished her to accompany them, she was at once ready. Her few possessions were packed into the baskets; these the men carried, she taking a burning brand from the fire, followed the men to the shore. Without hesitation she stepped into the boat, and thence onto the schooner.

Brown, wishing to save her dress of birdskin, made her a petticoat of a piece of canvas, also gave her a man's cotton shirt and a colored neck-cloth. During Brown's dressmaking efforts she observed him closely, and was amused at the way he operated his needle. Then she showed him how she first punched the holes with the bone needle and then drew the thread through them. Realizing soon, however, that Brown's method was speedier, she expressed the wish to sew in like manner, whereupon he gave her his needle, instructing her how to thread.

Her first efforts were very clumsy, but she soon became quite proficient. While sewing she told various episodes from her lonely life on the island as well as she could without the aid of speech. The poor, lone woman had from time to time seen vessels sailing by, had hoped and prayed that they would come and take her with them, and then had sadly seen them disappear in the far distance. Then she had despaired, and thrown herself on the ground, screaming in the agony of her abandonment. However in time she had become more resigned. On a few occasions men had landed, but in her fear she had always hid away until they were gone, though later she was sorry. If Brown had not surprised her it would have been the same way, but now she was very glad to get back to her tribe that had gone away so many years ago with the white people.

Crossing her arms on her breast and sucking her thumb with a sad look in her eyes and a pathetic hush movement of her arms, she gave them to understand that she had had a baby at the time, but when she swam ashore after leaping from the vessel she could not find it, though she sought everywhere. For days she had lain on the ground, wailing and weeping in her hopeless grief. Her food all this time was a few leaves of a species of wild cabbage that grew there. When more composed, she had managed by rubbing a pointed stick along a narrow groove in a flat piece of wood, after many unsuccessful attempts, to start a fire, which she was most careful to keep alive. On her tramps she had always taken a burning brand with her, and had never failed to cover her fire in the hut with ashes. She had lived on fish, seal fat, shell meat and roots. The birds, the skins of which had furnished her for the material for her dress, she had caught at night in the crevices of the rocks. Her principal dwelling place was a rocky cove at the northern end of the island, but she had also at different places built enclosures where she could spend the night secure from storms and wild beasts. At these

places she had also provided a supply of dried meats, hung on poles, beyond the reach of the wild dogs and other animals.

During the voyage home, a severe storm came up. The woman signified that she wished to calm the inclement weather. Turning her face to windward, she mumbled some words, and her joy, when the sky cleared, demonstrated that she ascribed it to the power of her charm. Just as the schooner dropped anchor in Santa Barbara, a wagon drawn by a team of oxen, rolled by, a sight that quite frightened the poor woman. On the other hand, a horse and rider were a source of delight to her. She affectionately stroked the horse, and proceeded to satisfy herself that the rider was not grown to the horse. Beckoning to her late shipmates, she described to them the wonderful spectacle, endeavoring to illustrate by placing two fingers of her right hand over the thumb of her left and giving them a swinging motion.

Captain Didiver's residence was the center of attraction for the many curious and interested people who wished to see the stranger, reclaimed from the dead. Even two speculative showmen proposed to the captain that he lease the woman to them, in order that they might exhibit her in San Francisco. But Captain Nidiver was too honorable to wish to profit through the misfortune of his guest, and refused all offers.

The poor woman manifested a remarkable affection for Nidiver's children. She caressed and played with them for hours. Occasionally visitors gave her small presents, which as soon as the visitors were gone she instantly distributed among the children, laughing and supremely happy if only they were pleased.

Through the efforts of the fathers

in Santa Barbara, numbers of Indians were brought from different missions with the hope that there might be one among them who could understand her language, but the hope was in vain.

The inhabitants of San Nicholas, brought over eighteen years before, had been sent to various missions, and despite all efforts, not a trace of even one could be found. The poor woman, helpless and lonelier than ever among friends, was sorely disappointed and heart-broken when she realized that none of her tribe was left.

The change of living also affected her health seriously, and in a few months she had become so weak that she was unable to walk without assistance. Every day she was carried in her chair to the front of the door, where, sitting in the warm sun, she scanned every passer-by closely, as if still expecting and hoping to see a friend. Nothing was spared for her comfort, even seal fat was obtained and prepared in the ashes as she had done, thinking the accustomed food might do her good. She feebly tried to show her gratitude, but she could not eat it. One day she fell unconscious, and although she revived, it was only too evident that her last hour was approaching. The good Madame Nidiver sent for a priest, that her protegee might be baptized. In her dying hour, with the dull gray of death already mantling her sunken cheek, this first ceremony was sadly performed.

Juana Maria, as she was called, needed not this first passport to the Kingdom of Heaven, for the keen anguish and the endless sorrow of desolation this poor suffering exile endured in her unwilling banishment, surely purged her of all sin. Underneath a plain, simple mound in the old Mission graveyard at Santa Barbara, in eternal rest, sleeps the last of her race in peace.

IN THE LAND OF THE SUN

A Vacation in a Region Famous in History and in Romance

BY ELIZABETH VORE

OF MY FOUR children, the oldest is a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, who, even after her marriage with the Prince, the one man of every maiden's dreams, continued to teach the little Mission Indians, even after the arrival of her first-born, a blue-eyed counterpart of herself, with an Indian housekeeper and nurse for the little lady, the young mother taught the dusky, Spanish-speaking little Indian children, in one room of her quaint adobe dwelling. Among them the one little white baby reigned supreme, a veritable Princess—for was not her papa the *Padrone* of the village, and her beautiful young mother *La Maestra*? Even *El Capitan* came to her father to ask him to write his letters, and removed his hat deferentially whenever her mother passed his house.

"You have not yet seen our baby daughter—come to us and spend your vacation among primitive people," wrote my children, and I went.

At a quiet Southern California seaside resort I left the train—and with it civilization. My young son-in-law, who had met me with a carriage, drove leisurely around the bend of the high sun-baked cliff, and a wide, irregular line of purple mountains, and flooded by the golden sunshine of a Southern California summer, while over it all there was that inexplicable fascination of this wonderful land of romance and history, the spell of which may not be described, but once felt may never be forgotten.

Our road led us through the picturesque San Luis Rey River Valley, and

presently we reached the old Mission of San Luis Rey, one of the most imposing in California. Much of the Mission has been restored since the earthquake, but at that time it was grey and crumbling—in some portions—with age. There were still remnants of the old cacti hedge, which had served as an ambuscade, when the Mission was in danger of being besieged during the Indian outbreaks of the early days, when the padres and their handful of faithful converts held the fort and found no peril nor privation too great to endure, in the establishing of a faith which was to Christianize a savage people.

After leaving the San Luis Rey Mission, we continued along the winding river to Pala, where is established the Pala Mission with its tower of silver tongued bells. Here the Government has established the Warner Ranch Indians, removed from Warner's Ranch, and has built for them a small village the houses of which are little more than wickiups. They are an unhappy, discontented-appearing people, not yet reconciled to the change the Government has insisted upon.

Seven miles more lay before us and our destination, and just as night was approaching, we saw the little handful of adobe houses huddling up at the very foot of the Palamor mountains. A loud barking of dogs heralded our arrival, and as we pulled up in front of a long, quaint adobe house, *La Maestra* appeared in the doorway, her slender, daintily-gowned figure outlined against the candle-light within.

In another moment she was in her

mother's arms, and I was led into an inner room. The low ceiling and the gray adobe of the walls caught fantastic shadows from the wide stone fireplace, where some eucalyptus logs were sputtering—for even in summer the evenings are cool. Opposite the fireplace stood a white-draped crib, the dimity curtains were parted by my daughter's slender hand, and the blue eyes of my first grandchild smiled a welcome.

"Oh, mother—isn't the baby sweet?" whispered the young mother, tremulously.

Of course I told her that there never was a sweeter baby unless it was the one I held against my breast a little more than twenty-one years before.

"Senora!" said a musical voice behind us, "it is a girl."

I turned, to see a majestic old Indian woman who stood regarding the baby with eyes glistening with pride.

"This is Incarcione, the baby's nurse," said my daughter, and added smiling, "She has brought up seven sons of her own, and five adopted sons, and is inclined to look with favor upon a girl—as at least an innovation."

No wonder, I thought, to the mother of ten sons a girl must be a novelty.

Presently dinner was announced, and I was hungry enough to do justice to it. There was roast quail, trout from the mountain stream, green peas, *tortillas* and *frijoles*. There was mountain honey from a neighboring bee ranch, and fruit from the trading post in Pala. *La Maestra*, my daughter, had brought ferns and flowers from the canyon with her own fair hands to decorate the table in honor of the dear mother.

The days which followed were like a dream. Fortunately for me, it was the season of the Indian *La Fiesta*, which is far more wonderful than the Spanish festival of similar character, as it combines the Mexican games and customs with many of the ancient Indian rites, now rapidly disappearing. Among them was the famous Feather dance, a weird religious rite, which was performed by the aged Pagan

Priest, the most noted "Medicine Man" of Southern California, who has since been gathered to his fathers.

The fiesta lasted three days, and afterward the village settled down to its usual quiet. The Pauma Indians are an innately courteous people, contented and happy in their families and ready to offer the best the village affords to the stranger within their gates. In my honor, the women came with pans of green peas from their gardens, the men brought quail and trout. One fine day my young son-in-law took me trout fishing. I came home after climbing mid-stream from boulder to boulder to the very head of the canyon, with five trout as a result of my first day's trout-fishing.

In the evening two stalwart young Indians, in Mexican costume which most of the men wear, came in with guitar and violin and played, while my daughter and her Prince danced the pretty Spanish dances.

The next morning I said good-bye to this courteous, dark-faced people, with a swift moisture in my eyes—and many a backward glance, I rode reluctantly away with my daughter, the small Princess and her papa, for Elsinore.

The day was perfect, and the road more picturesque as we advanced; we passed through the famous Semecula Canyon, the grandeur of which defies description. On every side towering to dizzy heights were pillars and turrets of solid rock, hewn by Nature's hand into fantastic shapes. The road wound round and round these castles of stone, only to meet other battlements of greater magnitude. Yet in all this vast solitude of magnificent grandeur, no sign of human habitation or sound of human footsteps. A squirrel twittered from far up a rocky incline—the only thing that redeemed the solemnity of the impressive solitude. It was with a feeling of awe that we left the canyon and came out into the smiling valley glowing with the gold of acres of poppies under a noonday sun.

We visited a sheep-shearing on the way, and for a short time watched the

Indians at their work. A little further on the road was the rambling town of Ramona—a meagre hamlet of dingy houses. And this was Ramona—land famous in story and history. From the entrance of the Semecula Canyon to the weather-stained houses of the small town, there is woven for the wayfarer a spell, the charm of which may not be described in story or in song.

Late in the afternoon we saw the blue waters of Lake Elsinore. On the shore, overlooking the lake, is the quiet town. A little later we drove up in front of a vine-wreathed cottage. I had traveled by carriage from the sea to Lake Elsinore a distance of nearly a hundred miles.

"You have returned to civilization, mamma," said my daughter laughing.

"Did I only dream of a sun-kissed stretch of *mesa* in the shadow of majestic mountains? Of a quaint village of adobe houses, of dusky-faced people, with soft, melodious voices? Of the notes of violin and guitar, and sweet Spanish music? Tell me—did I only dream of a wild spot of untold charm and fascination?" I asked, with a sigh of regret.

"If you did, mamma, we will dream it all over again to-morrow when we return to Pauma," said my son-in-law, and added, laughing, "and we will catch all the trout, too—you won't find any in the city when you go North."

Which was a lamentable truth.

JAPANESE TEMPLE BELL

BY SHIGEHYOSHI OBATA

Cavern of Melancholy so profound,
 Out of thy hollow never laughters leap
 To light, but issues an unearthly sound,
 That trembling penetrates the moonless deep
 Of night, and wakes to tears sick hearts that sleep.
 Over the watery wastes and barren ground
 Thy low, prolonged vibrations seem to creep,
 And on, on, seek the earth's remotest bound.
 What ancient witcheries in thee betrayed!
 Thy rusted breast were yet a mystery!
 Dim as the heavings of a distant sea,
 Faint as the pulses of a dying maid,
 Thy utterances wane, but never fade,
 Till wailings fill the vast eternity.

THE MENNONITE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY JANE MARSH PARKER

THE MENNONITE emigration to Southern California, which has been going on now for some five years, has attracted surprisingly little interest, considering the significance of the movement to the Pacific Coast. The emigration is largely from the well-established and growing Mennonite colonies of the Northwestern States and Canada. Of the two pioneer colonies in Southern California last year, that at Escondido in San Diego now alone remains. The larger and seemingly more prosperous of the two, that at Martinsdale, Kern County, was wrecked through worthless titles given the Mennonites for land in exchange for their farms in Oklahoma, Kansas and Oregon. It is hoped that justice will be done the defrauded Mennonites, now that action has been taken to have the deeds set aside; but the colony at Martinsdale has been abandoned and that at Escondido increased by some forty families or more through the disaster.

Not only has there been surprisingly little interest in the movement, outside of the Escondido Valley, but ignorance as to who these Mennonites are accounts for a prevailing impression in San Diego County that their permanent occupancy of the most desirable localities is a serious menace to prosperity. The history alone of this peculiar sect of religionists should save them from classification as undesirable citizens, difficult as their harmonious adjustment may be to most "worldly" communities.

The Mennonites are one of the Martyr sects of the Reformation; its roots

were in the Anabaptist revolt of the sixteenth century against the Church of Rome. The first Mennonites who came to the United States were those who joined William Penn's colony about 1683, in response to his worldwide invitation to the persecuted for religious faith everywhere to come to his haven of Brotherly Love. The Mennonites who then settled in Pennsylvania are the ancestors, largely, of the Amish of to-day—straightest of the orthodox branches—conservators of the early faith.

Mennonites of every branch are emphatically clannish; but none are communists. All are separatists—even to the extent of boycotting outside professions and callings when they can. Therein lies their objectionable feature as fellow-citizens. And yet with all their rigorous exclusiveness and sturdy aggressiveness they are a humble non-resistant people, and like the Quakers claim exemption from military duties "for conscience' sake," and from certain civic duties as well. Strict observance of the Sabbath is their marked characteristic, and severe economy. Large families are the rule. Anything like a display of the vain things of the world is contrary to their law of righteousness.

The Mennonites of the United States are Germans, or of German descent. A large proportion of the elderly folk cannot speak or read English. The young men, the leaders of this exodus, are of the "advanced" type, and likely to make the sect in Southern California a less peculiar people. They do not wear the garb that the Amish and other orthodox branches still re-

tain. Nor are they disinclined to friendly intercourse with "world-folk," taking some interest even in civic and political affairs.

The Mennonites could not have found in all Southern California a more desirable place for their new settlement than the Escondido Valley, famous for its vineyards, citrus groves, ideal climate, alfalfa crops and stock farms—for all that ample irrigation and superior soil can produce. At the heart of the valley, sheltered from the ocean, is the breezy little town of Escondido, rapidly growing, its population about fifteen hundred, and yet less than twenty years ago it was little more than a blacksmith's shanty on the San Diego trail. The future Pasedena of San Diego, it is now called.

When one of the young Joshuas of the advanced guard of pioneers was asked what would happen to the Escondido Valley when the Mennonites were the possessors thereof, he replied by telling the story of the county in Kansas, from which he came; how less than thirty years ago some four or five families of exiles had arrived from Russia (German-Russians) "and to-day," said he, "every civic and county office but one is held by a Mennonite." The office of judge a Mennonite might not accept—his faith forbade it. With the exception of that office they held everything worth holding. And why were they coming to Southern California? "For the climate," to exchange the severe winters of the Northwest for almost perpetual sunshine and out-of-door life. "Then, we are a missionary people. We can see a wonderful outlook for missions in California. When the Panama Canal is opened, a host of aliens, from Southern Europe and Asia, will be landed upon the Pacific Coast. Great steamship lines are already making preparations for their transportation. The Mennonites will be ready to meet an invasion threatening the future of this country."

The Mennonites of Mrs. Martin's stories ("Tillie, the Mennonite Maid," and others, portraying life among the

Pennsylvania Amish), are not the Mennonites of the Escondido colony, and yet the family likeness is pronounced. The sect numbers over sixty thousand communicants to-day. The admission of a communicant means that a severe ordeal of examination and discipline has been passed.

The venerable leaders of the sect bear marked resemblance, in their sturdy trampling underfoot, of the sinful world, to the grim old Pilgrim fathers of New England; and there is reason to believe that they, too, will lay permanent foundations for the good of the future commonwealth.

The many promoters of new town projects, which are cutting up big ranches into small holdings, look askance upon the Mennonite who, cash in hand, pays in full, as a rule, for the land he buys. "One Mennonite means more Mennonites," they say; "the story of the county in Kansas." Well, and why object, if good citizenship stands for anything? Have we drifted so far away from the traditions of Puritan New England that anything like a survival in the California Mennonites is beyond toleration, notably the keeping of the Sabbath?

To-day there are about eighty Mennonite families in the Escondido Valley, not including the Martinsville contingent. They are a thrifty folk, of the peasant type, the majority in humble circumstances; their homes are cheap cabins on small ranches, but paid for—or sure to be—as a rule. The men hire out as laborers often, as clerks and farm hands—the young women, even those of well-to-do fathers make good housemaids. The bankers of the locality will tell you that the most of the men carry bank accounts; that the houses they live in, the plain clothing worn by their wives and daughters, is no indication of poverty; but rather of increasing hoard.

There is no surplus of non-essentials for comfort in the homes of the well-to-do; but a Mennonite is never a public charge; the household of faith looks after its poor and needy. Caste distinctions based upon worldly goods

are condemned by a creed based upon brotherhood and separation from a "wicked world." Novel reading, athletic games, are sins for strict discipline by the church. Explaining why I could not find a Mennonite maid who had ever heard of "Tillie," or of one who would accept the loan of a copy. The little Mennonites of the Escondido Valley must attend the public school until the colony has a school of its own other than its German school, held for some three months of the year, and conducted along strictly sectarian lines. The attendance upon the public school is a rare opportunity for the general broadening of the little Mennonites; but one they are likely to be deprived of soon, as the opening of a Mennonite school is anticipated. They are said to be exceptionally receptive as pupils, alert and keenly observing, holding themselves apart, however, presumably in obedience to parental command.

There are large ranches in the Escondido Valley to-day, which for years were carried on at considerable loss, but have become good-paying investments under Mennonite ownership. The richest of the Mennonite ranchmen work like common laborers, only at longer hours; the female contingent of the household is a great saving in hired service, both indoors and out. Fine bungalows that were centers of social life have undergone a marked change under Mennonite occupancy. Tennis courts and rose-gardens, weekend auto parties, card parties and picnics have disappeared. "We don't favor the vain things of the world; we are plain," said a Mennonite maid, picking lemons in the late twilight for her rich father. "This house is vainer than it ought to be for us."

The Mennonite chapel is in the center of the flat, broad citrus groves, low bungalows, shaded by pepper and eucalyptus trees, chicken yards at every door. It suggests a meeting house that has run away from old New England, so marked is its resemblance to a common feature of the back country of the North Atlantic coast, only

that it is steepleless and more Quaker and Shaker all in all than Presbyterian or Baptist; its two doors, "male" and "female," the outward sign of the rule observed in the seating of the congregation, and the Bible classes which include all the attendants upon the Sunday morning service (beginning at nine-thirty.) One hundred can be crowded into that little chapel, and are sure to be at every service; a marked feature of the congregation being the majority seen of the sex notably absent from public worship elsewhere. These United Brethren keep the Christian year, as do all of the Mennonites, observing appointed feasts and fasts by faithful attendance upon the services. The Bible class teachers are trained expositors of Scripture according to the Mennonite literal interpretation and understanding of the same. The minister does not receive a salary. He must work for his daily bread as did St. Paul at tent-making. The Bible class teachers are his co-workers; two short discourses by one of them usually following the pastor's sermon. The shepherd of the Escondido fold is a venerable German, greatly beloved by his people, an exile from Russia to Kansas in his middle life, and now again a pilgrim in a strange land, but seemingly more than content, a sunny nature; an honored and recognized leader of the whole sect.

The singing of the congregation is a marked feature of the Sunday service, a fervid uplifting in the mother-tongue of old German hymns that have been the inspiration of martyrs for the faith. Strong, sweet, German voices, natural as those of the mocking birds of the valley. Another marked feature is the number of worn-out Bibles. Where else may worn-out Bibles, showing signs of long and thorough use, be seen in these days? Holding their closed Bibles as they sang, we "of the vain world" could hear the Waldenses singing in the hidden places of the Alps; and could understand what the spirit of the Reformation must have been. "I felt nearer Martin Luther

than ever before," said a worldling of a Mennonite service in the Escondido Valley.

As adherents to the literal interpretation of Scripture, they obey the command to wash each other's feet (that is, twice a year), as an act of public worship. Descended as they are from the Anabaptists, they are immersionists, of course, and denounce infant baptism. The Mennonite Almanac fills an important place in the Mennonite household, where little besides the Bible and publications of the sect are ever read. Their Almanac, with its crude zodiacal information, weather forecasts, lunar wisdom, and homely advice, is very like the Almanac of our Puritan forefathers, only that had nothing like the Mennonite reminder of the persecutions, the anniversaries of martyrdoms, the burden of every month. It seems to be the mission of The Almanac now that old things are passing away in the new of a happier dispensation, to keep alive memories better forgotten.

The United Brethren, it is said by one of their number, are now taking interest in public movements, even voting at elections—"Republicans, of course," one replied, when asked to which party they largely belonged.

Advocates of temperance that they are (a tipling Mennonite is unthinkable) they are not prohibitionists. They will never plow up fine vineyards and burn the vines, root and branch, as fanatics have been known to do in the Escondido Valley. They will raise the best of grapes and make the best of wines. Votes for women will never find a following with a class of women whose ears are closed to every whisper of a sinful world; and whose sex relations are precisely those of the American Indians—those of master and slave.

It will take but a few years in Southern California to work a marvelous change in the Mennonites, and in the women even more than in the men. It will take longer, perhaps, to advance the women because of their secluded lives, severed from all social interests

but those of their peculiar people. If the little Mennonite girls might remain in the public schools, if they might have access to stories like Mrs. Martin's, if they might read our children's magazines and taste the harmless pleasures of life about them, the present dispensation of the female Mennonite would speedily disappear. But the Mennonite maids of the Escondido Valley are not going to walk in the medieval footsteps of their foremothers "all the days of their lives."

"Wherever the Mennonites have a sure hold upon a community, the Christian Sabbath will be strictly observed" was said in substance at a missionary meeting in Southern California not long since, and for that reason, it was emphasized, there was cause for welcoming them to the Coast. A breakwater was needed against the incoming tide of foreign immigration threatening to sweep away what is left of the Christian Sabbath in California. The prevailing desecration of the Sabbath was charged, not alone to the rapidly increasing foreign element, but largely to the tourists for whose entertainment the Sunday of California has become what it is—a fete day—its amusements those that many patronizing them would condemn at home. "Have we not all known," it was asked, "church-goers from the East, who took in the Mexican bullfights and athletic contests as a matter of course?" "The bigoted, boycotting Mennonite," said one speaker, "is a counteracting influence to the Sabbath breaking tourist, as well as the foreign alien from Southern Europe and Asia. * * * The Mennonite is a missionary. As a missionary field he has chosen Southern California. Defense of the Sabbath has much to do with the present immigration from the Northwest."

The divers divisions of the sect are now disappearing. The twelve or more branches are being drawn closer together through a common missionary work, and an annual conference, when they meet as one body. Mennonite missions are already established and sustained in Japan, China and India,

with encouraging prospects for their continuous support and increase. The home field is carrying on mission centers in many leading cities of the Middle West—hospitals, schools and publication concerns. Two or more Mennonite Brethren set forth for Jerusalem when Halley's comet was within sight, hoping to stand upon Mount Zion before the second coming took place. They met the experience common with visionary zealots in Jerusalem. "Fleeced," their appeal for aid to the home brethren was not in vain.

Any fairly equipped reference library will furnish ample bibliography of the Mennonites, a subject of importance to Southern California just now. Is it a menace or a prophecy of increasing good, this immigration of the Mennonites into San Diego County? Does it mean progress along the lines of true American ideals or a blockade of undesirable citizenship? The history of the Mennonites in the United States alone is the best of help in reaching an emphatic answer to that question.

ALONG THE BEACH

BY A. H. GIBSON

Low-curving cliffs, sea-worn and gray;
A stretch of kelp-strewn shore;
A tender sky of turquoise blue,
With sunshine glinting o'er.

Dim sails that fade like fleeting dreams,
Where meet the sea and sky,
While near the rim of lifting fog
White gulls go floating by.

The restless roll of sun-kissed surf
Speaks ever to the land,
And mimic wrecks of seaweed dank
Are tossed on shimmering sand.

FOUR PAGES OF PROPHECY

BY M. B. LEVICK

THE CURIOSITIES of literature have had their historians, from the encyclopedic elder Disraeli to the annotators and paragraphers who twist the obvious to make Shakespeare predict the aeroplane or Pope the motor car. There is no taint of Mother Shipton, however, in these four excerpts. Therein lies their wonder. They are comments made in past generations on things and conditions which the present has come to regard more or less as exclusively its own.

Charles Lamb, Daniel De Foe, Thomas Jefferson and Walt Whitman are the four who speak to-day as well as yesterday—all at a great depth of sincerity, and with a charm of intensity that adds to their modernity—even Lamb, who could show a flash of cold steel when he wished.

These are testimony to the eternal present.

It was in the *New Times* on January 13, 1825, that Lamb published the second of the *Lepus Papers*, "Readers Against the Grain." That was before the great flood of printed paper had set in, yet his words might have been taken from the review the postman brought this morning.

"Every new publication that is likely to make a noise must be had at any rate. . . . The only loss is, that for the good old reading of Addison and Fielding's days is substituted that never-ending flow of thin novelties which are kept up like a ball, leaving no possible time for better things, and threatening in the issue to bury or sweep away from the earth the memory of their nobler predecessors. We read to say that we have read. No reading can keep pace with the writ-

ing of this age, but we pant and toil after it as fast as we can. . .

"Is there no stopping the eternal wheels of the Press for a half century or two, till the nation recovers its senses? . . .

"Farewell, old honest delight taken in books not quite contemporary, before this plague-token of modern endless novelties broke out upon us—farewell to reading for its own sake! . . .

"I will go and relieve myself with a page of honest John Bunyan, or Tom Brown. Tom anybody will do, so long as they are not of this whiffing century."

Less familiar, perhaps, but no less pat to the complaints of the Twentieth Century, is De Foe's discussion of the servant problem. Written in the London of Hogarth, at an economic period when his *Industry and Idleness* series could be taken seriously, this document, though glinting with satire, sets forth the lamentations of the housewife of to-day. Hogarth is, on the whole of our time no less than De Foe: the third plate of his *Four Stages of Cruelty* might well serve as an illustration for one of the darker pages of the writer.

Under the signature of Andrew Moreton, De Foe published "Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business," ostensibly addressed to Parliament. In the fifth edition of the pamphlet, 1725, he writes: "I am not against servants, but bad servants; I am not against wages, but exorbitant wages."

In it there are slashes at the employing classes, but beneath this satire lies another protest.

"Their (the servants') whole inquiry nowadays is," he says, "how little they

shall do, how much they shall have. . . . Thus many of them rove from place to place. . . . Those who are not thus slippery in the tail are light of finger; and of these, the most pernicious are those who beggar you inchmeal. If a maid is a downright thief, she strips you at once, and you know your loss; but these retail pilferers waste you insensibly. . . . Tea, sugar, wine, etc., or any such trifling commodities are reckoned no thefts; if they do not directly take your pewter from your shelf, or your linen from your drawers, they are very honest. What harm is there, say they, in cribbing a little matter for a junket, a merry bout or so? Nay, there are those that, when they are sent to market for one joint of meat, shall take up two on their master's account, and leave one by the way, for some of these maids are mighty charitable, and can make shift to maintain a small family with what they can purloin from their masters and mistresses. . . . And yet, if a master or mistress inquire after anything missing, they must be sure to place their words in due form, or madam huffs and flings about at a strange rate. What, would you make a thief of her? Who would live with such mistrustful folks? Thus you are obliged to hold your tongue, and sit down quietly by your loss, for fear of offending your maid, forsooth! . . .

"But the greatest abuse of all is, that these creatures are become their own lawgivers; nay, I think they are ours, too, though nobody would imagine that such a set of slatterns should bamboozle a whole nation. . . .

"This custom of warning . . . is now become a great inconvenience to masters and mistresses. You must carry your dish very upright, or miss, forsooth, gives you warning, and you are either left destitute or to seek for a servant; so that, generally speaking, you are seldom or never fixed, but always at the mercy of every new-comer to divulge your family affairs, to inspect your private life, and treasure up the sayings of yourself and friends."

Summing up, he makes two recommendations. One, based on the fundamental idea of the Roman law, *Jus Trium Liberorum*, is that servants faithful to one family for "many years" be rewarded. He cites "an ancient charity in the parish of St. Clement's Danes, where a sum of money, or estate, is left out of the interest or income of which such maid servants, who have lived in the parish seven years in one service, receive a reward of ten pounds apiece, if they please to demand it."

His second proposal is: "The apparel of our women servants should be next regulated, that we may know the mistress from the maid."

Thomas Jefferson's letter to Colonel Edward Carrington is frequently quoted by defenders of newspapers. From Paris, on January 16, 1787, he did write that he would prefer newspapers without a government to a government without newspapers, but the full sense of his meaning cannot be attained without the passage at length.

It reads:

"The way to prevent irregular interpositions of the people is to give them full information of their affairs through the channel of the public papers, and to contrive that those papers should penetrate the whole mass of the people. The basis of our Governments being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a Government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive those papers, and be capable of reading them."

These qualifications and the ideal—dissemination of fact—remained unshaken, as more than one reference in his correspondence shows. But Jefferson's real opinion of the press, written just twenty years later, came after fuller experience in days more trying than those that saw the establishment of the United States.

Of the four pages of prophecy, this is the one that fits this newest period most closely.

It is a letter to John Norvell, written in Washington, June 11, 1807, when Jefferson, in the White House, was struggling for mastery in one of the crises that preceded the War of 1812. This is what he wrote:

"To your request of my opinion of the manner in which a newspaper should be conducted, so as to be most useful, I should answer 'by restraining it to true facts and sound principles only.'

"Yet I fear such a paper would find few subscribers.

"It is a melancholy truth that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits, than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood.

"Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper.

"Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misinformation is known only to those who are in a situation to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day.

"I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow-citizens who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in the world of their time; whereas the accounts they have read in newspapers are just as true a history of any other period of the world as of the present, except that the real names of the day are affixed to their fables. General facts may, indeed, be collected from them, such as that Europe is now at war, that Bonaparte has been a successful warrior, that he has subjected a great portion of Europe to his will, etc., etc., but no details can be relied on.

"I will add, that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them, inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer to truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehoods and errors. He

who reads nothing will still learn the great facts, and the details are all false.

"Perhaps an editor might begin a reformation in some such way as this. Divide his paper into four chapters, heading the 1st, Truths. 2d, Probabilities. 3d, Possibilities. 4th, Lies.

"The first chapter would be very short, as it would contain little more than authentic papers, and information from such sources as the editor would be willing to risk his own reputation for their truth. The second would contain what, from a mature consideration of all circumstances, his judgment should conclude to be probably true. This, however, should rather contain too little than too much. The third and fourth should be professedly for those readers who would rather have lies for their money than the blank paper they would occupy.

"Such an editor, too, would have to set his face against the demoralizing practice of feeding the public mind habitually on slander, and the depravity of taste which this nauseous ailment induces.

"Defamation is becoming a necessary of life; insomuch, that a dish of tea in the morning or evening cannot be digested without this stimulant. Even those who do not believe these abominations still read them with complaisance to their auditors, and instead of the abhorrence and indignation which should fill a virtuous mind, betray a secret pleasure in the possibility that some may believe them, though they do not themselves. It seems to escape them that it is not he who prints, but he who pays for printing a slander, who is its real author."

And this when the yellow sheet was unbegotten and advertisements were a nullity!

Though less distant, Walt Whitman is no less iconoclastic when, in his Notes to the "Memoranda During the War" (1875) he turns on political conventions.

True, it was in the days of the spoils system, but the application remains.

"The Northern States," he writes, "were really just as responsible for that war (in its precedents, foundations, instigations) as the South.

"For twenty-five years previous to the outbreak, the controlling 'Democratic' nominating conventions were getting to represent and to be composed of more and more putrid and dangerous materials.

"One of these conventions exhibited a spectacle such as could never be seen except in our own age and these States.

"The members who composed it were, seven-eighths of them, office-holders, office-seekers, pimps, malignants, conspirators, murderers, fancy-men, custom-house clerks, contractors, kept-editors, spaniels well trained to carry and fetch, jobbers, infidels, disunionists, terrorists, mail-riflers, slave-catchers, pushers of slavery, creatures of the President, spies, blowers, electioneerers, bawlers, bribers, compromisers, lobbyists, sponges, ruined sports, expell'd gamblers, policy-backers, monte-dealers, duellists, carriers of conceal'd weapons, deaf men,

pimpled men, scarred inside with vile disease, gaudy outside with gold chains made from the people's money and harlots' money twisted together; crawling, serpentine men, the lousy combings and born freedom-sellers of the earth.

"And whence came they? From back-yards and bar-rooms; from out of the custom houses, marshals' offices, post-offices, and gambling hells; from the President's house, the jail, the station house; from unnamed by-places where devilish disunion was hatched at midnight; from political hearses, and from the coffins inside, and from the shrouds inside the coffins; from the tumors and abscesses of the land; from the skeletons and skulls in the vaults of the Federal alms-houses; and from the running sores of the great cities.

"Such, I say, form'd the entire personnel of our municipal, State and national politics, while the great masses of the people, farmers, mechanics, and traders, were helpless in their gripe."

1725; 1807; 1825; 1875—they are to-day.

DESTINY

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

The way of Destiny leads to its goal,
Resistless, thro' bewildering flight of years,
Unflinching as the sun and moon and stars
Upon their endless course thro' pathless skies;
Nor swerves from purpose by compelling fears,
Nor heeds the pleadings of a suppliant soul.

THE JEWELS IN THE ICON

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

THOU KNOWEST what thou hast to do, Ivan Ivanovitch."

"Yes, master."

"And thou fearest not?"

The boy shifted his feet uneasily. "No-o, master," he said, after some hesitation.

"Then remember all I have told thee and have a care. Remember, too, that if thou succeedest, there will be new clothes for thee to go visiting Sacha in, and money besides to buy a good farm with cows and pigs and fat, white geese—Siberian geese that smell so luscious when one roasts them—and a horse and a sleigh. And perhaps even a fine fur rug to cover thee and a *Moujik* to drive," added the greasy, little, old man, with a wink.

Every day for many weeks he had played thus upon the cupidity of the young apprentice in order to persuade the lad into undertaking a task which would benefit them both, but the jeweler especially. It was a dangerous enterprise, a theft, and yet far worse than any ordinary theft because it concerned such sacred things as the priceless jewels belonging to the holy Vladimir Icon which the townspeople held in reverent awe. That was why the greedy old man had so much persuading to do, for the boy would not consent until all the dangers of the audacious task before him had been cleverly hidden by a heap of silver roubles piled up before the eyes of his fancy.

After a while, when Ivan Ivanovitch got so that the bare little jeweler's shop with its narrow counter and its shabby show-case turned themselves at will into a sleigh and a sleek horse with silver bells, and his own figure in the dirty shirt and the leather

apron of the poor apprentice changed into a fine personage all in handsome garments and sable robes, the wicked old jeweler knew he could safely fix the day for the robbery.

For the last time, then, he repeated the usual question, "Thou knowest what thou hast to do?" for the last time heard the affirmative answer as the lad tucked his greasy trousers into his big boots and settled his fur cap well on his head preparatory to going out; for the last time wished the boy "good luck," as the heavy street door slammed behind the apprentice, and flattening his long nose against the little window panes, watched the sturdy young figure swing off in the direction of the Kremlin.

* * *

Under the Holy Gate, Ivan Ivanovitch stopped to cross himself absently, passed through bare-headed and mingled with the crowd which slowly made its way into the Coronation Church, the most beautiful of all the beautiful churches in Moscow. Vespers had already begun. The priests were chanting in their booming basses, which drew echoes from unexpected corners. In their long robes of cloth of silver they looked like angels. The youngest, a mere boy with a halo of golden hair, swung a silver censer, which spread such a delicious perfume of incense through the church that the excited nerves of Ivan Ivanovitch were pleasantly soothed, and he felt sorry when the mass ended and people began to move out. First, the priest went away with his fat coachman and his fat horses. Then, afterwards, the congregation dispersed slowly. He lingered as long as he could behind a peasant woman with a

baby in her arms. A friendly guard—a crony of the jeweler's—acknowledged his nod understandingly and did not try to hurry him out when he finally contrived to slip behind a pillar. From there he easily edged into a small side chapel, where he knelt down and pretended to be saying his prayers in case anybody came to look for him. But no one did. The outer doors banged to with a clang. The custodian set his seal on the lock and went away. Ivan Ivanovitch was left alone in the big church.

A thin moonbeam pointing through a stained glass window like a ghost's finger showed him the way to the altar, though, without its help, he could still have distinguished the icons by the flames of votive lamps hanging before them. By far the greater number clustered round the St. Vladimir, placed there by pious worshippers who had faith in the miraculous powers of the picture which the priests said had been actually painted by St. Luke. Ivan Ivanovitch remarked that there was no beauty left about it now except the beauty of glittering jewels, and he remembered how his master, who was a scoffer, always said it was silly to put jewels round half-defaced pictures, that they would be much better in the pockets of the poor.

The idea seemed sensible to Ivan also; yet he began to wish his master had come himself to put it into practice. Alone in that mysterious church, with the possibility of miracles all around him, he did not like tampering with the stones, and to keep his courage up he had to say over and over again to himself: "Never again will I have to work. I will be able to do nothing all the week, nothing at all. And on holidays I will drive about in fine clothes and a fine carriage, and people will look after me in the street with envy."

When he had said it for the tenth time, he found strength to pull from his pocket the little tool with which he meant to pry the jewels from their settings. But the emeralds darted little green fires at him like serpents'

tongues, and the diamonds flashed little white knives at him.

"In spite of what master says," he muttered, "I believe the picture wants those stones as much as we." Suppose he tried to atone for what he was about to do by kissing the holy relics? The thought came to him involuntarily, and he acted upon it at once as if impelled by some Invisible Presence in the old church. First, he stopped before the icon of the Angel Gabriel with the wreath of dusty artificial flowers round his halo; next he murmured a prayer before the Holy Virgin, whose hands and feet were covered with bits of mica that the faithful might not kiss the paint away, and last of all he made the "hundred step pilgrimage" around the relic chapel, kissing the misty pane of glass that covered St. Catherine's withered hand, St. Peter's thigh bone and many more holy things which were all together in a big case something like the jeweler's show case.

The old habit of prayer and adoration calmed his spirit so much that he was able to start on his work afterwards. But he did not linger over it. No, indeed. With surprising quickness all the jewels were loosened, and poor St. Vladimir denuded of flashing halo and brilliant *riviere*. Then Ivan Ivanovitch lost no time wrapping the stones in his blue cotton handkerchief and preparing to escape.

A little window, not too high above the floor, gave access to the silent square outside. He climbed up nimbly and broke the glass. Of course he meant to do it very carefully—to cut the pane with one of the stolen diamonds—but the stone slipped from his fingers as if refusing to be an accomplice. There was a clatter on the pavement below, and before he could do more than bow head and shoulders out of sight, a sentry from the old palace near by came running along to see what was the matter.

"What is it? Who is it?" the man muttered, in a voice hoarse from standing on watch in the cold.

Finding no one and hearing no fur-

ther sound, the soldier took up a position under the window and waited. Ivan Ivanovitch hardly dared breathe. Panic seized him. He simply hung there like a frightened bat, unable to move either backwards or forwards, until the sentry went back to his post to meet his relief and give warning.

The first gray light crept into the church like a soft haze as Ivan slid to the ground. Where could he go? He ran frantically from place to place searching for a safe corner in which to hide. To crouch behind a pillar was worse than useless. To secrete himself in the big throne of the Czar was to court discovery, for searchers would be sure to look behind the velvet curtains at once. Neither the relic chapel nor the altar offered him sanctuary.

Finally, in utter despair, he noticed the silver tomb of the good Bishop John. It had four pillars and an ornate roof that connected it with a screen of painted icons taller than a man's head. The top of the screen was enriched by carvings of gilded wood beautifully worked by pious hands. Ivan Ivanovitch climbed a twisted silver pillar, intending to pass beyond, lie down behind the carving and hide. But once at the top, he saw a hole wide and deep enough for a man to stand upright in behind the icon screen, so thankfully he dropped down into it, stirring up a cloud of dust as he did so.

Hardly had he settled himself before the heavy church doors swung back and an excited crowd of priests and officials entered with clanking swords and loud voices. They searched all day long, sometimes coming so close to his hiding place that the lad trembled as he listened to the agitated mutterings of the priests and the low oaths of the soldiers who peeped and poked unsuccessfully. The dust filling his nostrils, meanwhile distressed him greatly, yet, had he but known it, he owed his safety to the fact that the care-takers were not over-scrupulous about cleanliness, and had allowed the dirt to accumulate in out of

the way corners like his, corners the existence of which was now forgotten by every one.

"The thief must have escaped," soon pronounced an authoritative voice, which Ivan Ivanovitch judged must belong to a person of great dignity, because wherever it moved there sounded the soft clink of medals against one another.

By nightfall the great man's opinion seemed to have become general.

"Excellency is right: he must have escaped," the soldiers whispered, as they gave a last look at the silver tomb of good Bishop John.

Ivan Ivanovitch took heart at that. If they went away, even for a few hours, he might at least climb out of his dark, suffocating hole and quench the terrible thirst coming upon him, for he knew where there stood a samovar of holy water.

But his hope was short lived. Just as the soldiers and police were about to leave for the night, he heard another voice say. "Excellency, if you will allow it, I wish to keep a guard of my men here night and day till the thief is found. True, after twelve hours' search we have not found him—yet I cannot believe he has escaped—unless the saints have performed a miracle to protect one who robs them." And the voice laughed grimly.

So that was why an order was given for the guard to remain and continue their useless task of searching, searching, and from that hour the real torture of Ivan Ivanovitch began.

Hope died in his heart, a slow, lingering death. Physical discomforts increased. The smell of the food—the good *schi* soup with meat in it brought for the soldiers' supper—arose appetizingly. The fumes of fragrant, hot tea tantalized his nostrils. While he was awake, he kept wishing over and over again that he had left the jewels in the icon, and repeating to himself sorrowfully: "The priests must know what they're about. Master was wrong. Jewels are best in the icons, after all." When he fell asleep he was haunted by troubled dreams.

The money, the nice horse, the fine clothes in which he had meant to impress Sacha, gave place to long stretches of bare steppes covered with snow, and a dingy, iron train crawling across them. He saw himself not once but a dozen times, looking out of a window of that train—through iron bars. Then he awoke to hear the sentry, with unceasing regularity, pacing up and down in his heavy boots over the uneven stone floor.

The long hours of a second day dragged through more slowly, more painfully still. The world, as far as Ivan Ivanovitch was concerned, became one immense samovar. He fancied as he dozed, when the pain in his cramped legs subsided a little, that the Metropolitan of Moscow, the Archbishop himself in glittering silver robes, was making tea for him. But when he gratefully held his big glass under the tap, not tea, but a stream of diamonds and emeralds, poured into it. Again he imagined himself bidden to a banquet by one of the Grand Dukes whom he had so often envied. Servants dressed in rich uniforms were handing him goblets of the choicest wines, but when he tried to stretch out his hands to take what he so greatly desired, his fingers refused to move. Hot tears streamed down his cheeks at this disappointment, and his lips murmured, as if voicing their own anguish and acting independently of his will: "How much longer? How much longer?"

A third day dawned. Ivan Ivanovitch knew it was only a question of a few hours now. Obstinacy and fear fought against weakness, thirst and hunger to keep him from coming out to be taken, fought until sunset. Then the idea of passing another night with those saints on the walls above solemnly nodding their painted heads accusingly at him decided the battle. He knew he must give up, at once, at once, that very moment—regardless of the consequences. Maybe the soldiers would let him get at the samovar. Af-

ter that nothing would matter very much.

In his exhausted condition it was hard work climbing to the roof of Bishop John's tomb. Ivan dragged his stiff limbs so awkwardly and clumsily that of course the soldiers heard him immediately. One man quickly gave the alarm. He was almost as frightened as the thief, being like all humble Russians ever on the look-out for miracles. As Ivan Ivanovitch prepared to slide down the silver column, a second soldier ran up and pointed a gun. Before the lad could speak, a shot had been fired. The fading light and the excitement evidently unsteadied the soldier's hand, however, for the bullet went into the icon screen through the body of a painted St. Anne.

"Don't shoot," whispered Ivan weakly; "I am without arms. Only give me water—water." And with that he half-slid, half-fell to the foot of the silver column.

When he awoke, the soldiers were all around him. One had in his hand the little blue handkerchief containing the jewels; another was running towards an officer to ask what to do; a third held a cup of water to Ivan's lips; and a fourth, the man who shot the bullet, was on his knees in front of St. Anne, asking pardon.

"Poor lad!" exclaimed a compassionate voice. "However did you dare touch such holy things? Don't you feel you've richly deserved the punishment in store for you?"

"What will it be?" asked Ivan Ivanovitch with dry lips.

"Siberia, of course," answered another big fellow, jocularly. "But cheer up, you're so young. Only eighteen, you say? Why, that's nothing. Suppose you get sixteen years out there, you'll still come back a young man. In fact, you will only just have time to learn a respect for other people's property. So cheer up, lad. Sixteen years is really nothing."

But Ivan, thinking of his lost fortune, only groaned.

OLD CHINATOWN

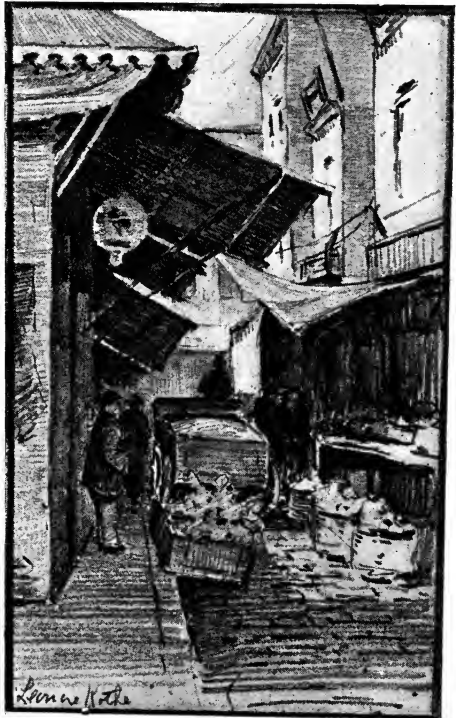
BY THOMAS B. WILSON, LL.D.

SAN FRANCISCO'S Chinatown of five years ago, the Chinatown that was the Mecca of tourists and sight-seers before it and all San Francisco were fire-swept and laid low in ashes of desolation, is not the Chinatown of to-day. The old gave up its life and being in the fiery furnace of the great conflagration, and the new sprang, as a youth springs, out of a bed of crimson coals and steaming cinders and reincarnated its old habits of Orientalism, leaving behind many of its pleasing and wonder-inspiring characteristics which are held in the soul of the past as a dream—a memory of bewildering enchantment.

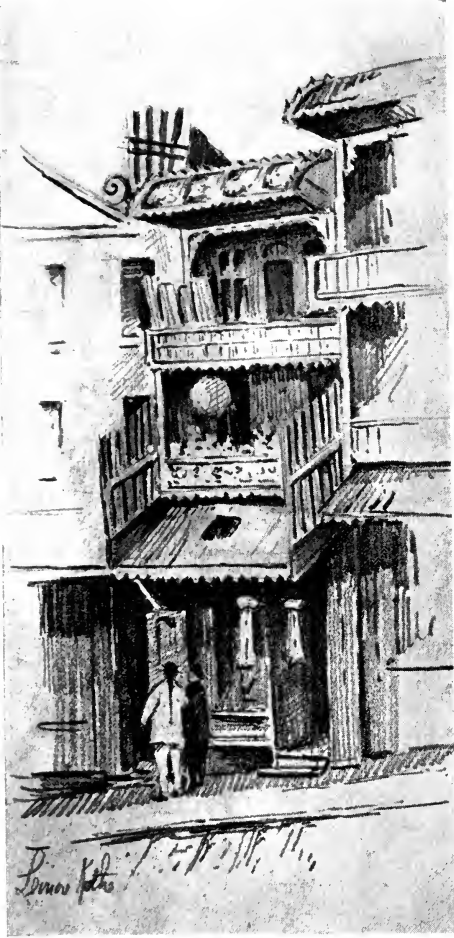
To the world-trotter the old Chinatown looked like transplanted sections of the cities and the rural life of ancient and modern China in inharmonious combination, each province contributing some of the best and some of the worst of its element—of its social life, of its art, of its mechanical genius, of its ignorance, of its learning, of its vice and of its virtue, of its pantheistic religion and of its superstitions. The merchant prince, the coolie, the banker, the peddler, the wealthy aristocrat, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, the lawyer, the loafer, the doctor, the servant, the educator, the vendors of merchandise and food products, and priests of Taoism and of Buddhism and of Confucianism, all intermingling and commingling and breathing a common atmosphere under the patronizing or benign smile of gods, many of high and many of low degree, from elaborately decorated niches in temples everywhere abounding, that had been erected to their glory and dedicated to their

power as regents of the temporal and celestial empire of the yellow flag and green dragon, the pride of Chinamen the wide world over.

But although the devastating fire-god feasted on the picturesque, the spectacular and the absurdities of old Chinatown, leaving only wreck and ruin, the noblest and grandest mark of distinction in our local China was spared by the raging billows of fire and smoke. Amid the ruins of it all, there, in Portsmouth Square, under the shadow of crumpled Joss temples, the fragrance of whose incense was wont to breathe the spirit of joy and



Fish Alley.



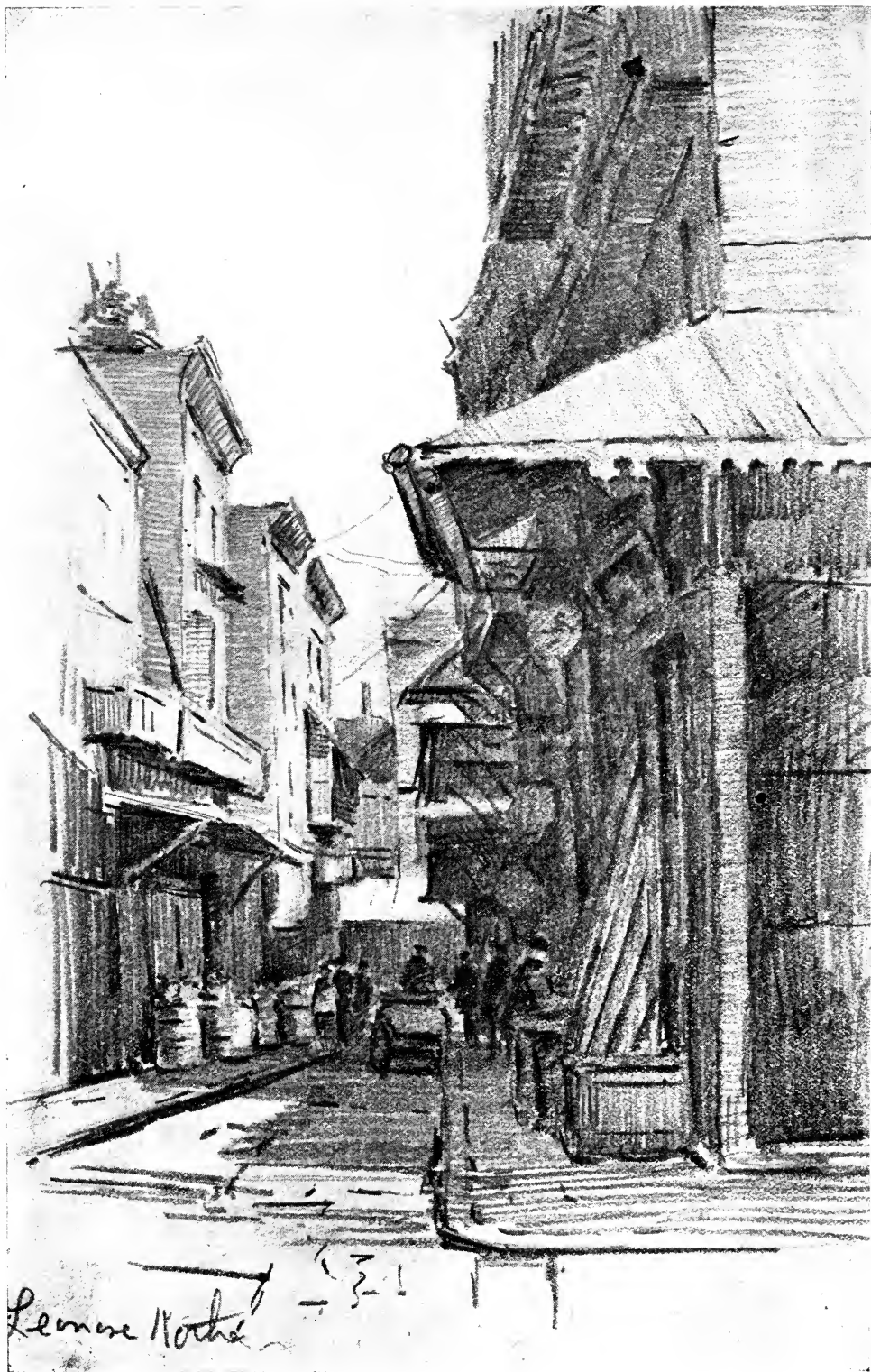
Restaurant on Jackson Street.

gladness from loved and revered ancestors upon the waiting worshipers, stands the Robert Louis Stevenson monument as it stood before the storm of fire, through which it came unscathed by heat or smoke, and will continue to stand in honor of a man whose spirit of self-abnegation opened his heart to all human-kind in love and tenderness. The new Chinatown clusters about the diagonals of Portsmouth Square, at the crossing of which diagonal paths is the site of the Stevenson monument, where, one might fancy, the hero of many a struggle for the betterment of humanity could look down upon peoples of all lands and of

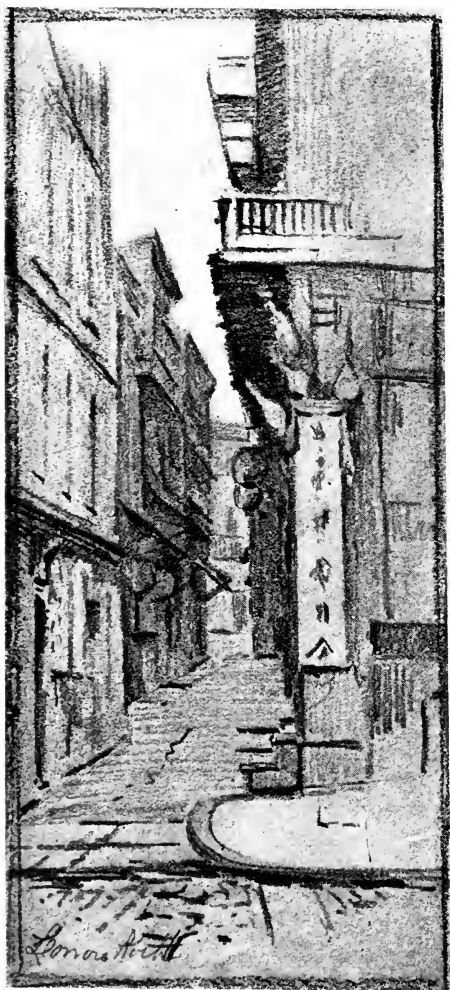
the islands of the seas as they hurried or leisurely wound their way across the square—a garden of flowers—whose nativity might be traced to where Stevenson's love and tenderness plowed deep in the fallow ground of brotherhood.

The Chinatown that was five years ago, with its more than 25,000 people, had its beginnings in 1869, when the ancestors of the new Chinatown's denizens came to the United States, practically at the invitation of the Government, to help in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad. They were welcomed to our shores because of our sore need of labor that could be implicitly relied upon. Since 1869, the influx of Chinese has been great, and although it must be admitted that the "yoke caste" laid the foundation of the first Chinatown, they were soon reinforced by the mechanical, merchant and manufacturing classes. It was this influx of the higher and better class—the educated class—that made the old Chinese quarter of San Francisco possible on the higher levels of business accomplishment. Nevertheless, let us be honest enough to admit that it was the coolie class which the Government now tries so hard to exclude, though they originally came at the invitation of the Washington officials, laid the foundation of all the Chinatowns in America, and made it possible for the merchants and manufacturers of the United States to increase their orders for goods and wares from Chinese consumers from almost nothing in 1869 to hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The basest feature of the human and national heart is ingratitude, and the urging of the Washington Government to exclude or kill the goose that has in the past laid and wants to continue to lay golden eggs for the people of the United States, confirms the despicableness of ingratitude, national or individual.

But to return to the old Chinatown of San Francisco. The "town" was composed almost wholly of more or less dilapidated tenement houses and



Fish Alley, seen from Washington Street.



Corner of Spofford Alley and Clay Street.

some of the tenement houses the upper floor was given over to grossly immoral uses. A number of the better buildings were given over to the priests of the several religious sects, and there incense was burned and the worst clanging and twanging of alleged musical instruments were introduced in the service to appease the wrath of angry gods and make glad the heart of watchful ancestors. The theatres, too, were provided with commodious quarters. In these places all the characters were men, women not being permitted to participate. The scenery was always primitive and scenic illusions were never allowed. The play was generally without plot—at least, seemingly so—and it often took days and sometimes weeks before the end of the final act was reached. But no visitor could help remarking the extravagant gorgeousness of the “make-up” of the actors. Scattered throughout the old town were to be found duplicates of every line of goods and wares known in the business sections of the Anglo-Saxon.

rookeries, ranging from two to four and five stories high, and divided by narrow alleys that were swarming day and night with the occupants of the houses, the first floors of which had been converted into stores, restaurants, shops and the like, while the other floors were used as rooming houses, boarding houses and hotels. Most of the buildings were provided with a cellar and a sub-cellar, in which opium dens, gambling hells and other iniquities flourished. Never was a rag of sunlight known to penetrate one of these underground apartments. In

The new Chinatown is in most respects merely a reproduction, and the continuation of the old, especially, in morals, the Joss houses, ancient worship, the nerve-racking music, the great variety of business concerns, the cellars and the sub-cellars, and the top story of some of the houses, are as of old. But the old tenements and rookeries which the great fire of April, 1906, wiped out are things of the memory. In their stead are seen palatial business houses filled with the richest products of the mills and factories of the entire Orient. But none of these improvements materially change the characteristics of the old town—of the old Chinese quarter. It is still the Canton of almost ancient China, merely transplanted to the banks of the Golden Gate, retaining its ever shifting points of interest and its occupations, its mannerisms, its follies and its vices, all of which have full play between the bottom and top of Oriental habit, fancy and custom. As in former days of the old Chinese



Joss house, Waverly Place.

quarter are to be seen the meat market, the importer of silks and laces, the saloon, the restaurant, the herb doctor and the "man of ease," and every other kind of business enterprise sepa-

rated only by their partition walls. While it is true that the new Chinatown presents a vastly improved and in some respects a more pleasing and inviting perspective than the old town,



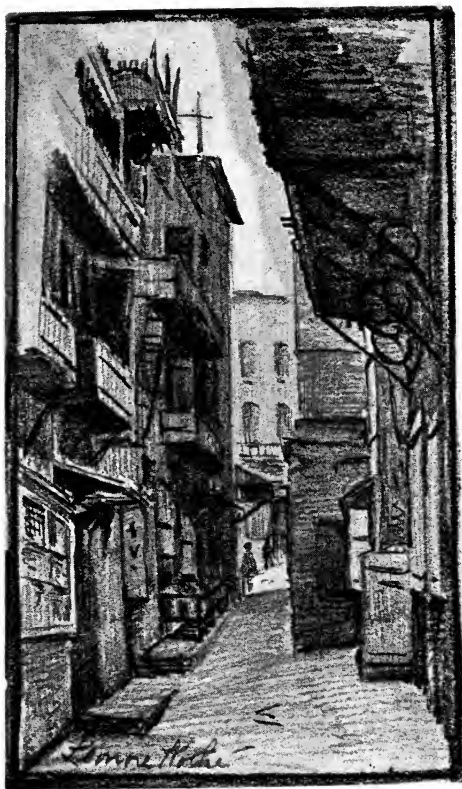
Leonore Korte

Club house, Waverly Place.



Shop on Dupont Street.

in many more respects it is the same old whited sepulchre, full of the curios of the under-ground as well as above ground, and the ever-shifting panorama of moving humanity from every nation, together with human pictures clad and half-clad in robes, flowing, gaudy and picturesque passing and repassing through curtained doors and through doors to enter in at which a professional guide's familiarity with the surroundings is found by the visitor a convenience and an advantage in more ways than one. About the only difference between the high life and the low life of Canton, China and Chinatown in San Francisco is not so much in variety as in compactness. There is more to be seen and left unseen to the square foot in San Francisco's Canton. But all agree that the most attractive presentation that greets the approach to Chinatown is the almost endless rows of Chinese lanterns in every known or imagined color and design, all brilliantly lighted and hanging from roof to sidewalk, or artistically festooned over doorways, verandas, store windows, joss houses and about everywhere else where room can be found for them, and between and intertwined with it all are yellow triangular flags and representations of the green dragon. It is when approaching the Chinese quarter after dark that



Spofford Alley.

the visitor is struck with the intense and positive Orientalism of the surroundings.

WOODLAND LOVERS

BY LUCIA E. SMITH

The dying summer's breath, sweet scented, prayed
 For happy hearts encouraged in the shade;
 So Indian summer, with the balmiest days,
 Extends the limit of the season's plays.
 The rustling leaves, down-dropping to the feet,
 Whisper that days are flying, heedless one!
 The crisp dry bits beneath your steps repeat;
 "Be warned, for soon will woody days be gone.
 So bind your hearts while still is fragrance shed,
 That, in the rain and chill, when sunshine's fled,
 You may be cheered by love, and then recall
 The tender woods, and that charmed scene of all."

WHERE THE WORLD-FAMOUS LENSES WERE GROUND

BY FELIX J. KOCH

IT IS A STRANGE irony of fate that, while California possesses perhaps more observatories of note than not alone any other State in the Union, but one individual Government, probably, in all the world—all the great lenses were ground out of California, and on the east coast, so to speak, of the country. There is perhaps, but one lens-grinding firm of note in the United States to-day; i. e., making lenses of the greater telescopic sort, and this is located at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Like most great institutions, it is unpretentious. Of the thousands of strangers who flock to Cambridge each year to visit, first of all Harvard, and then the historic sites and scenes near by, less than one per cent gives even a fleeting glance to the exterior of the telescope plant. As for those who enter, the fewer the better, to the mind of the concern. There is but one other concern just like it in the country; this is an insignificant affair at Pittsburg, and so it can afford to be haughty.

Old Alvin Clarke, whose name is famous wherever astronomers gather, founded the Cambridgeport telescope factory, back in 1855, and it has been located in that place ever since. The last of the Clarks died in 1897, and a close corporation now operates the plant.

Telescopes, however, do not require a large factory. Outside of the small three-inch cases, which sell at about fifty dollars, and which are made in lots of a dozen each, the work is all done on order alone. Only about fifteen employees, the most of them Ger-

mans and Swedes, are on the rolls.

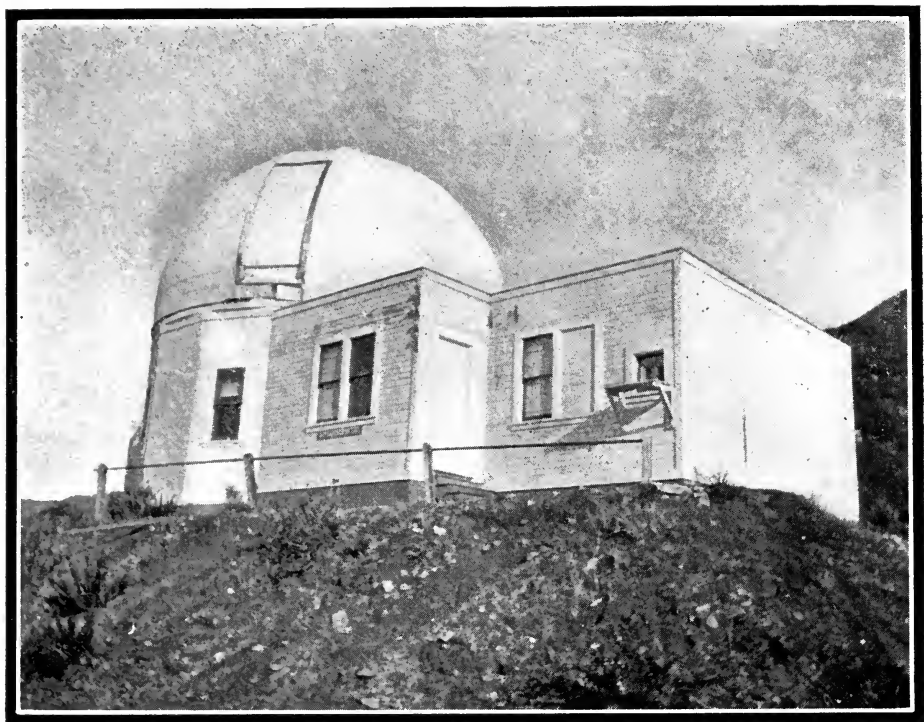
Mountings for the big telescopes, which run up to fifty thousand dollars in price, are made by an outside factory; consequently one might pass the Clarke plant a dozen times never suspecting that behind the tall board fence the peepers into other worlds are being fashioned and sold.

There is, to begin with, inside the enclosure, just a small, two-story brick building, almost square, located among a lot of shrubs and young fruit trees. To one side there is built a sixty-foot tube of sheet steel, forming a mounting for the telescopes, temporarily, and a few yards away a pier of bricks assists in supporting the tubes.

Roughly speaking, there are about three distinct stages in the production of a telescope. The first, and least interesting of these is the making of the indefinite number of mountings, screws and bolts, rivets and threads, which serve to hold the telescope in place. Forged steel mountings, to serve as a form of pedestal, are produced at a railway foundry near by, for the telescopes.

The drilling of the passages in these shafts, for the electric wiring, is, however, performed at the Clarke plant, for a great deal is dependent on its accuracy. The setting up of the polar axis, as it is called, too—which fits at right angles to the axis of the earth, is also performed here. The shafts of the telescopes are of forged steel, first forged and then turned upon a lathe; then, when shaped somewhat like a woman's skirt, fitted with an apex of heavy metal.

To this pedestal are fitted the other



Mount Lowe Observatory.

mountings and gears, the rods and driving wheels which turn the telescope, and finally the wonderful controlling electric clock.

Meanwhile, however, a far more interesting process is going on in an upper floor of the buildings.

Flint glass, for the lenses, is imported from Paris, and on its arrival here—in great disks, say seventeen inches in diameter (sufficient to leave a clear aperture of sixteen and three-quarter inches, which should later be one and three-quarter inches thick), it is inspected as to its fitness for use. The crown glass, too, after some three months of working over, in Paris, is rigidly inspected and tested here.

Both being pronounced fit for use, the telescope makers begin their real handling of the embryo lenses. To be good, these must be remarkably free of air bubbles, possessed of few other imperfections, and with the annealing absolutely *perfect*.

The first operation, therefore, on their receipt in America is to examine these disks for polarization. This means to detect any possible strains in portions of the lens that may have been produced by uneven cooling. In the last few years an entirely new process for detecting strains has been tried by Professor Pickering of Harvard, and this by the use of photography.

When photographed, it seems, a perfect lens will yield a pure white picture, whereas strains in the glass will leave dark-colored blotches on the field at those points at which the light was polarized—the points, that is, at which the annealing was below the standard. Poor lenses must either be returned to Paris or else re-annealed here at Cambridgeport.

Once a comparatively perfect glass is obtained, the next step, and that one of the most difficult, is to see to it that the two disks are absolutely parallel.

Before starting upon this, however, the glass must be roughed into shape in the mill, a process taking about two weeks, and performed by means of an iron disk, revolving in water and held against the cutting material by an artisan who has attained the greatest possible skill in this application of the glasses to the slowly revolving chilled cast steel wheel.

After this the disk is taken off and ground by hand, the artisan rubbing it around and around in a circle, through a salve of red oxide of zinc coated upon varying grades of emery. Here, also, comes in the skill of a lens grinder, for the attempt at getting the edges absolutely parallel begins.

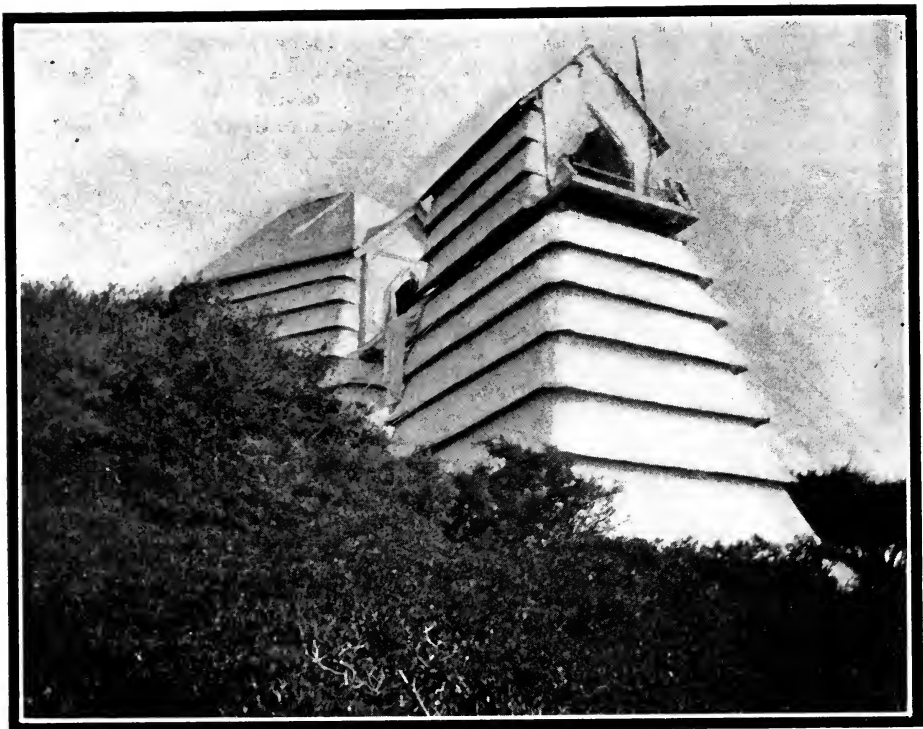
Superintendent Lundin, of the Cambridgeport works, has invented a device utilizing the microscope, whereby the amount of divergence between these edges is indicated in the field of a microscope by the divergence between two lines. Once the edges are

parallel, the upper line covers the lower, and only a single hair-line is visible in the field; yet a difference of but .0004 of an inch, the thickness of a piece of fine tissue paper, will spread the lines a distance almost equaling the entire "field" of the glass. This measuring by optical means, supplanting the former mechanical methods, insures wonderful accuracy. Once the edges are absolutely parallel, at four points chosen at random, and hence all possibility of a prism effect obviated, the glasses are ready for polishing.

Back and forth, day after day, one man makes his living by rubbing these glasses over a bed of coal tar smeared with red oxide of iron, polishing the surfaces evenly, then by pressing against a cast-iron block. It takes one week of polishing to finish a three-inch glass, and as the lens for a large telescope will have perhaps a sixteen-inch glass, several weeks will be required. After grinding, the glasses are covered



Lick Observatory.



Mt. Wilson Observatory.

with a grayish-white surface, and polishing continues until all of this is gone, and a strong sunlight fails to reveal a trace of the gray.

This first testing of the glasses is an interesting experiment, performed in a cellar room, where a single ray of light is permitted to enter, passing it on to a silver glass mirror, whence it is reflected back to the tube. There a lens forms a tiny image of the original light beam, sending that back to the starting point in the tube, where a mirror directs it up to the eye, and if the glass be perfect, the image will be correctly displayed. Time after time must this testing be repeated, until all of the errors have been removed, and only then will the telescope be taken out and tried upon the stars, and the effect of temperature on the glass be obtained.

If one look at a normal lens sideways, he will find bands of pink and blue running horizontally across the

face of the glass. If, however, so light a change in the temperature of the lens occurs as the placing upon it of a penny from a coat pocket, these bands immediately take on the form of a tilted letter V, this caused by the additional heat bending the glass. A little bisulphide of carbon then hastens the cooling of the lens and the restoring to the more normal condition.

The next step, once the glasses are ready, is the mounting of the telescope tubes and clock, according to a blueprint design. At Cambridgeport the 46-inch Yerkes, 36-inch Lick, 36-inch Pulkowa and 20-inch Richmond and Washington telescopes have been set up. On the walls of the testing room are models of the lenses of the Chicago, Washington, Pulkowa, Lick and Yerkes glasses, each in its time the largest in the world.

Once set up the telescopes are taken into the garden, where resting between the sixty-five foot steel tower and the

brick pier they are tried upon the stars. It was during such a trial of the telescopes that Clarke discovered several double stars.

The satellite of Mars and the fifth moon of Jupiter were discovered with Cambridge instruments as well. While trying the Chicago lenses here, Alvin Clarke hit upon the companion star to Sirius, along about 1860.

Visitors to the Clarke plant are not encouraged, but when they do come they find much to interest in the collection of lens glasses. This glass is a sand product, composed principally

of potash and silica and lead for the flint lens. These ingredients are mixed and heated in a crucible, where great care is taken in the stirring in order that no stripes may be formed by the dissolving in of portions of the fire clay caldron.

When thoroughly melted, the pot is broken off and the cooled glass examined for bubbles or stripes, which are cut out, and the glass then melted over and over again until neither of these occur, when the three-inch thick pane is placed in a crate and is ready for shipment.

ARRAIGNMENT

BY HARRY COWELL

When that strange Eden-bloom, of all its peers
 Lone left in this God's weed-grown garden, dies;
 Imperishable pains, abysmal sighs,
 A Tophet-like eternity of tears,
 The gardener's doom. Now hopes he, now he fears,
 That 'yond the dread mist-laden river lies
 A land where flowers a euphrasy for eyes
 That weep the irrecoverable years.

Ah, great Head-Gardener, wherefore should foul weeds
 Choke out thy choice exotic? sorrow's seeds
 Be fertile-strong, and joy's be barren-frail?
 Thy servant's first forefather's sin of old
 To-day bear bitter fruit no finite fold?
 Himself call sin-born Death without avail?

A BORN WOMAN

BY HAROLD DE POLO

I THREW DOWN my book and cursed—inwardly; for with a howling, female racket going on in the next room one can't read Kipling's "The Betrothed."

Enter with a wild skip and jump and pulling of the portieres that dislodged five pins—my sister, aged twelve, a mass of white, starchy stuff that ruffled and stuck out: "O-o-oh, br-r-r-other, isn't it beautiful? Isn't it lovely?" and then I remembered that there had been some talk of a party that night.

Now, what there is of the beautiful in that sleeveless, low-necked thing that goes over something else, and what there is of the lovely in a plain, white petticoat with a lot of open-work at the bottom, is really, you know, quite beyond me, and as I'm a truthful person I said so, and also that I'd be better able to judge when she was decently dressed.

For this I received many out-thrusts of her pink tongue and was called fully fifty-seven varieties of "mean old thing." Then she calmed down and very vainfully enumerated to me the intricate wonders of the petticoat; it was all hand-made, the pink ribbon on it was of a *very* hard shade to find, and the holey rim around the bottom was the lace worn by great-great-great-aunt Mary on her wedding dress.

"But, my child," I expostulated, "people don't see your *petticoat*."

She giggled in a superior way: "Huh, don't they, though!" whereupon she swished to the other side of the room and the article in question stood straight out. "That's the way the dress'll do," she threw at me, and as her nurse called that her attire was ready, she flew from the room with shrieks of delight.

I sighed with relief, lit my burnt-out cigar and settled back in my chair. Reading, of course, was out of the question, but I could think—I *thought*

I could, I should say—but the noise in the other room was frightful and made it impossible. That sister of mine was shouting for pins and safety-pins, for strings and ribbons and sashes, for combs and brushes and button-hooks, and I don't know what else; and presently entrance number two was made and my hopes of peace fled.

"Now what do you think of me? Isn't it *lovely*? Isn't it *beautiful*? Isn't it *heavenly*? Aren't my pink shoes and stockings *cunning*? And doesn't the color match my ribbons and sash *gorgeously*? Isn't my dress *g-r-r-rand*? It took six weeks to make it! Oh, and don't you like the way my hair's curled? And don't my nails shine *scrumptiously*?" All this and much more that I will never remember was said—tossed at me, rather—amid a constant hopping about.

I remarked dryly that it was really quite impossible to tell unless she stood still, and finally she did so; her chubby legs planted firmly, her arms stretched stiffly out, the fingers wide apart and rigid, and a self-satisfied smirk on her face. She did look rather more presentable this time, and to tell the truth, not half bad. She's one of those pink and white youngsters, with immense, twinkling blue eyes, and thick blonde hair that shines like gold when the sun hits it, and her dress was pink and white. I think the dress itself was just white, but there was so much pink ribbon to it and about her that one couldn't tell which was which.

"Very sweet, my dear, very sweet," I told her.

"*Is that all?*" This was in that sort of insulted tone that goes higher all the time and always makes me shiver; and I was silent, and puffed smoke and scowled. Heavens: to think of all this fuss about a mere party!

She ignored me quite neatly, and

hummed herself over to the mirror and stood there prinking; pulling a ribbon here and a ribbon there, hitching up her stockings so that they fit tightly over the legs, and patting and fluffing her hair, all the time looking at the effect with the most blissful expression I have ever seen.

Again I was bombarded. "What time is it? What time is it?"

I consulted my time-piece: "Ten after eight."

"Oh," she wailed, "only that? Oh, and the party's only across the street, and it doesn't begin till half-past eight. Oh, I wish it was far away so's I could start now. Oh, dear, I'm just *dying* to see what the other girls will wear. I wonder what Margaret will have, and Eleanor and Lucile and Grace, and that horrid old Susie Smith—*huh*—I bet she won't look better than *I* do. Oh, I'm just *dying* to go. And, listen, don't you think I'll look nicer than *any one* there—*don't you?*"

I had to say "yes" to stop her.

"What time is it? What time is it?"

"Sixteen and three-quarter minutes after eight!" I stated.

She clapped her hands gladly. "Oh, I'll only have to wait—let me see—five—ten, ten—eleven, twelve, thirteen and a—ooh, by this time maybe only *twelve* minutes and a quar—*ooh*—maybe only *twelve*. Oh, goody, goody."

"Dear child," I said, "calm yourself. Patience—patience."

"Yes, I know, I know," she said, but she didn't, though—calm herself, I mean—for she fired a most unintelligible string of questions at me amid some most annoying little cries and gasps.

These scenes weary me frightfully, and positively it so tired me that I sank back exhausted, and a bit fretfully on my cold and lifeless cigar. Vanity did me a good turn, for the child was so taken up with herself that she barely heeded me, only glancing at me with eyes that solicited my approval, and I prayed to the powers above that it might continue so. But such was not ordained, for with one of those

flying skips she came before me and another outburst ensued.

"Oh, b-r-r-r-other, I'm so happy, I'm so happy, I'm so happy, I'm so happy, o-o-oh, I wonder if the party will be as nice as *mine* was last year. I wonder if they'll have ice-cream in those cunning little, different shapes. And I wonder if they'll have as big a cake as I did, and as much icing. And I wonder if they'll have those things that you pull that make a noise like a gun, and have caps and riddles inside when you open them. *Oh, oh, oh*, but I just *love, love, love* parties. And—and—I *wish* I could go now—and—and—o-o-o-oh, *what time is it, what time is it, what time is it?*"

It was exactly twenty-six minutes after eight, and then, truly, on my honor, I thought the child had gone crazy, for with a bound she threw her arms about me—which ruffled my hair and necktie sadly—kissed me with a terrible smack, yelled how happy and excited she was, and, springing to the middle of the floor, pirouetted about with such velocity that it set me dizzy, clapping her hands the while and bubbling with glee, and with a wild, piercing whoop she rushed madly from the room.

* * * *

I called for the child that evening, and as we walked across the street I could not refrain from asking about something that had been on my mind.

"My dear," I inquired casually, "is a party really worth all that trouble and hurry you went through while dressing?"

She pulled my arm, and I looked down into her flushed, glad face, and on it was the most supremely grieved look that I had ever seen:

"Why," said that sister of mine, with awe-inspiring surprise, "*that's* the best part of it."

I set my lips and said nothing; I was completely beaten. But I say now—and most emphatically, too—that at the age of twelve a girl is a woman. Twelve? Nay—ten—eight—seven—why, hang it, I believe they are when they're born.

"PHEDRE" IN THE BERKELEY GREEK THEATRE

BY ROYDEN WILLIAMSON

TO CALIFORNIANS, no more gratifying observation of the fifth anniversary of San Francisco's calamity could have been given than the recent remarkable re-appearance of Sarah Bernhardt as "Phedre" in the Greek Theatre of the University of California. Five years after, almost to a day it was, and the sentiment, recalling the intense circumstances of her former performance, animated each and every one of the enthusiastic throng that hung upon the rhythm of her voice, each one feeling that history had repeated itself and that the greatest living actress was re-achieving the crowning glory of her triumphant career.

What can scarcely be denied to be the most notable theatrical event of the year was rendered doubly remarkable by reason of its precedent. Play-goers

will recall the circumstances of her previous tour in America when in opposition to the so-called theatrical "Trust" she played in barns and tents, skating-rinks and convention halls, to boundless success. She was playing in Chicago en route to the Coast when the news of the destruction of San Francisco was flashed to an appalled nation. Foremost among the offers of relief, she gave a charity performance for the benefit of the stricken city, and then announced her intention against the recommendations of all her business advisers of continuing to California.

She arrived early in May, less than three weeks after the disaster. The city was prostrate. Amid miles of charred and smouldering ruins the refugee inhabitants, dwelling in tents, cooking in the streets, breathing the dust of the ashes of their homes, were



Seven thousand people witness the production of "Phedre"

engrossed in the work of restoration. Thoughts of entertainment or of art seemed almost like a mockery. Moreover, the people were timid of indoor public gatherings in their fear of possible earthquake recurrences. Such was the doubtful situation to which Bernhardt arrived to charm a preoccupied public with the magic of her genius.

San Francisco has ever been dear to the hearts of play-folk. What were the emotions of this impressionable soul when she was driven about the ruins to view the gaping walls of the old Palace Hotel, where she had lodged on former visits and gazed upon the site of the old Bush Street Theatre, hallowed with memories of Booth and McCullough, and the scene of her own triumphs? With tears of sympathy streaming down her countenance, she must well have doubted the wisdom of her resolve.

At Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland she opened a week's engagement. The house was thronged to the topmost galleries. Our fears vanished with her opening lines, and nightly for the period of her stay art was triumphant over nature. When, at the invitation of the University authorities, "Phedre" was offered at the Greek Theatre, its capacity of eight thousand was taxed to overflowing. The imposing

amphitheatre had been completed but a little while, and she was the first celebrity to appear there. The situation in itself was dramatic to a degree. To no one could its impressiveness have more powerfully appealed. A rare, warm afternoon of a California spring, a green setting of towering eucalyptus trees bordering a gray and vast arena, filled with an audience, hundreds of whom were homeless. Parasols and dainty toilettes of the undisturbed mingled with the flannel shirts and khaki of refugees of both sexes until the assemblage presented the appearance of a gigantic old-fashioned garden as it listened breathlessly to the exquisite cadences of her golden voice as she rendered, to an accompaniment of twittering birds and swaying tree-tops, the sonorous Alexandrines of Racine's tragedy. The applause at the conclusion has probably never been exceeded in our unemotional America.

This year, the same setting, the same multitude, the same voice, hauntingly beautiful as ever. In a few respects there were some interesting differences. The *mise-en-scene* was greatly improved by simple but superb settings, a few leopard skins lending a note of barbarous color; also by the effectiveness of the "business," notably in the leave-taking of Hippolyte



the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, California.



Prof. Lucien Foulet and the Consul-General of France presenting Madame Bernhardt with a wreath of laurels on behalf of the University of California.

when banished by his father, Thesee —MM. Decouer and Durozat being magnificent in this scene, calling for a long and carefully-timed exit. As for Bernhardt's portrayal of the tragic queen, if her steps were slower, the character was invested with increased dignity, simplicity and power. Time seems to have augmented, not diminished, the fervor of her repression, but is without avail to lessen the thunderous emotion of her climaxes.

The most impressive moment of the performance was not in the book. It occurred at the conclusion of the second act, when a frock-coated committee, bearing an enormous wreath of laurels, appeared on the stage. They were M. Henri Merou, the French Consul-General, and Professors Armes, Haskell, O'Neill and Foulet of the faculty. In a brief speech, the latter voiced the hearts of every auditor

when he told her how California welcomed back to the community she had come to in its distress, the greatest artiste who ever interpreted a great poet's words, and assured her the Greek Theatre was keeping true to the high standard which her inauguration had established. The fulsome-ness of her pleasure was reflected in the radiance of her smile as she stood with hands clasped before her. She could only murmur: "Merci!" It was response enough.

It was a rendition such as Racine must have dreamed of, such as only the tragedists of Greece knew. Revealing art in its purest form, it is by such occasions that California is forming her dramatic traditions, fostering an institution which will be second not even to the New Theatre in its influence upon the appreciation of drama in America.

THE DAY MOON

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

Above the hills of April where they swoon
Mist-crowned beyond the valley far away,
Into the wide blue halls of flaming day,
There creeps like lovely ghost the silvern moon!
Along the sky where fleecy clouds are strewn
She moves and gazes on the unveiled light;
Or peeps from orchard boughs of snowy white,
Wistful and pale as one who seeks a boon,
And all in vain. How like is she to youth
Blown back across the mind on memory's wing!
Diana seeking for Endymion
She seems; or spirit seeking for the truth;
Or Mary, Virgin Mother of life's King,
Caught up in glory to her risen Son!

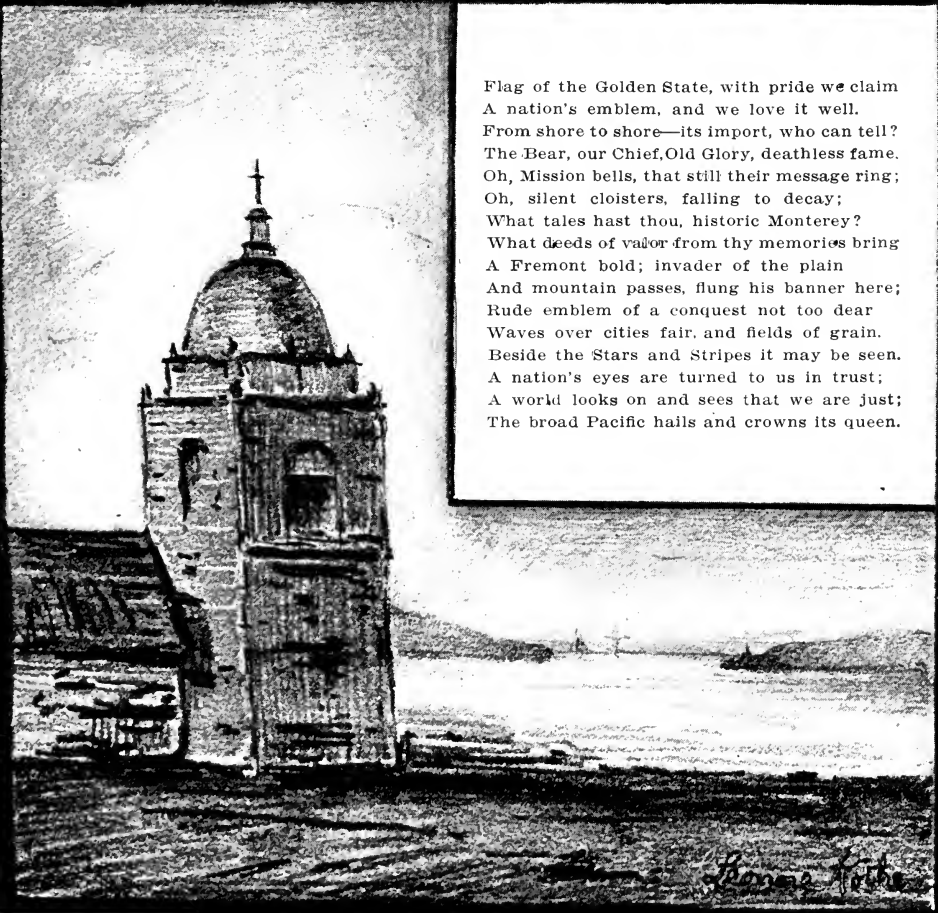


THE FLAG OF CALIFORNIA

By Evelyn Whitcomb



Flag of the Golden State, with pride we claim
 A nation's emblem, and we love it well.
 From shore to shore—its import, who can tell?
 The Bear, our Chief, Old Glory, deathless fame.
 Oh, Mission bells, that still their message ring;
 Oh, silent cloisters, falling to decay;
 What tales hast thou, historic Monterey?
 What deeds of valor from thy memories bring
 A Fremont bold; invader of the plain
 And mountain passes, flung his banner here;
 Rude emblem of a conquest not too dear
 Waves over cities fair, and fields of grain.
 Beside the Stars and Stripes it may be seen.
 A nation's eyes are turned to us in trust;
 A world looks on and sees that we are just;
 The broad Pacific halls and crowns its queen.



James F. Smith

THE CARIBS

BY A. HOOTON BLACKISTON

NEGRO BLOOD has tainted nearly the entire eastern coast of Central America, and, in isolated cases, sections of the interior. In British Honduras, the blacks have absolute equality and call themselves Creoles, though how they ever lay claim to this distinction it is decidedly difficult to understand, as they have no trace whatever of Creole blood in their composition. The Jamaican negro has journeyed far afield and is to be found in great numbers from the Canal zone, where he is furnishing the bulk of the rough labor, northward to Mexico, while many American blacks have drifted southward for reasons best known to themselves, and earned a very unenviable reputation as fighters and murderers. In Porto Barrios—the principal port of Guatemala—one

of these, who had shortly before been talking to the writer, casually emptied a forty-four Colt's into a negro who had asked for some money that was owing to him—a rather discouraging innovation in the treatment of creditors, and yet one that would probably be welcomed by a certain class in the civilized world. The greatest penalty to which the murderer laid himself liable was ten years in prison, with the option in this case of going free for 2,000 billetes (\$120 United States currency)—one explanation for the cheapness of human life along the Carib coast.

But by far the most interesting type, and the one that has given its name to the entire section that it inhabits, is the Carib whose haunts extend from British Honduras along the coasts of Guatemala and Spanish Honduras,



Main street of Livingston, largely a Carib town.

and regarding whose origin there seem to be two diverse opinions. The first holds that they are of pure African blood, and, according to traditions among the Livingston Caribs, came from an island, probably St. Vincent, after a ten years' war; the second, that they are a survival of the old race of Carib Indians intermixed with the survivors of wrecked slaving ships and runaway slaves. If the latter is the case, the Indian characteristics have been lost in the purest of negroid types. It is further maintained that they were cannibals not so very many

An alligator on a stream near Truxillo killed a Carib child a few years ago. The chief sent out a call for his people from miles around to meet with the object of exterminating all the alligators in that particular river. Within twelve hours natives were in motion over a range of country one hundred and fifty miles in extent to wage a war to the death upon the saurians. This was accomplished without the aid of the telephone or the telegraph. The work of annihilation lasted a number of days, in which the natives scoured the river in their dug-outs or waited



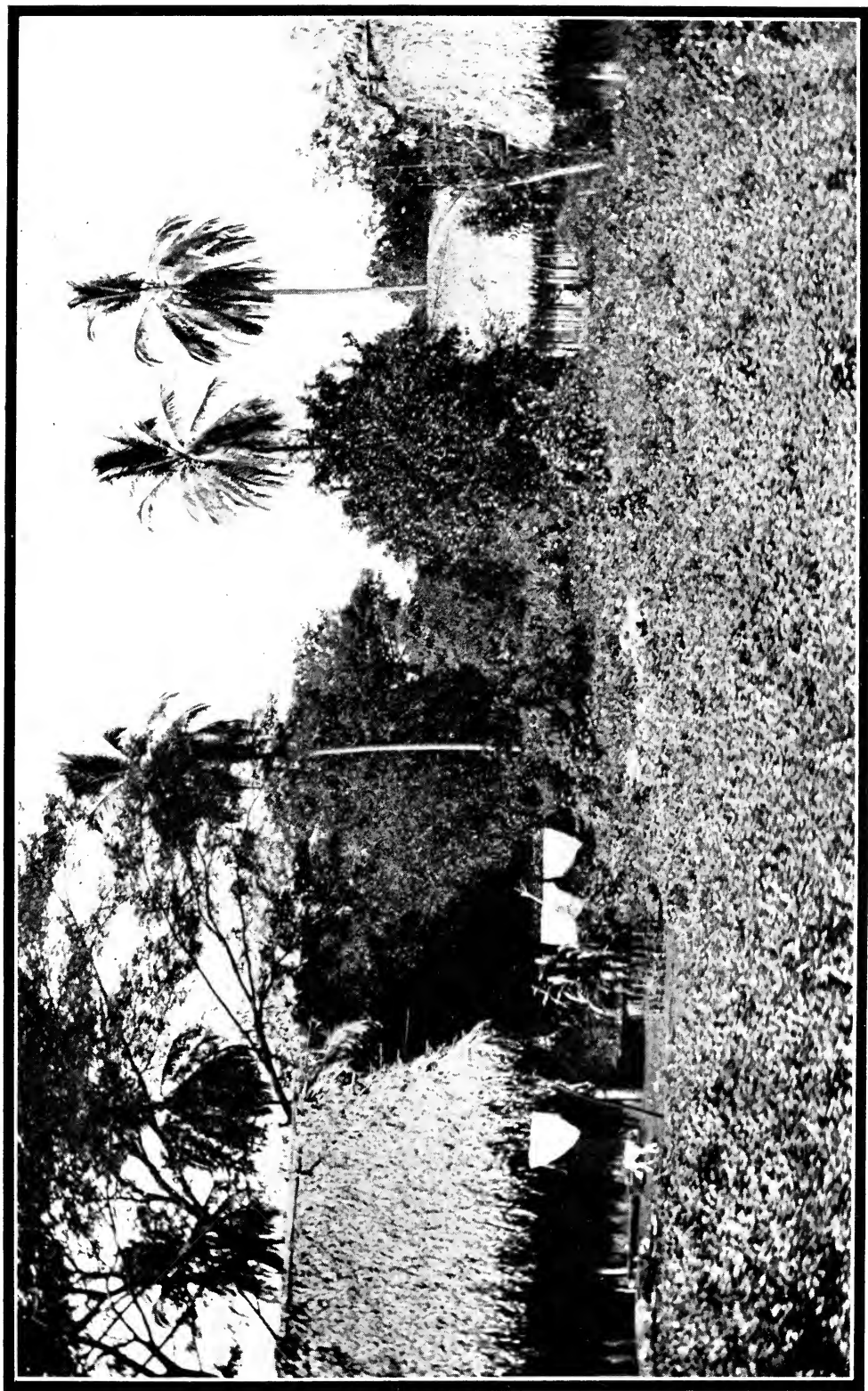
Carib fish market.

years ago—a very probable conclusion in either event.

Whatever the origin of the Caribs may have been, they are now a pure race, as they never intermarry with outsiders, and lay particular stress on this lack of interbreeding. While full-fledged citizens of the countries in which they live, they have strong tribal relations among themselves, and are ruled by a number of chiefs who issue calls upon special occasions and are obeyed with wonderful celerity.

patiently upon the banks for the foe. When the last Carib left, not a single alligator remained.

These people live almost exclusively on fish and a bread made from the root of the casava. The women are exceedingly straight from the habit of carrying burdens upon their heads, while the men are well proportioned, although frequently marred by skin diseases. They are all expert boatmen, and are especially noted for their aquatic accomplishments, it being said

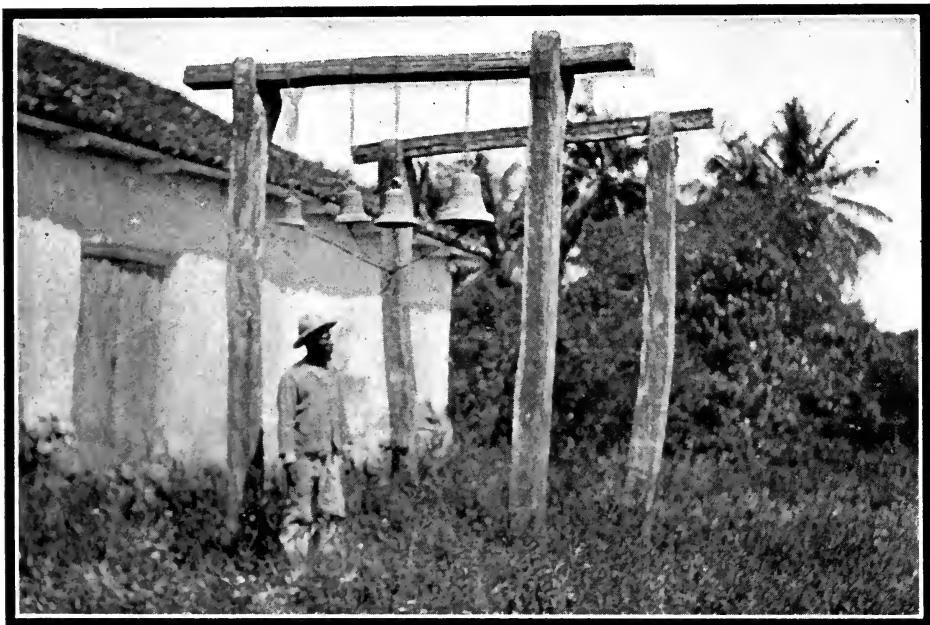


Carib homes.

that water will not drown nor a shark harm a Carib—a theory which a scientifically inclined friend of the writer once severely tested by throwing one overboard upon a great shark that swam alongside; the shark went one direction and the negro the other, to the unbounded satisfaction of each, neither staying to dispute the honors of war nor to demonstrate scientific theories.

Nearly the entire fishing industry of this coast is in their hands, and a Carib fish market forms a never-to-be-forgotten scene. Innumerable dug-

where a fishing canoe is something of a rarity, an impromptu market is inaugurated upon the arrival of one. Troops of ill-clad, vari-garbed negroes and mixed bloods, with an occasional ship captain, armed with pails, baskets and dirty billettas, descend with much clatter to the frail pier alongside which the dugout is moored, to purchase the week's supply of fish which lie in a silvery mass as high as the gunwales. All eagerly demand their wares at once, each thrusting forward a pail in one hand, a billetta in the other. Now and then an eager canoe

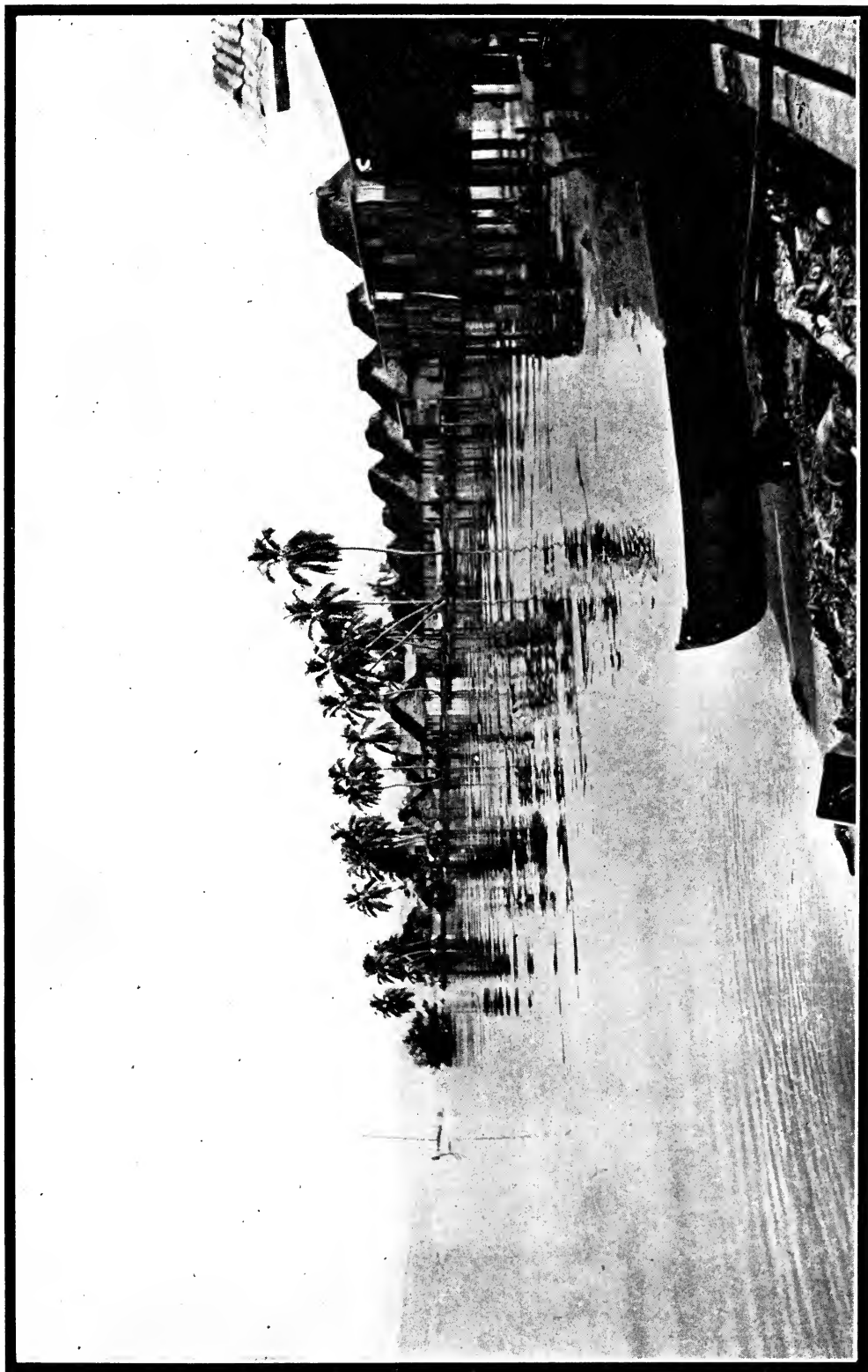


Church bells on the Carib coast.

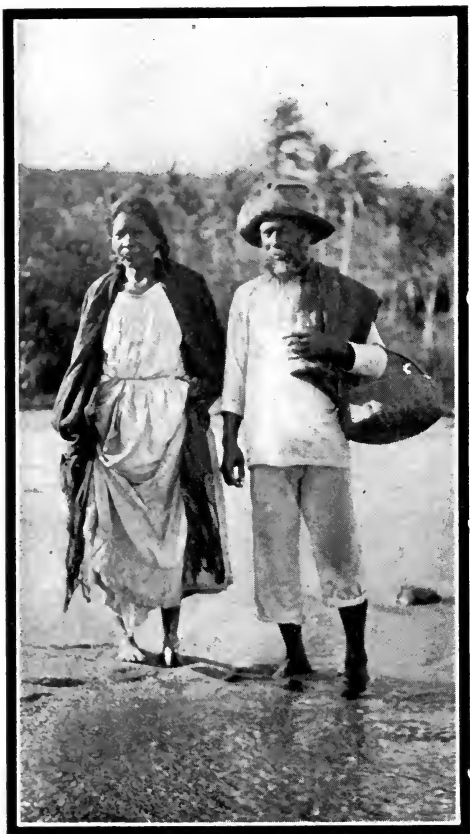
out canoes in all stages of dilapidation are pulled upon the shore where the fish lie in large heaps of shimmering silver, with men and women either busily hacking away with their keen knives or wandering carelessly from group to group, all chattering vigorously in the strange jargon peculiar to their race, while great, awkward vultures—the only effective Central American health officers—flutter back and forth with watchful eye to glean a choice morsel. At Porto Barrios,

darts silently into view, the women wielding the paddles with the men, and after the usual palaver, the haggling and cries of extortion, as silently slips away.

It is a scene of ever-changing animation, at which the elite of Barrios are present in full force. Many pay a portion only of the purchase price, hoping in the confusion of the moment to escape the remainder of their obligations, and when discovered, as they eventually are, without variation raise



A strip of the Carib coast.



A Carib couple.

a great hue and cry, endeavoring by mere weight of words to cover their shortcomings or to furnish a cloak behind which they might retreat with some show of grace.

A large, burly negro woman, followed by a girl with the inevitable pan, suddenly pushes her way through the crowd with much puffing and blowing, smothering all cries of resentment by her imperious manner and gorgeous habiliments. Grabbing the pan from the maid's hand she throws it at her feet, and the following dialogue ensues:

"Quick, quick, mahn, give me ma fish" (with a copious gesture.) "I have been in bed three days from the cold, and can't get rid of it. Quick, mahn, I said in bed for three days."

"How many fish do you wish, lady?"

"How many? What a beast! Why, mahn, I said fish for two pesos. Will you keep one waiting all day? Quick!"

"Here, lady, are the fish. Where are the pesos?"

"What! Only eight fish for two pesos! No more! Quick, mahn, put on some more, quick. Is that all!" (as the Carib throws an extra one on the pile.) "That will never do. Give me fish for one peso more. Quick, mahn! Only five this time! But one thrown in! Shall a person starve? Here, take the five pesos, give me one back and one more peso in fish. Quick, mahn; I had a cold, and mind you throw in two this time. What, only six more! Not enough for a meal!"

And so it goes until the stout negress obtains all the fish she desires, ending by having more than a quarter of her total acquisition thrown in for nothing by her system of piecemeal purchase, which is quite a common one among the natives of this coast.

Chief among the Carib's treasures is his canoe, in which he ventures with impunity upon stormy seas when wind and weather make it doubtful sailing for larger craft. This he digs out of a single log, ranging in size, when completed, from five to six feet in length—just large enough to support one man, or to others of five or six tons burden, which venture upon long trips in distant waters. The former frequently display a unique sight as they glide through the many lagoons apparently ridiculously inadequate to support the standing figure which almost seems to balance itself upon a shadow. These dugouts are also used extensively by all the natives of Central America.

The prospective owner of a canoe first fells or purchases a log of mahogany, cedar or haunacoste, the latter being by far the most desirable for this purpose, owing to its quality of resisting the encroachments of decay in the water. This he proceeds to hollow and shape with an adze until the rough outlines are satisfactory, and then the work is finished with a chisel and a plane if such be obtainable. If

the vessel is not large enough, it is next thoroughly soaked and the gunwales are forced apart by means of props until they maintain the desired position. Then there remains nothing to do but to place a sufficient number of strips along the sides to make it reach the correct height. The great majority, however, receive no treatment beyond hollowing and shaping at bow and stern.

The writer has a very distinct recollection of making a trip in a canoe of this description which was manned by nine parrots and one native. As many of the former were of decidedly belligerent temperaments, having embodied the revolutionary spirit of fighting aught in sight, and if nothing else was available, among themselves, there was no lack of excitement or of fierce invectives in a Babel of tongues. Gravely perched along the gunwales or upon the spare paddles, they regarded the intruder with dignified disapproval. Occasionally one sidled nearer, and gave vent to an utterance the general effect of which was undoubtedly far from complimentary. An ill-advised effort to conciliate with outstretched arm precipitated hostilities and brought forth the full force of outraged parrot wrath. The native further complicated the situation by an effort to restore order, with the result that the shark, which unassumingly, albeit none the less expectantly, swam alongside, was likewise nearly made a participant in the melee. After that the passenger took care to restrict as much as possible his navigation in dugouts especially when manned by a crew of parrots of doubtful characters and attainments.

The smaller canoes having no keel or flattening of the under side, roll exactly with the same facility that a log turns in the water—an attribute by no means calculated to call forth keen enthusiasm when one is crossing an alligator-infested stream with a restless dog as a fellow passenger, especially as it seems to be a point of honor with the natives to find the smallest canoe possible to hold the intended freight



Carib market girl.

—a task in which they usually succeed with discomforting exactness.

Central America is a lazy man's paradise upon the sea as well as upon the land, where fruits grow continuously and three crops of corn are raised. Fish literally swarm in the warm waters of this coast. A Carib fisherman who had a large canoeload of fish assured the writer that he had made but one haul with his seine, while the latter has personally counted as many as forty caught by one cast of a small hand net measuring from eight to twelve feet in diameter.

There are many varieties of fish—among them red snapper, rock bass, cordoba, barracuda and angel fish. Upon being asked how the latter received its name, as it looked little like any known variety of angel, an old negro

gravely replied: "'Deed, boss, I can't jess tell yo', for you knows ole Adam done named de fish." A convenient way of shifting still another indiscretion upon the already overloaded shoulders of the father of man.

These fish travel in great schools and are eagerly hunted by many deep sea monsters, frequently jumping out of the water in their endeavor to escape. But of all the creatures that swim the deep the Carib fears none but the barracuda, which has a knack of inflicting a terrible wound, though many weird stories are told of the shark, which, however, they profess to hold in light esteem. A sketch of the Carib coast would not be complete without an account of Zapodilla Tom, whose favorite haunt was the Zapodilla Keys, but who plied his trade impartially from Truxillo to Belize. Being something of an epicure, a scuttleful of refuse did not satisfy his discerning palate, as was the case with the equally famous shark of the Pacific—San Jose Mike. Nothing less than a juicy young beef would do for him, and this the Caribs transporting cattle invariably threw overboard when Zapodilla Tom made his appearance, as he is reported to have signified his desires in no unequivocal manner, his favorite method being to catch a ship by its rudder and shake it vigorously to and fro. As the old Carib put it upon being asked why this select meal was given to a shark, "Good Lawd, Sah, we jess nat'rally had to throw Tom a steer or he'd upset the boat and ketched us all—and that thar

steer, too." However, the writer does not desire to vouch for the extent of Zapodilla Tom's attainments, yet it seems a fact that the Caribs have implicit faith in him, and at times threw a steer overboard in his honor. It is further alleged that he was fully sixty feet long and had a growth of seaweed upon his back.

One captain solemnly declared that Zapodilla Tom had arisen under his sloop and shaken it violently to and fro in an endeavor to throw its occupants into the water and thereby obtain a meal questionable in regard to its delicacy, but decided in its objection to serving in that capacity.

It is probable that sharks have rubbed their backs against the bottom of vessels in an effort to remove some marine growth or parasite. However that may be, Zapodilla Tom pursues a life of ease and security, as the Caribs never attack him, for in the words of one of their leading pilots: "He jes' thinks the boat is another big fish, and it wouldn't be right to hurt ole Tom—besides, that thar tail of his'n am pow'ful enough to stave a ship's side in."

And so the drowsy days drift along beneath the spreading ceibas, while the golden hours are spent in fishing, sailing and the spinning of yarns, and ever the women gossip at the market, or gather by the riversides to industriously pound away upon the laundry intrusted to their care with thoughts that soar little beyond the nodding palms that stand guard over the Carib coast.



THE PASSING OF UNCLE SAM'S OLDEST WARSHIP

BY MARGUERITE HUNT

THE LAST of the vessels of Uncle Sam that sailed the seas almost a century ago, the oldest ship of the United States Navy preserving its original timbers, is about to have the Stars and Stripes hauled down from her mast-head, and, after ninety-seven years of good service, be disposed of as old junk—a grim illustration of the tribute which progress and commerce exact in these days of the twentieth century. The good ship Independence, built for service in the War of 1812, pride of the American Navy in those early years of a century that has gone, rides to-day at anchor in the Mare Island Channel, thirty miles from the Golden Gate, and scarce fifty yards from where she was moored fifty-three years ago when she sailed up to the newly-established naval station of the Pacific, there to serve as a receiving ship. To-morrow? Who knows what her fate may be? A Board of Survey has been called on the old ship and has completed its work, in which no sentiment, no regret for the passing of this, the first of the 74-gun line-of-battleships built for service against Great Britain, can have a part. In the cold, hard figures of dollars and cents her value has been estimated. She has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Historic interest and sentiment have been given no place in the scales. The Independence, rich in service, with her proud record as flag-ship of the American Navy when she made her maiden cruise to the Mediterranean in 1815; with her record for service beneath the heights of Gibraltar when, in company with other

American ships, she blockaded the ports of Algeria and helped bring to a successful conclusion the war with that country; with the part which she played in the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan all added to her history, is yet poor in intrinsic value, and so she must go the way of her predecessors to "rotten row."

One by one the vessels of the old navy have been consigned to the scrap heap—a procedure hardly to be avoided in these days, when the passing of ten short years renders a ship obsolete. But in the logs of these ships history has not been interwoven as in that of the Independence, and the announcement that she is to be taken from the Mare Island Navy Yard, where she has done good service for over half a century, has caused a wave of regret, almost of protest, to sweep over those to whom the old ship will always bring tender recollections. The Women's Improvement Club of Vallejo, across the straits from which she lies, considered the proposition of making an heroic effort to raise money with which to purchase her from the Government and utilize her as a clubhouse on the city's side of the channel, but the knowledge that at least a couple of thousand dollars would be needed annually for her maintenance deterred them from undertaking a task which, despite its worthiness, could not but prove impracticable. A suggestion has been made that she be used by the Panama-Pacific Exposition as an interesting relic during the Fair, but so far this is nothing more than a suggestion, and the old ship seems destined at no far distant date

to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

The present Independence is the successor of that sloop of war which belonged to our Colonial Navy, and was destroyed in the Delaware in 1777 by our forefathers to prevent her capture by the British. Not until the Colonies were again at war with Great Britain does the name Independence appear on the register of the Navy, and then, with the intention of using her in the War of 1812, the keel of the present ship of that name was laid at Charlestown, Mass. In this war, however, she was destined to see no service, for it was not until 1814 that she was launched, having been constructed entirely under the personal supervision of Commodore William Bainbridge, whose flag she bore when she sailed on her maiden cruise to the Mediterranean in January of the following year. The frigates United States and Congress, and the sloop-of-war Erie, Boxer, Chifferna, Firefly and Seranac, with a number of smaller vessels, made up the fleet which, with the Independence as the flagship, reached Gibraltar, where it joined the frigates Guerriere, Macedonian and Constellation, which, with several other vessels, formed the squadron under Commodore Decatur.

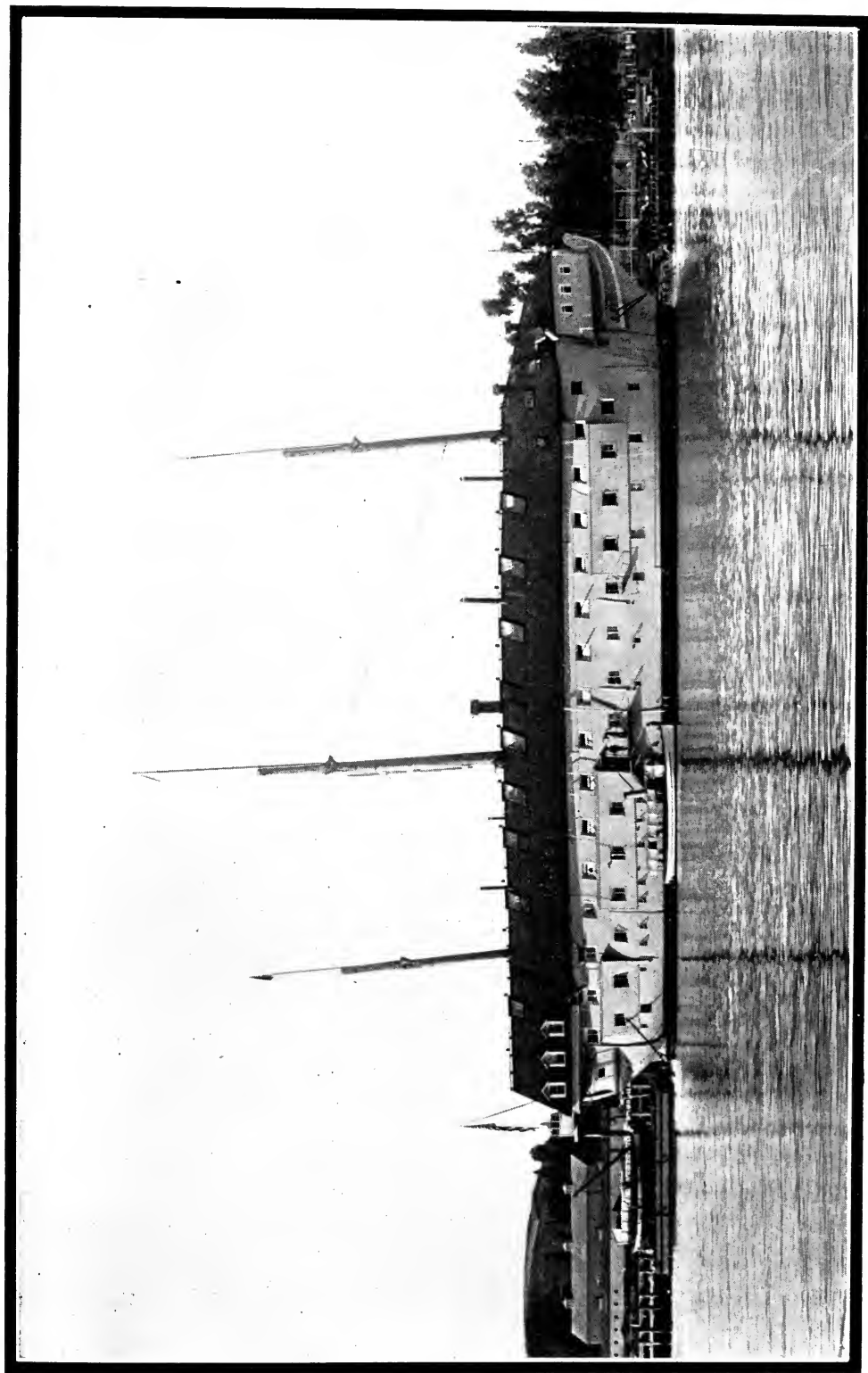
Nearly three years ago our battleship fleet of sixteen of the finest type of modern vessels, circling the globe on its world-famous cruise, called forth admiration from the powers of Europe as it did from every port visited, but those sixteen battleships, emblematic of the strength of the American Navy, were no more formidable to the eyes that viewed them in 1908 than was the fleet of Commodore Decatur, which dropped anchor in the shadow of Gibraltar ninety-three years previous. It was the greatest fleet which the Union had sent to foreign waters since the Stars and Stripes had been raised over the thirteen colonies, declaring them the United States of America, and visiting the Old World so soon after the war with England, it was a source of considerable chagrin

to the British, who had circulated the story that the Americans were not allowed to build great warships. This report was contradicted by the lordly proportions of the Independence, and the part which she and the other vessels of Commodore Decatur's fleet played in the subjugation of the Barbary States was a matter of much pride in those days, and one which the Navy of to-day may well look back upon with pleasure.

Her duty there completed, the Independence returned to Boston, where she flew the flag of Rear-Admiral Bainbridge until 1819, being used as a guard ship. In 1836 she was cut down from three to two decks, and, with Lieutenant Slidell as her commanding officer, sailed for Europe as the flagship of Commodore Nicholson. In the log-book of the old ship is still found, under that year's date, the entry of Lieutenant Slidell, written with his own hand: "She sails well and is a good sea boat. She has logged ten knots on a wind and thirteen knots free."

In 1837, Hon. George Dallas, Minister from the United States to Russia, made the trip to the land of the Czar aboard the good ship Independence, and from that year until 1840 she served as flagship of the Mediterranean and Brazil squadrons.

It was in 1848 that she made her first trip to the Pacific Coast, coming out as the flagship of Commodore Shubrick. It was during her three years' service in these waters that she participated in the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan, afterwards returning to the Atlantic Coast and serving for several years as the flagship of the United States squadron in the Mediterranean. In the year 1854, the year in which was established the Mare Island navy yard, at which the grand old vessel was to see her last days of service over a half century later, the Independence was refitted at New York, and made her last trip around the Horn, to become the guard ship in San Francisco Bay, where she was anchored off Third street. Two



The old raze Independence, receiving ship at Mare Island Navy Yard.

years later she sailed up to the Mare Island Channel to be used for the testing of the sectional floating dry-dock, three of the ten sections of which had been built in the East and been brought around the Horn on the good ship Empire, arriving here in 1853. A couple of years after her first visit to the naval station she was ordered there as the receiving ship, and from that date until December, 1909, when the completion of Mare Island's second stone dry-dock made it necessary that the old vessel be moved to permit of an entrance to the structure being effected, she occupied the same anchorage.

To-day as she rides in the channel, she bears little resemblance to a fighting ship, even of the days gone by. Roofed in from stem to stern, she resembles nothing so much as a huge ark, and from her many portholes fancy might easily picture Noah's companions issuing in the days following the flood. Seven or eight hundred men may easily be quartered aboard her, and it is here that the crews are assembled, preparatory to being assigned to a newly commissioned crui-

ser, while aboard the old ship many an enlisted man, his four years' service under Uncle Sam drawing to a close, awaits the day of his final pay and honorable discharge. Incongruous as it seems, the Independence boasts of a comfortable porch or veranda, overhanging the water, and built long after the ship was roofed in, affording a delightful resting place for the members of the commanding officer's family and their guests, whose quarters open out on this least-to-be-expected convenience aboard ship. For years pumps have been operated day and night in the hold of the vessel, for nearly a century has wrought its sure work of destruction on the old timbers, and the pumps are necessary to keep the holds from flooding. Obsolete, time-worn, a full half-century past her days of active service, the Independence yet maintains a place in the register of the Navy, which her sale will leave forever unfilled. She is the connecting link between the days of the present and those in which our forefathers fought for the independence which we now enjoy: a forceful reminder of a historic past.

TAMALPAIS

Beloved Guardian of the Golden Gate!
 Keeper of faith, Tamalpais, art thou!
 The silent strength that wreathes thy massive brow
 The falt'ring pilgrim loves to contemplate,
 For there reposes confidence in fate,
 Before which thou and he alike must bow.
 What mighty deeds does faith like thine allow!
 It gave thy children power to recreate
 The regal city of the boundless West,
 Whose triumphs are the marvel of the world.
 Dauntless will every fresh endeavor be,
 By thine eternal spirit ever blest,
 Before which treason's fawning host is hurled,
 And doubt and fear and indecision flee.

THE MYSTERIOUS DESERTION OF LA COMTESSE LEGRANGE

BY LEOPOLD JORDAN

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EPISODE I.

Marriages.

L EGRANGE-MESONIER.—On Wednesday, August 7th, 1890, at Notre Dame, by Monsignor Parabazzio, La Comte Henri D'Orleans Aubrey Legrange to Hortense Antoinette Mesonier, daughter of M. and Madame Pierre Mesonier, of L'Hotel Avenue, St. Cloud."

So ran the announcement of the marriage of one of the best-known noblemen of France to the daughter of one of the most respected citizens of Paris.

La Figaro and Le Petit Journal and all the newspapers described the wedding as it was to be, and as it was; indeed, you all remember the magnificence, the brilliancy and the almost unparalleled splendor that surrounded the ceremony. You remember, also, how great was the crush of the aristocratic mob to gain admittance to the sacred edifice; how the gendarmes were detailed to maintain a clear passageway to the church; how Paris went half wild; that is, that class which is capable of going half wild over any social event. You cannot forget the detailed descriptions of the wonderful gowns worn by the bridesmaids and those invited to assist in the affair; nor can the very excellent pictures of the bride and bridegroom which appeared in the representative papers of Paris and London be quite obliterated from your memory.

It cannot be forgotten how gorgeous were the wedding gifts from prince and noble and commoner.

The Legrange-Mesonier wedding was all that could be thought of for

weeks before the interesting event, and the sensation that immediately followed the ceremony, as you are well aware, sent a shaft of sorrow into every human heart; but in case the few short years that have intervened may have somewhat veiled the circumstances which caused the sensation of that year, I, who have at last discovered the cause; I, who have unraveled the extraordinary mystery; I who by chance of good fortune or fate became a party to the awful secret, am now enabled, without doing an injustice to the chief actors concerned, to lay the mystery wide open before the still-wondering and deeply interested world.

I have given here but a cursory narrative of the marriage ceremony which I deem sufficient to re-open the more than interesting subject; and I may here state boldly that I would not make the revelation that is to follow but for performing an act of justice to a noble family—a family which, until this narrative shall have been read broadcast, must live under a deep and appalling cloud. It is necessary to say at the outset that the Count Legrange was no *roue*, nor was he what is termed a devotee of a fast set. He was a student, a lover of all that was ennobling, and his absolute devotion to a father who lived until his death a life of seclusion, gained for him the highest admiration.

Not until his father's demise did Henri come out to the world, and then it was that he met the beautiful Hortense Mesonier. He wooed and won her. She, trusting and loving, worshipped the gallant and studious youth.

The future seemed to promise so much for the couple, but withal, Henri would often lapse into a state of melancholia. He became at times, indeed, so morose that Hortense marveled and sought the reason, but his assurances of undying affection reassured her until his strange disposition seemed to her no longer a precursor of future unhappiness.

It was the evening of the wedding day when they arrived at the Legrange chateau near Versailles, a beautiful residence standing amid towering trees and far away from the road, the drive from the lodge to the house being almost a mile. All was supremely still. The servants met the couple at the door, and the old, liveried butler ushered them to the cosiest room in the chateau, which had been made bright with a profusion of bouquets and palms and an artistic adornment of knick-knacks and rich draperies. Without, the birds chirped merrily, as though they were determined to serenade them. They seemed governed by an unrest as though from the trees they would wish to take wing through the open windows and bid the bride and bridegroom welcome.

Jean, the butler, retired, and once alone, Hortense, full of girlish emotion, threw her arms around her husband, drawing him close, close to her heaving bosom.

"My love," she cried, "my love, my own forever! My husband!"

Henri pressed his lips to hers. It was a moment of ecstasy. "My wife," he whispered as he repeatedly kissed her, "my wife, my wife!"

"We shall love as the birds in yonder tree, shall we not?" she asked, as she nestled still closer to him. "This chateau shall be to us as the tree is to them—the dwelling of our hearts. And there shall be no more rustle in our lives than there is of the leaves of the trees to-night; yes, and like the birds, ours shall be one life of song; and like those flowers, so calm, so restful, we shall court the sun's warm rays and our love shall gain in love, stronger, sweeter with each day."

"Darling," he whispered, his voice almost tearful, "until now I have not known of love, of joy, of peace, of complete happiness. Now that you are all my own I realize the prize I have won—a prize so pure, so good, so noble—a prize that no human effort could wrest from me."

At that moment, as the two were clasped in each other's embrace, their eyes meeting in silent expressions of adoration, a dove flew in at the window, and, as if agitated, alighted on an oil painting, a portrait of Henri's father, the late Comte Legrange, which stood on an easel. They had scarcely time to observe the intruder when out the bird flew, restlessly cooing all the while. Henri hastened to the balcony and followed the dove with his eyes until its form disappeared in the darkness of the night.

"My God!" the young husband cried. "My God! what have I done? What have I done?"

Bewildered, Hortense caught his hands, now cold and trembling, in hers, and in vain tried to draw him to her.

Avoiding her inquiry and startled look, and pressing his lips to her eyes and on her forehead, he cried: "God bless you! God bless you! Heaven have mercy on me!" And dashed from the room to the hall. There he met Jean.

"Good Jean," he said, taking his faithful servant's hand in his. "Farewell! I shall never return. My heart, Jean, is broken; be true to your mistress as you have been to me—for she is good and worthy of your kindest thoughts——"

"Master," interrupted the dumb-founded servant.

"Do not stop me—I dare not remain. For her sake I go."

And the lord and master of Legrange Chateau hastened into the black night.

EPISODE II.

The world is pretty familiar with all the foregoing details of Count Legrange's abrupt and mysterious departure from his beautiful bride on the night of his wedding; therefore it

would be a thankless undertaking all around were I to plow up the ground which has been gone over so much by some of the brainiest journalists.

Sensitive women wept in sympathy with the wronged and distracted lady lying prostrate at the Chateau; men, strong men and weak men, men of all stations of life, raised their brows with astonishment or scowled with bitter contempt for the Count's actions, while the most philosophic reasoned that it must have been a sudden fit of insanity which overtook the unfortunate gentleman. Some young women condemned the girl-wife for not refusing the Count and accepting any offer at all so that it came from one of her own social standing.

The police, thinking the Count had committed suicide, dragged the Seine; private detectives watched and traveled; relations offered rewards, and the heart-broken wife for weeks lay upon a sick bed. Her brain had succumbed to fever, and for a time all hope of her recovery seemed to be in vain.

Time had no healing power for that one heart. The face is the index of the train of thought, and the white, wan face of the Countess showed clearly how completely had been the wreck of her life, how heavy was the weight of sorrow she bore.

However, she refused to remain in the Chateau, and also denied herself a residence in any one of the Count's town houses, and, as troubles never come without a companion, it happened that yet another sorrow was to hammer at the door, in the sudden death of her father, which occurrence served to reveal the sad fact of the old gentleman's absolute insolvency.

But I have asked myself why should I repeat all these well-known incidents of a ruined life, and I pause to make myself a reply. Yet, my friends on both sides of the Atlantic, who are aware of my having solved the mystery, have importuned me to go over the incidents impartially, carefully and thoroughly, but with all respect for their better judgment, I really feel that

I ought at once to plunge straight into the mysterious abyss wherein I find the startling truth of the Count Legrange's disappearance.

Why bother you with facts already known to you? Why follow up in detail the agonizing suffering of a heart-broken woman, when the sad history is known as well in Paris as is the location of the Arc de Triomphe, and in London as intimately to her people as is the familiar Westminster Abbey, and in New York as positively and minutely as the location and environment of Wall street.

My mission is simply and without prejudice, one way or the other, to lay bare the solution of the mystery which broke that young heart.

It may be asked whether I, in order to gain notoriety, played the amateur detective in unraveling the mystery. Then, to such I would say at once, No. I have no ambition in that direction.

It will be surmised that I had a clue and followed it up. To that I reply in the negative, too.

The disclosure, weird and strange as it was, came about in a purely accidental manner. Most revelations do. The more one searches the less, it seems to me, is his chance of discovering the object for which he is straining every nerve to realize. It is the unlooked for that happens, and an implicit belief in that theory, together with many years of travel and observation, has reduced me to the happy condition of never being surprised at anything.

My voyage to Australia was decided on without a thought of the Count. I left London in a curious mood to see the Antipodes; to travel through that vast and beautiful territory; to study the mode of life of the remarkable and hospitable people who had made the great Australasia a happy, contented continent. I was eager, having met many Colonials abroad, to chum with them on their own rich soil—to visit a people whom I had learned to admire, in their own home.

Therefore, my trip to Australia, it

can be seen, had absolutely nothing to do with my discovery, and it was during my travels into the interior of New South Wales that I found myself on one of the stations—a vast area of cultivated and untouched land made inviting by a substantial dwelling surrounded by stables and pens and sheds for valuable cattle, sheep and horses. I had already visited the main cities and metropolis of each colony, and had seen enough on every hand to charm me. The substantial, sturdy growth of the British Lion's vigorous cubs was everywhere apparent. The public buildings, whether in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide or any one of the Colonies, were, I noticed, in every instance, ornaments of good taste as well as a revelation of sound Government. The private structures and dwellings gained my profoundest admiration; indeed, my trip proved to be not only of vast interest, but of invaluable instruction.

It was while on a visit to the station that I took up the Sydney Daily Telegraph, one of the many ably-edited and splendidly conducted journals of the Colonies, and my eye was attracted by a headline which ran:

"Daring Escape of Prisoners from New Caledonia!"

New Caledonia! Yes, New Caledonia, the penal settlement to which France sends some of her worst and most dangerous criminals. New Caledonia! What a chance for further travel, I thought; what a rare opportunity to go a little farther and add materially to my stock of knowledge. I told Kenneth Chambers, my host, of my desire.

"Not at all a bad idea, old chap," he said.

"I suppose it is impossible for you to take a month off and join me?" I asked.

"Yes, as you have seen by this time I can hardly spare a day, even to run to Sydney; but," he continued, "I can, I think, find a chap somewhere on the station who may be able to give you some information about the French penal settlement. He's a Frenchman,

well-read, a geographical scholar—in fact, he's what you would call a mystery."

"And what may he be doing on your station? How do you occupy him?" I asked.

"Occupy him? I don't occupy him, my dear boy, but my sheep do, for he tends them, and a very good, watchful shepherd he makes. But he's strange. You see, my station spreads over such a vast space that we never set eyes on him once in a blue moon, unless it is that I need him. His hut is miles away from us, and the chap never comes in but, instead, once every fortnight we send out to him all he requires for sustenance."

"I gather from your remarks that he has no inclination to come in."

"Not the slightest desire. When he first came out to the station five years ago I had my doubts about him."

"Doubts?"

"Yes, dear boy; there had taken place about that time one of the periodical extraordinary escapes from New Caledonia, and although the strictest measures are taken in the Colonies to prevent any refugee from justice landing here, such a thing is not impossible, you know. Anyway, the Governor of New Caledonia sent police agents, and my shepherd, Monsieur Baptiste, was of the new chums to be found and examined. But he was unknown to the police."

"How came he to find you out?"

"Ah," responded Chambers, "the man was looking for a billet on a vineyard. I had nothing then to give him, but, feeling a certain amount of sorrow for the fellow, and his refined manner appealing strongly to me, I gave him his present appointment which for five years he has held without a single complaint from either master or man."

"Quite interesting," I remarked.

"Yes, I believe Baptiste has a hidden romance. As I have said, it's seldom I set eyes on him, but when on a tour of inspection I have discovered him, probably miles away from here, reclining beneath a gum tree, surrounded by the sheep and singing in

the most melodious manner imaginable some aria or other from 'La Traviata' or 'Trovatore.' His hundreds of pets, the same sheep, follow him down the hills to the stream, and he scampers around with the lambs as though they were so many children. This strange Monsieur Baptiste fondles them—they love him!"

"I would gladly meet the man," said I, "and, he being a Frenchman, no doubt can give me some valuable points should I determine to visit New Caledonia. But," I asked, "where and how can I find him?"

"His hut is just five and a half miles from here, but if you will come in-doors, I'll give you a sort of chart, which will help you on the journey. I'm a bit methodical, as you see," said Chambers, "and bearing that in mind, you will not be surprised when, besides arming you with a drawing of the course you must take, I mount you on Murrumbidgee, a horse that knows every inch of the way, and will scarcely need guiding."

Well pleased and delighted with my chum's kindly interest, I accompanied him in-doors, and, after all preliminaries were arranged, I was mounted on Murrumbidgee—a white, well-fed, kindly-eyed old major of a horse, which, on straddling him, whisked his tail, drew back his ears, neighed, took a playful bound, shook his head, and then rattling the bit in his mouth, cantered on toward the hut of Monsieur Baptiste, five and a half miles away.

It was a delightful ride. The air was sweet and soft, the pasture over which we scampered rich and the aspect beyond impressively beautiful. The blue haze was settled over the hills, and the foliage looked its brightest, while the cockatoos and parakeets flying in thick company proved the one cloud covering the heavens. Those straggling, tall gum trees, the eucalyptus, were like so many dilapidated, ill-favored skeletons against the horizon. They were quaint to the eye and added to the charm and strangeness of the surroundings. The ditches, well cut and constructed, were watered, the re-

sult of the untiring and costly irrigating measures adopted by Chambers. The thousands of sheep looked particularly lazy and healthy, and the rabbits peered from their hiding places, while a laughing jackass, flying high in the heavens, laughed long and loud as though mocking at still, quiet nature over which he soared. Presently he made a clean, direct, swift course down to the ground with wings extended and trembling with excitement. Presently the large-billed, stumpy-shaped bird arose with a snake between its bill and soared high up until he seemed to be a mere speck in the azure heavens. Then, with a shrill laugh, he let go the reptile, which twirled and twirled in the air until it landed upon the ground with sufficient force to kill it instantly. After marveling over the strange delight the laughing jackass took in the result of his murderous act. I said to myself: "Is he unlike man?" I answered myself in the negative, and then I reasoned that his instinct was finer than found in man, for, if he did take life and glory in it, it was the cruel life of an *enemy* to man, whereas man had, from the days of Cain, taken the lives that were good and noble lives, lives that were beneficial to the progress of the world and mankind at large. So I concluded that between man and the laughing jackass, the laughing jackass had the advantage.

My estimable friend, Murrumbidgee, maintained a methodical gait, and I knew he enjoyed the outing. I wanted him to trot, but he preferred to canter. I coaxed him to slow down, desiring that he should walk, but Murrumbidgee, whether anxious to get to his journey's end, or through pure cussedness, insisted on pursuing that canter. At any rate, his stubbornness brought us all the sooner to the rude hut which stood alone and all forlorn in a cluster of gums and thick brush. I was fortunate in finding Monsieur Baptiste "at home."

A shaggy man was he: brownish hair, unkempt; bushy beard almost completely hiding a delicate face; eye-

brows extremely well curved over lustrous black eyes; an aquiline nose and ears of perfect shape; hands white and delicate as those of a woman; countenance open, honest and kindly—demeanor courtly.

He was seated on a log at the door of his hut, and he bore in his arms a wee lamb of perhaps three or four days old. The mother of the pretty thing stood by, her soft eyes expressive of pride, turned first on her precious charge and then on the gentle shepherd. And when he would stroke and smooth his hand over the lamb, the mother would lay her head ever so carefully on his arm as though to court a part of his caress.

My interruption brought Monsieur Baptiste to his feet, and although his look expressed surprise, he still held the lamb in his arms as he approached me. His eyes were riveted on me, yet all the time he stroked the lamb as though every gentle touch would say: "Do not fear, little one; no harm can come to you; I am with you."

I made Monsieur Baptiste aware of the purport of my visit and the hope expressed by his master that, if he were acquainted with any geographical points in New Caledonia that would be of interest to me, he would give me the full benefit of his knowledge. Monsieur Baptiste, however, had but meagre knowledge of the French penal settlement; in fact, as he said, he had never taken an interest in the place or its occupants, whom he ventured to say must be most uninteresting characters.

"I have no sympathy," he said, "with the criminal element. They have no right to sympathy, and if for their country's good they are banished from the chance of contact with honest men, so much the better."

Monsieur Baptiste's decided views on social conditions were apparent from the start. Tenderly he placed the lamb on the threshold of the hut, and, rolling down his flannel sleeves and drawing together his scarf into a neat knot, said, with a smile and in very good English:

"You will pardon my rough appearance—I'm unused to visitors; mine is the life of a hermit."

"From your own choice?" I suggested.

"Yes, exactly from my own choice," he replied with a touch of pathos in his voice.

"You have been many years in the Colonies, Monsieur?" I asked.

"Yes, several."

"No desire to return to France?"

"No desire, Monsieur, whatever."

"Yet you no doubt conjure up in your mind the beauties of the great Paris, the national glories and traditions of your glorious land; the pre-eminence of your artists and scientists?"

"Yes," he responded in a tone that was despairingly melancholy. "It is odd, but nevertheless one can accustom oneself and adapt oneself to almost any mode of life." And with a shrug of the shoulders which indicated carelessness as to whether he was in or out of the world, he continued: "I adapt myself, Monsieur, to all emergencies."

"Would it be a liberty were I to ask to what is due this self-abandonment? A love affair? Yes, Monsieur Baptiste, it is all due to a love affair. I know you Frenchmen well, and the step you have taken is in accord with that romance that permeates your very system."

"Monsieur would have me acquiesce and then would leave delighting in the idea that he was a mind reader. Is it not so? Well, I regret to say that there is nothing I can tell Monsieur, relative to my being here. My life has been, and is, of a perfectly commonplace, humdrum order. Neither have I had a love affair to rend my heart in twain, nor even so much as a duel to defend the honor of a friend's wife."

To tell the truth, I doubted all that Monsieur Baptiste had stated, but feeling, yes, knowing that I had questioned him a little too closely to be polite, I apologized for my intrusion. The conversation changed. I found the Frenchman to be a man of remark-

able gifts—a brilliant conversationalist, perfectly familiar with the history of his time, a good deal philosophical, patient and willing to listen, but ready on the instant to plunge into any argument dealing with social or political affairs. I noticed, however, that he tried to avoid, as much as possible, any allusion to his own country. I thought it strange, then I felt it was mere fancy on my part until the conversation, as conversation will, drifted from literature to science, science to art, and art, alas, to the commonplaces of the past and present. And out of the commonplace arose the sensation of the day—the revelation which it has fallen to my lot to divulge.

"Were you in Paris, Monsieur Baptiste, at the time of the mysterious disappearance from the face of the earth of the Count Legrange?" I asked in the most ordinary way.

Monsieur Baptiste's eyes dropped, and he replied with closed eyes: "I was."

"A strange affair, was it not?" I said.

"Not at all!" exclaimed the shepherd, and with a shrug of the shoulders he continued: "If the Count Legrange was desirous of disappearing, I presume the Count Legrange knew best."

"Ah, Monsieur, the desertion of that young wife was cruel—desertion is always cruel, but the Count's case was altogether without parallel."

"There are some hidden secrets, Monsieur, which are known only to the one who hides them. If revealed, what a different light would be thrown upon the screen. If that which is mystery, dark, impregnable, should be opened up, the better part of the world would cover its face with its hands, and, standing aghast, would shudder at the view presented. To dissect the motive for keeping under lock, bolt and bars a family skeleton is as revolting to some as would be the dissecting of the human anatomy. It is therefore more healthful that a family secret should not be placed upon the slab for microscopical examination. There might be found certain fungi which, dissemi-

nated broadcast, would assuredly prove to be contagious."

"I trust you do not misunderstand me, Monsieur, for I remember there was nothing in the life of that young girl but could stand the light of day," I rejoined.

"Very true, indeed," Baptiste acquiesced quickly, his eyes almost flashing fire, and the veins in his forehead standing out like whipcords.

"If there is blame to be attached to any one, it is at the door of the Count, who has no possible excuse, save, so people aver, the meagre and brutal instincts of the libertine. It was asserted, and the belief still exists, that he had another wife and shunned all that was precious to save himself."

"Such an accusation is false!" cried Monsieur Baptiste, who was worked up to a pitch of indignation. There and then a thrill of astonishment went through me, for in my unguarded remark I saw a clue—I saw I had made a discovery.

"Pardon me, but you champion the cause of the Count so well that he could not do it better for himself," I said, looking him straight and severely in the eyes, knowing in my heart that I was face to face with the man who had shaken, by his cruel act, even the nerves of the upper ten of France. "But," I continued, my voice changing from indignation to tones of unutterable sadness, "but it is all over now."

"All is over now, you said, Monsieur?" He repeated the words interrogatively and with keen eagerness.

"Yes, the curtain has fallen, I suppose, on the last act—at least one of the chief actors in the tragedy is no more, and since the other is, heaven knows, where——"

"You don't mean, Monsieur, to tell me that she is dead?" he asked, with a tremor that shook his whole frame.

"Yes, Monsieur Baptiste, Madame La Comtesse is dead."

"Dead! My God! Dead! She is dead—my wife! My wife, my poor wife! Dead! Dead!"

Such was the raving and terrible shrieking, not of Monsieur Baptiste,

but of a creature—an ill-looking, shaggy man, who staggered from within the rude, timbered hut, to the open door.

"My God, Monsieur, do not tell me she, my wife, is dead," the man raved. "Do not tell me she is dead," he repeated time and time again, the tears streaming from lustreless eyes and down furrowed and bloodless cheeks. "I am her assassin! I, who should have been, yes, who meant to be kind and gentle to her, am her assassin! her assassin!" And the Count Legrange, helpless, and on the eve of dissolution, fell forward into the arms of Monsieur Baptiste. His breathing was labored, his limbs trembled, his lustreless eyes became glassy and his hands rigid and convulsive.

I assisted Monsieur Baptiste to lay him on the ground, and, after a while, he regained consciousness, and, waving us away, clutched at the neckband of his red flannel shirt and tore it open. He tried to rise to his feet, but was unable to do so—his strength was spent. Then those glassy, wild, staring eyes looked pleadingly up to heaven as one would look at the road one intended to take.

Then he cried: "She is there! Up there! My love! I will soon follow; yes, wife, I am about to start on my way to you. I see the course; it is plain to me, and I am soon coming soon coming."

His ravings, his desperation, his wild utterances, were calmed somewhat by the tender appeals and pleading of Monsieur Baptiste, as well as the extreme and painful exhaustion which the excitement of the revelation of his wife's death had brought about. An already shattered system, a wasted form, a weary heart fast losing their hold on life.

"Come near me," he begged, tremulous and broken. "Come near me, good and faithful Vincent." And Baptiste, with more the spring of the reindeer than the man, was at his side in an instant, holding the Count's hand and mercifully stroking his forehead.

Beckoning me with a wave of his

right hand, I approached and knelt by his side.

"Monsieur," he said with an effort, 'no sooner do we meet than I am called upon to depart, but before I go I will reveal to you my secret. Do with it as you deem best. I am the last direct descendant of a noble house, and the revelation I shall make can harm none, and perhaps the world, which has condemned me, will pity and forgive me. My good friend, Monsieur Baptiste, the only one in the world, besides myself, to know my secret, is a voluntary exile with me. His presence here is evidence of his loyalty, his nobility. He has watched me, counseled me, protected me from my worst self. I have concealed myself from the world in that hut, and you are actually the first to come in contact with me. That hut, with its slender door, has been my castle; there have I been safe from intrusion. The bush has been my world, the trees, the wild flowers, the saplings, my companions. The birds have chirped me merry songs and sad songs—and the laughing jackass has mocked at my melancholy. For five long years I have dreamed of and fretted over the awful step I took—my marriage with the pure and beautiful Hortense. It should not have been!"

"Should not have been? Why so?" I asked, endeavoring and anxious to hear the revelation from the Count's lips before it was too late.

"Listen, Monsieur. My father imparted to me shortly before his death the terrible knowledge that the strain of the uxoricide ran in our veins. He, a recluse, was weighed down with mental agony; his suffering was indescribable and I shared with him, as Monsieur Baptiste has shared with me, self-banishment from the outer world. The secret had been handed down from father to son until I, the last of my house, shall be the last, too, to suffer the mental torment and anguish. My father loved, as I loved, his father loved, too, but that curse of curses, that thirst for the life of the one loved best, dominated—the strain of destruction was there, and no sci-

ence or power of man could eradicate it. When my poor mother died, still in the enjoyment of girlish endowments, and soon after my birth, none suspected that her sweet, pure life had been strangled out of her, and so dexterously as to defy discovery, even by the most skilled medical practitioner. Warned of this horrible tendency, I promised my father that I would never marry.

Alas, alas, cruel fate sent me to her! I loved her, but my love, stronger than my reason, eclipsed all else. I forgot in my ecstasy of happiness, the promise I had made; indeed, I had taught myself to believe that it was more than probable I may have escaped the dreaded strain, and, especially since I had never shown the slightest inclination of homicidal tendency. The night of my wedding brought all the mental anguish and fear back when Hortense, enfolded in my arms, and calling me husband, vowed to me the affection of a wife. At that instant a dove flew in at the window, and, with unmistakable signs of trouble, alighted on a portrait of my father which stood on an easel in

the room. My mother's tragic death, the similar and untimely death of my father's mother and the fear that that angel enfolded in my embrace might, perchance, die at my hands, resolved me to fly. I would no longer trust myself with her. Was it the thought of the revelation that had been made to me, or was it that dreaded strain getting the mastery of me that impelled me, when she was close in my embrace to crush, and crush, and crush until life should be extinct? What fiendish thoughts to assemble with the outpourings of the heart! 'The strain is in me!' I cried to myself, hardly able to suppress my desperation. 'The strain, the fearful, the cursed strain dominates me, and I must fly for her sake! I must no longer remain!' Ah, Monsieur, know now the awful truth which has beclouded my life and sapped my very vitals. But now all is over. See! See! The curtain is lifting! It is bright, beautifully bright; the air is filled with delicious melody; my soul is calm at last. Yes, yes, see, only peace, contentment and joy. Good-bye; I die to live an eternal life of love with her—my wife, beyond!"

THE PLEASURE FLEET

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

From haunts idyllic known to stars alone
Where long they dallied drifting with the stream,
Like frightened swallows the canoes have flown.

A rushing wind hath risen in a breath,
And where the rivers join there is strife
As light with darkness, and as life with death.

Frail craft, born but for summer and for song!
Blown through the darkness like a storm-tossed leaf—
Here is but highway for stout hearts and strong!

In windy flare of light the watchman stands—
The flying shapes speed onward to their mark—
How warm, O Love and Life, the welcoming hands!

WANTED: A HOSPITAL

BY GEORGE ALDEN MOORE

WHILE San Francisco is fairly well provided with public and private hospitals, most of them are conducted upon a commercial basis, and their charges for accommodations are excessive. For a small private room, the average weekly cost is not less than \$21, and for a bed in a ward, the average cost per week is \$17.50. The special services of an undergraduate nurse cost not less than \$21 per week, and if a graduated nurse is employed, the weekly charge for services is not less than \$30, with an additional weekly sum of \$7 to meet the nurse's board bill.

When an operation becomes necessary, there is a charge for the use of the X-ray, if used; for the use of the operating room; for the administration of the anesthetic; in some cases for bandages and cotton, and always for all medicines.

According to the Fee Bill of the San Francisco County Medical Society the minimum fee for an operation of the First Class is \$500. This class of operations includes, among others, amputation of the large limbs, operations for compound fractures, exsection and resection of large joints and bones; for stone in the bladder, and those involving abdominal section, as in case of appendicitis or operations connected with the uterus or ovaries.

The designated fee for the operation does not include the fee for the preliminary examination nor fees for subsequent professional visits; hence—according to the foregoing, for example:—in the case of an operation for appendicitis the minimum cost is as follows, to wit:—

| | |
|--|-------|
| Preliminary examination..... | \$10 |
| Consulting surgeon or physician (if one is employed) | 10 |
| Hospital room for 3 weeks (the usual period in such cases), at \$21 per week | 63 |
| Services of special nurse at \$30 per week | 90 |
| Board of nurse at \$7 per week... | 21 |
| Surgeon's fee | 500 |
| Administration of anesthetic..... | 10 |
| Bandages, cotton and dressing | 10 |
| Subsequent professional visits (say 15 at \$5 each) | 75 |
| Making a total of | \$789 |

Some San Francisco surgeons, for removing the appendix, or for other operations of like importance, require a fee of \$1,000. If the operation is for a fractured femur, or exsection or resection of a large bone or joint, the period of hospital confinement usually extends to twelve or more weeks, and when an operation is followed by septicemia or other morbid condition, the period of confinement may lengthen out long beyond the normal, involving, of course, corresponding increase of expense, so that, in such a case, as well as in prolonged medical cases, the total expense may equal \$1,500 or \$2,000.

The Fee Bill referred to gives \$200 as the minimum fee for operations of the Second Class; this class includes operations of single fractures and dislocations of the smaller bones; for hydrocele, removal of breasts, cataracts, etc. For operations of this class, should the patient enter a hospital, of course the stay there is ordinarily much shorter than is required by op-

erations of the First Class, it may be but for a few days, and, as a rule, no special nurse is employed, but even in such cases, with the hospital term limited, say, to ten days, the aggregate cost to the patient can hardly be less than \$250 to \$300, and it not infrequently occurs that a case is so prolonged as to cause a much greater expense.

When the patient is known to be of limited financial means, it is true surgeons, physicians and hospitals, upon appeal, not infrequently make a reduction in fees and charges; but such cases are concessions to pecuniary inability, and as such, even though accepted, are repugnant to the recipient.

The family man employed as a clerk, mechanic, small shop-keeper, and in such like occupations, quite generally earns sufficient money to maintain his family in comfort, to furnish it with some luxuries and reserve something for his savings account; yet even when the family is an economical one and its members are blessed with good health, as a rule the family savings are small, as it takes a goodly sum to pay household expenses and educate the children. In many cases, the entire savings are represented by a holding of stock in a building association, a life insurance policy, and perhaps a small savings bank deposit.

When to such a family there comes sickness or serious accidental injury, and, in consequence thereof, unusual and prolonged demands are made upon its financial resources, it is obliged either to dispense with many comforts, perhaps with necessities, or to encroach upon or exhaust its accumulated savings, or to do both; and even by so doing, it is often unable to fully satisfy financial obligations until after a long period of scrimping self-denial; when, through lack of thrift or through previous misfortune, there are no family savings, and perhaps previously contracted obligations, the case is especially distressing.

When such a family (and there are very many such in San Francisco) finds it necessary to avail itself of hos-

pital advantages, inquiry is made as to what will probably be the entire expense connected with the case, with the result that the amount named is found to be far beyond present ability to pay. The family is told of the City and County Hospital, but resents any suggestion of sending the patient there—charity treatment is not desired. Next in consideration is the ward of a pay hospital, but the family shrinks from availing itself of the advantages of ward treatment; the hospital ward may be clean and well ventilated, but it lacks privacy, and the intervention between beds of a screen does not prevent the groans and moans of a suffering patient from reaching, with depressing effect, the ears of neighboring ones; and there are other features of ward life which, to persons of refined sensibilities, are exceedingly distasteful; so there seems to be no other recourse than a private room in some hospital, and yet the expense incident thereto, including treatment, is so far beyond the family means that perforce it must put itself in the position of a suppliant and seeker of concessions. This is an exceedingly distasteful task to a self-respecting family, one which desires to pay fairly for all it receives, and to ask for no special favors; but even with such concessions accorded, the result is that the financial producer of the family, in order to pay the resulting obligation, must place a mortgage upon earnings, in an amount that will require many months of labor to satisfy.

Some of our hospitals have a system of collecting advance dues in small monthly amounts, in return for which they guarantee accommodations and treatment when needed. Though this system, as compared with the general custom, has its advantages to those availing themselves thereof, it has its limitations and is not generally availed of.

It should be possible for any citizen of San Francisco, of ordinary means, to secure for himself or any member of his family, good hospital accommodations, including a private room, with

competent surgical and medical treatment, etc., at a total cost inflicting no grievous financial burden. Right here let me say that nothing in this article is intended as an invidious reflection upon existing San Francisco hospitals, nor upon its many able and conscientious physicians and surgeons. Our hospitals, as a rule, are well equipped and well managed; but most of them, whether of corporate or individual ownership, are organized for the purpose of profit to stockholders, or to the individual owner or owners. Where the organization is of such a character, it is inevitable that the spirit of commercialism must control, and judging from existing hospital rates, this spirit to a greater or less degree has entered into the management of all of them, as is indicated by a comparison of rates charged by the hospital with those charged, for instance, by our smaller hotels. A good-sized, comfortable, well-furnished and clean room, with full board, can be obtained in many such hotels for two dollars per day, and it must be remembered that in the latter case a double profit is provided for—one to the owner of the building, the other to the lessee; and it must also be remembered that the cost of meals and service is greater in a hotel than in the hospital. As to food, the well certainly are greater consumers than the sick; and as to service, the hotel chambermaid (making due allowance for number of rooms served) receives a monthly wage three times greater than that paid to the undergraduate nurse. Again, some of our public hospitals have received endowments, donations for free rooms and for free beds, but as yet this fact appears to have had no effect, so far as the reduction of rates is concerned.

As to physicians and surgeons, we may well be proud of the high character, professional ability and broad sympathy that characterizes them as a class; probably there is not in San Francisco a physician so sordid as to turn away unassisted, even the poorest appealing for treatment; and only the Heavenly Record will reveal the many

kindly, unselfish, unrequited services rendered by them to the sick and needy poor. But this article is not written so much in the interest of that portion of our people generally classed as "the poor" as in the interest of those of moderate means and income. This last mentioned class constitutes a large proportion of our most intelligent population; an independent, self-respecting class, with income sufficient to supply all ordinary requirements including a savings fund for the proverbial "rainy day," but insufficient to warrant extravagant living or the payment of extortionate demands.

In Great Britain, as in Continental Europe, there are numerous large hospitals sustained by endowments, by public and private donations and by annual subscriptions, in which ward and out-door patients are treated without charge, and if the patient occupies a private room, the charge does not exceed \$1.50 a day, and often is less. This charge includes all expenses, unless the patient employs his private physician, and this is exceptional, as the hospitals maintain a medical staff of the highest ability, and the service of the staff physician is absolutely free and generally availed of. In the great Polyclinic Hospital at Rome, Italy, the maximum charge for a private room is 5 lire, equal, say, to \$1.20 per day; and this includes all expenses. In the German hospitals, the per diem expense for a single room, including nursing, treatment and medicine, is usually 6 marks, equal to \$1.44.

In Great Britain, at least once in the year, all the churches observe what is known as "Hospital Sunday," upon which occasion contributions are collected for the hospitals, and, in addition to this, hospitals are continually in receipt of contributions, coming from the middle classes and poor, as well as from the rich, and hence when a person of limited means needs hospital accommodation and treatment, the advantage is availed of as a "right," and not as a charity.

The London Hospital, the largest in England, contains about one thousand

beds, and annually treats hundreds of thousands of out-patients. All its many departments are splendidly equipped with up-to-date appliances and its medical staff comprises some of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons of London. It affords the sick or injured the advantages of the highest skill and most approved methods of treatment, and yet all ward and out-patients receive accommodations and treatment free.

In addition to the public hospitals in London and in the other large cities of Great Britain there are maintained many private institutions for the treatment of the sick and injured; these are known as "Nursing Homes," and they are chiefly patronized by the well-to-do, with which class they are deservedly popular. In general, these nursing homes are conducted along the same lines as our private sanatoriums, though their charges are much less. A prominent physician of London, having a large practice, informed me that for a fee of fifty guineas (about \$250), he would undertake an operation for appendicitis, and carry the patient through to termination; the fee to include all Nursing Home and other expenses. From this it would appear that the Fee Bill hereinbefore referred to, in the interest of patients may well be subjected to revision, and in any case, does not a fee bill, agreed upon by medical practitioners, savor more of trade unionism than of an exalted profession such as that of medicine and surgery? What San Francisco needs, and greatly needs, is a large, well-equipped and well-conducted hospital, with an ample endowment fund and a system of public contribution, to enable it to furnish a patient with a private room, proper nursing and treatment by a thoroughly competent staff physician and surgeon, at a total expense not exceeding \$2 a day, or \$14 a week; with ward treatment at from \$7 to \$10 per week, and out-patient dispensary treatment for a nominal fee.

Such a hospital, to commence with, should have five hundred beds, and not

less than one hundred and fifty individual rooms for patients; it should be provided with wards with two, four and six beds, as well as larger wards. It should be prepared to receive patients without regard to the character of the illness, infectious and contagious diseases not excepted. At present, San Francisco is poorly provided with accommodations for such cases.

Of course, all contagious and infectious diseases should be treated in a detached building or wing. It should have a maternity department; a department for children; reception and treatment rooms for out-patients, and, in some near-by and carefully selected locality, a convalescent home. In the selection of house physicians, matrons and chief nurses, not only technical ability but also ethical qualifications should be considered essential.

Such an institution, with a medical staff composed of able practitioners who would consider it a privilege and honor to serve in such a capacity, should have an affiliation with some medical school of equal standing, and thus, in addition to the benefit it would continually confer on suffering humanity, it would also be of great importance as an auxiliary educational institution.

Some of our hospitals are suffering for want of funds; the Children's Hospital, so long and well conducted by the noble, untiring women constituting its board of managers, has done and is doing most excellent work in its selected sphere, but it is handicapped by reason of insufficient means, and requires and must obtain help to complete its building. Why not make it, in combination with some other hospital or hospitals, the nucleus of a larger, broader and more effective institution?

Is it not possible to effect such a combination and to secure for such an institution endowments and donations sufficient to place it upon a sound and enduring financial basis, so as to enable it to do for our people the same grand and noble work that is being

done by Old World hospitals for their respective communities?

In San Francisco there are many wealthy, philanthropic men and women. Does not this call appeal to some of them? Certainly, one of the very best uses of money is its devotion to the relief and healing of the suffering, and what greater and more enduring memorial can perpetuate the memory

of man than one obtained through the founding and establishing of an institution which for many generations, perhaps even unto the end of time, will continually minister to suffering humanity and also prove a potent factor in the advancement of medical science, and of all that relates to the preservation and restoration of health to the human being.

“THE CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC”

In the pallid circle of human life—

Where the shadows hover around the tomb,
By the fires that pulse in the waking strife
And the deeper flame of the spirit's gloom;

Where the darkness crawls from the outer dark,
And the heart imperils the brain to think;
While the soul, at our thought's high-water mark,
Still gropes, alone, on the crumbling brink—

There comes, in a year of the countless years,
A song of courage that holds the air;
A cry, that sundering death from fears,
Disperses the terrors that huddle there.

And the night comes down, and the winds begin;
The Powers mutter their dark commands.
We dare not lose—and we cannot win!
But we strain our eyes to the lurid sands,

That shift and yawn on the shoals of death;
And we turn a moment, and hope to flee:
Then back we look (with our dying breath),
Where the lighthouse sepulchres guard the Sea.

The Houses have marshaled their black brigades;
The hurrying winds have formed in line.
They tremble—and move—and charge! Their blades
Flash as they thunder across the brine!

As they whirl upon us we face their storms,
For the song of Leo rings out afar,
Above the surge of their writhing forms,
Beyond the moan of the muted Bar.

The message is strong as the night is deep,
(And the night is deep as the Houses' gloom!)
And we all must lose what we cannot keep,
But the song of the Children pales the doom!

HERBERT HERON.

AT THE STATION

BY ANNA EWING

THE TERMINUS of the branch line of the great N. Y. & W. seemed suggestive, even to the usual loungers and hangers-on around a railroad station, of its undesirability as a lounging place.

Certainly few lingered in the low, one-storied structure which looked vastly disproportionate to the heavy trains that pulled in from the south and disgorged their passengers in what appeared to be the back entrance to the city.

The sole desire of the throngs that, at intervals, hurried along the tunnel-like corridor leading from the train sheds, appeared to be to secure their baggage, board a waiting car or hire one of the shabby hacks drawn up close to the curbstone and get away, to lose themselves in the crowds up-town.

The excitement of a train arrival or departure once over, a state of lethargy seemed to fall over the railway station.

The man in charge of the bookstand leisurely picked his teeth at the magazine-lined door-way, with a frank disregard for appearances.

The little window at the ticket office closed with a snap, and the ticket agent disappeared from view, only the occasional rapid ticking of the telegraph instrument betokening any activity within.

The colored shoe-black rested somnolently from his labors, keeping, however, a drowsy lookout with one half-open optic for a possible customer among the early arrivals for the next out-going train.

Outside on the street, business activities seemed equally suspended, or,

to be more exact, seemed never to have begun.

Half a dozen dingy saloons, whose swinging doors, standing yawningly open, revealed an expanse of sawdusted floor and a dearth of customers, or, at best, an occasional thirsty one standing at the bar; a corner grocery, whose single dusty window, like a cyclopic eye, displayed an uninviting collection of battered tea boxes, musty looking currants and raisins in flat-bottomed trays, and ancient fly-papers, which had long ceased to fulfill their original purpose; a few grimy, unoccupied, two-storied warehouses with broken windows, and stretches of vacant lots between—these, with one exception, represented the business activities around the N. Y. & W. Depot.

The solitary exception referred to was Gaetano Morelli's fruit store.

It was hardly more than a stand, and it stood between the cyclopic eye and a vacant lot, directly across the street from the waiting hack line. Dingy and unpainted as to exterior, its shining fruit piles, strings of dried peppers, and shelves of homely vegetables stood out refreshingly, and struck a note of color in the general grayness and dinginess of the street.

A peanut oven at the door gave forth an appetizing odor—so appetizing that had Morelli been an appointed emissary of the temperance movement he could hardly have chosen a more effectual way of diverting the stray nickels of the hackmen from the saloon coffers to his own.

As a usual thing, the hackmen (taxi had not as yet adventured in that out-of-the-way quarter) stood listlessly about, their hacks drawn close to the sunken curb, their patient animals'

heads drooping, while they exchanged their limited stock of gossip or called occasional greetings to the car men as they switched the trolley at the end of the line.

On this late afternoon, however, a mild excitement seemed to pervade their waiting ranks. Yesterday they had been only slightly interested; to-day they were decidedly curious, as could be testified by their frequent side-stepping and sidelong glances across the street in the direction of the fruit store.

Yet nothing out of the ordinary seemed to be going on there. The store looked as usual, and Luisa, Morelli's plump and comely wife, stood inside, placidly polishing apples as she lifted them one by one out of a box and arranged them rosy side out, in the small window.

Suddenly the whistle of the approaching north-bound train was heard. The woman hastily deposited the apple she held in the shining pile and darted into an inner room.

The excitement among the waiting Jehus became more intense. "Now watch her beat it for the train," and Jerry McAuliffe side-stepped nimbly to better observe the fulfillment of his prediction.

"Mebbe she's expectin' a friend," ventured Michael, whose hack stood next to Jerry's.

"Friend nothin'," scoffed Jerry. "Looks more like she was goin' to meet ould Nick, she looks so down in the mouth. She was over to every train yestidday and terday. Wonder where the old man is?"

"It ain't any of our business," remarked Michael, somewhat sourly. He was, in reality, not a whit less curious than the rest of them, but somehow, the man's decent instinct resented Jerry's free and easy comments on Luisa's movements. Besides, she was a countrywoman of his, and on the strength of it he enjoyed a speaking acquaintance with her, and felt bound to stand up for her.

At this moment the woman reappeared and, seizing a small scarlet

shawl from a hook in the wall, threw it over her head. Then locking the door of the little store behind her, she crossed the street and took her position at the scoop-like entrance to the station, whence she scanned every face as the passengers made their hurried exit therefrom.

Her face, usually round and plump, looked tense and drawn under the bright shawl, but her dark eyes, sunken as if with weeping or sleeplessness, looked out from their sepia shadows with a sombre fire. As the last passengers filtered out into the street, the woman's deep breast heaved with a sigh of relief, and the rigid lines of her lips softened into their natural, full curves.

Then, drawing her shawl more closely over her face, she hurriedly recrossed the street, unlocked the door of the store, and disappeared into the inner room, while the hackmen shook their heads dubiously.

* * * *

Night and darkness had fallen over the crudities and blemishes of the street.

The empty warehouses loomed up blackly mysterious, the cyclopic eye and Morelli's fruit-store seemed blotted out into the general darkness.

But from under and above the large swinging doors of the saloons, patches of light flickered on the broken sidewalk in front, and cast long, wavering shadows beyond, and about the depot, where the lights clustered brightest was a certain transitory air of cheerfulness and warmth.

There were only two night trains from the south. That at nine o'clock was usually a "heavy;" that at ten-thirty a "light."

Usually only two of the hackmen remained to take the slim chance of a fare from the night trains.

"They're too blame stingy," complained Jerry. "Nothin' short o' a smash-up 'll make 'em take a hack, if it's too dark for th' neighbors t' see 'em."

This night it was Michael's and

Jerry's turn to stand watch. Jerry had disappeared, perhaps in search of liquid refreshments. It still wanted fifteen minutes till the arrival of the nine o'clock train, and Michael leaned drowsily against the door of his hack.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his arm. It was Luisa's. "Michael," she said, hurriedly, "Michael, my ole man ees verra sseek—maybe he die—I do not know——"

Suddenly she threw the end of her black shawl over her face and swayed to and fro in agony.

The man watched her in silence. He recognized in his slow way that here was something more than physical sickness—a mental torture that his slow-reaching mind could not grasp.

"Kin I help, Luisa? You want me to get a doctor—a priest?" he said, awkwardly, at last.

"No, no," dropping the shawl from her face. It ees not that. It ees another matter. Will you help me, Michael?"

Her pale lips were trembling, and her eyes, liquid and eloquent with the beauty of the South, sought his, imploringly, from out their heavy shadows.

"Sure I will, Luisa," said the man, simply. "What kin I do?"

"I will tell you," she said. "See, Michael, I wait here at the depot evera day and night. You see me—— Listen, Michael," she went on, with passionate earnestness, "I wait here for a woman. She says she ees hees wife—my old man's——"

The woman flung the words from her as though they scorched and stung her lips. "She run away an' leave my ole man—five, six years ago. They tole heem she was dead, then he marra me. Now she write my ole man, and say she ees not dead an' will come back to heem—yesterday—to-day, mebbe. An' my Gaetano, when he read the letter, he put hees han' to hees head and fall down like dead. Now he has fever, an' groan an' cry. Eef he see her eet will kill heem.

"She ees verra angry, she says, but oh, Michael—my ole man—he did not

know. He thenk she die long time since.

"See; here ees money," drawing a purse from her bosom and extracting three gold pieces therefrom, "give it to her. Tell her Gaetano Morelli ees verra seeck—mebbe he die to-night—Tell her to wait till to-morrow—nex' week——"

Michael eyed the purse a moment. "Why don't you give it all to her and send her away for good?" he said, slowly.

The woman looked at him steadily, her deep breast heaving, her eyes gathering fire.

"Because, Michael, she say she ees hees wife, an' if that ees true—*she* belongs to my ole man—not me—oh, Jesu!—but to-night she shall not come to—what you call it—to mek noise. But bimeby, eef he do not die, Luisa will keep no woman from her man. She ees American. She ees what you say?—stylish—Mebbe Gaetano likes her best when he see her.

"But he say to me now, 'Luisa, carissima, do not leave me!' Oh, Michael—I think he call me. Watch!—and the Blessed Mother reward you. See! I give you this if you lose a fare while you watch," and she thrust a gold piece in the man's hand.

"I won't take it, Luisa," he began, but she had already slipped away in the darkness. In a moment he heard the key rasping in the door of her little store.

He looked helplessly after her. He had intended to ask her how he should know this woman; what he should say to her, what he should do if she refused to listen to him. Now his mind floundered in a maze of unspoken interrogations.

Meantime, Jerry had been indulging, not in spirituous liquors, behind the swinging doors—but in a nap in the comfortable seclusion of his hack.

At first, the low, intense voice of Luisa seemed to fit in like part of a dream till the more familiar one of Michael aroused him to the reality of the dialogue. Then he became very wide-awake indeed. Seldom had a

bit of neighborhood gossip so fraught with pungent possibilities come Jerry's way, and he gave it the attention its importance seemed to demand.

However, unintentional as was his eavesdropping, he considered it the better part of wisdom to remain where he was until Michael should move away and he could slip unnoticed out of the hack.

The whistle of the train gave him the desired opportunity, for Michael, leaving his conveyance to its fate, moved rapidly down the brightly lighted corridor to watch more closely for the unwelcome visitor.

Jerry would have liked to join him, but that being out of the question, he waited hopefully beside his hack for a fare, as the first few forerunners of an unusually heavy trainload filtered out into the street.

Suddenly he started. His heavy red fist clutched convulsively on the door of the hack, and the healthy color in his round, good-natured face faded to a sickly pallor behind a three days' bristly stubble.

His eyes were following the movements of a woman. She was a short, squat black-clad figure, with a heavy, red face, surmounted by a small, flat, gray hat, chief among whose adornments was a very stiff, very thin and scraggly-looking ostrich plume of dirty grey, sticking out straight behind.

It was the only thing about her that did not appear heavy, solid, over-fed.

She carried a shabby valise, and moved with ponderous footsteps into the shadows below the waiting hacks, whence she peered uncertainly across the cobble-paved street.

Jerry watched as if fascinated. Then as she prepared to cross, he darted after her.

"Kerrige, lady?" he said, hastily.

The woman half-turned. "No, I'm only agoin'—My Gawd, Jerry," she gasped, weakly.

Her valise fell heavily from her nerveless hands, and she stared at him—surprise, consternation, fear, too, stamped on every feature of her

blotched and dissipated countenance.

"So it's you, Mame," said the man, grimly. "Where're ye goin'?"

The woman breathed heavily, but she faced him with sullen defiance.

"I don't know as it's any o' your business, Jerry McAuliffe," she snapped, insolently. "You 'tend to your affairs, and I'll 'tend to mine."

"This is my affair." There was a grim determination in his tone that cowed her in spite of her bold front. "Ye can't bluff me, Mame," he continued. "There's nothing doing over there," jerking his head in the direction of the fruit store. "I know all about it, and you ain't goin' over there to-night, nor ever."

The woman eyed him sullenly. "If I ain't goin' there, where *am* I goin'? I got no money——"

"You git inter this hack an' I'll drive ye round to Jem Watsons'; his wife 'll put ye up fer the night—quick."

Heedless of her remonstrances, he grasped her valise with one hand and her arm with the other, and bundled her unceremoniously into the hack, just as Michael returned, empty-handed, to his stand. Then he mounted the seat and drove rapidly away.

Jerry did not drive far, however. Once a safe distance from the station, in the comparative seclusion of the wholesale district, he dismounted, and looked in on his unwilling fare.

"Mame," he said, almost pleadingly, "I don't want to make no trouble for ye. You was my wife once—I—I only got the divorce last year—after t' boy died——" He hesitated, and the woman's eyes fell. She mumbled something about having "heard of it."

"I'll give ye money, Mame—fifty dollars—t' get out o' town. Ye can live on that till ye get a job—ye're a good cook."

"Fifty dollars!" The woman's small, cunning eyes gleamed avariciously, but her voice was sharply derisive. "Fifty dollars! I could a gotten more outa that fool—Morelli——"

"Not if I told him you committed bigamy when you married him. You'd

get somethin' else, more likely," interposed Jerry, significantly.

The woman laughed, unpleasantly. "Well, I suppose I'll have t' take it," she said. "When do I get it?"

"I'll bring it to ye in the mornin'," said Jerry—"on one condition."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"You'll write Morelli a letter to-night and tell him as you was already married when you tied up with him; you ain't got no claims on him now. And so far's you're concerned, Luisa is his lawful wife——"

The woman scowled: "Oh, shucks! all that fuss for fifty dollars. It ain't worth the trouble."

"It's the truth, Mame, and if ye don't do it, I'll go myself and tell him to-morrow. Take it or leave it," he said quietly.

"Oh, I suppose I'll hev t' take it,"

she said, angrily. "Don't stand gapin' at me. Take me over to Watsons' an' don't never interfere with me again——" and she ripped out a few expletives that prompted Jerry to close the door with a bang and drive rapidly away.

Jerry was an hour late at his post next morning, and business being unusually brisk, it was late in the afternoon before he found himself at leisure, and in his usual place next to Michael.

Unshaven, preoccupied, the man leaned moodily against his hack. At last he roused himself.

"I didn't see Morelli's wife over t' the trains terday," he remarked, casually.

"No," replied Michael, facing him stolidly. "She tole me she got a letter t' say her—er—friend ain't coming."

TO THE WIND

BY EARL S. RUDISILL

O wind of might, that now doth blow
In sad and baleful tone,
Why dost thou come, depress me so,
When I am all alone?

Thy voice is doleful as of those
Who mourn departed friends;
It seems to warn of coming woes;
Peace from my heart it rends.

Now half in anger, half in tears,
Thou threatenest with ill;
And when my heart would lose its fears
Thou speak'st more evil still.

Get hence and let me rest in peace,
O thou of evil mind!
Let all my vain repining cease
Till endless joy I find.

THE TWIN BUTTES HOLD-UP

BY J. ELLIOTT AND ARTHUR PRICE

THE MORNING sun was all but cresting the easterly rim of the circling mountains when John Dowd, with the two burros that carried his prospecting outfit, reached the summit. His gaze swept the great stretch below and before him to the base of the westerly range of up-piled rock. The perspective between was that of the dry, undulating floor of an ocean whose waves had suddenly been stilled, whose waters had receded and had left their impress in billowy, gray sand.

Here and there his field glass showed a boulder, wind-swept of the sand, that had black, sun-blistered face. Nor aught else—aught that gave sign that nature, in this sunken, rock-rimmed bowl, had survived the aridness and sear of sun. The in-hemmed space—thirty to forty miles in diameter, as Dowd estimated in the early light—spelled but desolation.

In its center—almost to exactitude—two grayish, cone-shaped buttes lifted themselves three hundred feet or more above the sand dune levels. These it was that held the field-glass of Dowd; and to them he burro-trailed his way to fortune. Asked, later—after the years of fortune-building: "What decided you to make trail to these buttes over those sun-scorched, shifting sands?" Dowd replied: "I had water and grub—plenty o' both—and was headed Tucson-way," and it was the wave of his arm that gave finality to the words and robbed them of all self-praise—of all but the play of chance in the life of the prospector.

Dowd was a Scotchman. For years he had been an unsuccessful prospector, and had burro-beat old trails and made many new ones in the various

mineralized districts of the Southwestern frontier of twenty years ago. The rugged and the persistent of the Scotch within him had carried him—with his burros and hope—on and on, but it was nevertheless true that, for him, the Twin Buttes was a camping place but a short distance this side of the one that Hope abandons to the "quitter."

Following the discovery, there came the years of delve into the rock-walled treasure store, the building and operation of the mill, the fortune building of Dowd, and the gradual development of a frontier mining camp into a community of some three thousand souls that included all of the frontier, Mexican border, human conglomerate from the undesired and tolerated "bad man," with a record, to the essential wage earner of the mine. Both sexes, too, were well represented among the camp parasites.

Red lights blazed the all-night trail along the tortuous gulch highways, flashing their multiple of lures to the man of the idle hour and unemptied pocket; there was the shuffle of feet on sanded floor to the discords of intended harmony, at all hours of the day and night, and the "click-click" of the coin and the celluloid chips as they were passed back and forth, over the green baized tables to the varying course of chance.

The Twin Buttes camp, at that time, stood for the extreme outpost of mining communities, and was so far removed from circuits and sittings of statute interpreters and enforcers that it was a law unto itself.

And this law was codified and enforced by one man—John Dowd. His lowly spoken: "Don't do that again,"

seldom required repetition; and the repetition, when called for, was—*vamose*. Nor were there any so daring as to disregard the final order of the judge whose physical attributes, of more than local repute, were more compelling than might be any ermine of the law.

Dowd, himself, was an unusual type—unusual, even, in a region that drew and developed types. Seen at a distance that prevented a look in upon the gray of eyes and a reach of the low-toned voice, he was all but apeish in appearance. The under-height frame, the out-bowed legs, the long arms, swinging from massive, stooped shoulders, drew the strong lines of a picture that was completed by features well-covered by a wiry, iron-gray beard, and by the low-hanging hair, of same color and texture, that curled up from below his neck. It was only when you looked into the quick-changing gray of the eyes and heard the dominant note in voice that you forgot the physical picture and felt but the forceful, the compelling mental of the man.

How he kept in such instant touch with the camp's daily happenings that were disconnected from mining operations, and, at the same time attended to the multiple of duties that the one-man, ever-vigilant and all but omnipresent management of the property involved, was a much-discussed mystery. Yet nothing, seemingly, had escaped him until—*now*.

But the "now" included about all that was personally, financially and immediately important to John Dowd.

The source of the rumor had not been traced. It had drifted up, in mysterious, namelessly whispered currents from the underworld, and had furtive circulation, even, among the mine workmen.

There was to be a hold-up.

Whether it was supposed that Dowd, of all men in camp, *knew*, or whether his curt resentment of all volunteer information as to mine affairs deterred, no one had spoken to him of the coming roadside "hand-out," in which he was to be dealer, so far as could be

learned; and he was certainly making every preparation to start the following morning—*alone*—over the sixty miles of desert trail to the railroad station with the bullion. So certain had been Dowd's hold upon his desert community, and so unswerving had been the loyalty of the lawlessly inclined elements in the camp to the man who supplied its circulating medium, that the unwritten notice had read: "Hands off Dowd," and in the months of the years, as he made his trips with the "clean-ups," there had been no thought of roadside events.

It was the double load, so it was said, that had prodded the dormant criminal thought to action—Dowd having been prevented, by one thing and another, from making the last month's trip; and there were now the "clean-ups" from something more than two months' run of the mill—sixty thousand dollars and above.

"John Sanders pulled his freight into camp this evenin'," Burns, the night watchman said to Dowd, tentatively, as he was leaving the office. "Tell him to *vamose* after morning grub, and that the trail to the Twin Buttes is barred to him in the future," Dowd said in tone of finality. Burns nodded his head. The habits of the employer become, in time, those of the employee in large degree. Dowd's Scotch thrift was not even wasting of words, and interviews between him and his men had become lop-sided—vocally. There was the worded question; the answer was a nod or shake of the head, unless words were a necessity.

"Goin' to hit th' trail in th' mo'nin' with th' bullion?" Burns ventured, his hand on the door-knob. Dowd nodded his head in answer, and then: "Order the team for four, and tell Ortego and Adsit to be ready," he said, with a flourish of his right arm.

"They're both in Tucson, layin' off," Burns replied, and there was more of surprise than else in the answer—surprise that Dowd did not know. "Then Burtis and Carter," Dowd suggested, as he named two men, long in his employ, who had a reputation for expert

use of tools other than those required in mining operations.

"Heard that they're goin' to hold you up?" Burns queried. Dowd's head nodded. "Believe it?" and the question of Burns carried much of concern. Dowd's head was how motionless. "Make it plain to Sanders," he said, looking up, as Burns was opening the door. "Don't make the play, Dowd—they'll get you, sure," and the door slammed behind Burns as if his own temerity in making the suggestion had been the force.

Sanders was a prospector whose three-tandem burro outfit, with the black cat perched upon the shoulders of the bell-burro, was known from one end of the territory to the other. He, however, was not so certainly *savied*. Some said he was *loco*. He had been connected, it was known, with several roadside events that did not have sanction of law, but whether with "malice aforethought" or as the innocent tool of others—well—opinions differed.

It was shortly before midnight when Dowd countermanded the order for his team—a break in the hoisting machinery having occurred that demanded his personal attention. The change in his plans, however, had not become known—and when he opened the door of his office, one corner of which served to hold his bunk, at about five o'clock, a considerable crowd was gathered to see the start-off. Sanders was one of the number. The sweep of the gray eyes caught him and the voice came, rapid-fire, in its wake: "Did Burns tell you what I said?"

"Yes, John Dowd, an' I ain't takin' no hand-outs from you, nor hittin' any trails that's blocked—*savey*?" Dowd, with a glance at Sanders, whose propelling force might not be misunderstood, went on up to the mill. Sanders had friends in the crowd—and there were those who were not. But their inquiries brought only a shake of his head; and a half-hour later his burro caravan, himself in the rear with his prod, straggled its course down the gulch incline.

One thing and another detained, and

it was early morning of the third day after when Dowd's team of mules, hitched to the canvas-covered road wagon, stood before the office door, and he came out with the iron-bound bullion box on his back. "Hoist yourselves, boys," was his greeting to Burtis and Carter as he dumped the bullion box into the space front from the forward of the two seats, and took the lines from the boy. All were quickly "set"—Burtis and Carter in the rear seat—and Dowd's one "cluck" started the mules. Burns and the stable-boy only were there to answer the *adios* called back from the wagon; and Burns's answer was but a wave of the arm and an ominous shake of the head. Up to the hour of starting, he had vainly endeavored to dissuade Dowd from making the trip.

"It's a cinch they get you at the Black Gap—I *know*," was the first and finish of his argument; and suggested an escort of a score or more if the trip must be made before the would-be highwaymen were ousted from cover.

"Three men are as good as fifty," Dowd had replied, "with the devils among those rocks."

"Sixty thousand dollars," Burns suggested, and added, ominously, "with no chance at all for you fellers."

"I can trust Burtis and Carter to play safe from that; and if the thieves do get the bullion, they won't get it out of this desert." The answer came with a gritty sound that had source in the Highlands.

The wagon trail led almost due north for a distance of about fifteen miles to a high ridge of volcanic rock that cut through the desert, with easterly and westerly course. At the point for which they were headed, and where was a break in the ridge, Dowd had graded a road that wound about between the black, massed boulders and led to the *mesa* beyond, where began the easy, down grade to the railroad. This cut shortened connections with the outer world of iron rails and moving trains by about ten miles, and furnished an easier grade.

A ride through coarse, yielding sand,

under the glare of a tropic sun, between and over the sand dunes, the mules, for the most part, at walking gait, does not inspire the conversational, especially so when beyond the heads of the mules lay the all but certainty of danger that was under cover. The thoughts of the wagon's occupants, too, were sufficiently engrossing, and so the crunch-crunch of the wagon tires in the sand was the only sound the wagon carried in the wake of its course.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Dowd brought the mules to a stop upon the hard, crushed rock road-bed of the incline that led up to the gate of the pass, guarded on either side with shaft-like piles of *malapi*.

Burtis, with the quick eyes of a frontiersman, noticed small hoof marks on his side of the road.

"Three burros," he reported, without preface.

"A man with hobnails in the shape of a half moon," Carter announced as his discovery.

"Saunders," said Dowd, "gittup."

That was all. The three men tacitly admitted their vigilance, but did not comment upon it.

"Passed here about noon—fool for traveling in the middle of the day," muttered Burtis, seeing other signs.

"He's daft," declared the Scotchman.

Looking up the barren sides of the hills, they saw before them a thin blue tree of smoke growing where naught else could flourish in the arid atmosphere.

"He's pitched his camp; he's safe, I reckon," concluded Burtis.

Dowd was a taciturn man. As he was the employer, the other two, in prudence, guided their conduct by his. So no comments were made as they ascended the grade, toward the blue tree of smoke. But all were watching the spot. They could not see the man near the fire: he might be behind a rock, but they now had no anticipation of any trouble. It was just habit that brought their rifles more comfortably across their knees as they neared the

blue whiff that rose from the scorching rocks.

When Saunders did appear, he came from the direction opposite to that in which the smoke climbed. He sprang from behind a rock, abreast of the passing buckboard, with heavy revolvers in his hands.

Burtis and Carter accepted the rule of precedence in desert gun play. They dropped their rifles and lifted their arms with alacrity. The movement was as automatic as is the action of a city man in lifting his hat when a woman bows to him. Furthermore, the gold in the box under the seat did not belong to them.

Dowd, to whom the gold did belong, bawled crossly, dictatorially: "Quit your fooling, Saunders. I haven't time to bother with you."

But the instinct of the desert had affected him; he pulled up the team as automatically as the other men had lifted their gunless hands.

"Don't worry, Dowd," said Saunders. "You can see it ain't your gold that I want—you can see that I ain't wearing any mask on my face, like a road agent does. Not me; that is, not this time," added the simple-minded fellow. "I ain't saying what I have done in times agone. But this time I am virtuous in my job. See, I don't want your money; that's yours. What I want is your luck. You've got more luck than a man ought to have. More'n God Almighty intended a man should have."

Burtis and Carter, amazed by the speech of the man in the road, dropped their arms. Dowd reflexed slightly the pressure of his foot on the brake.

"Stop; these guns is loaded, and I'll shoot you all sure as preachin' if you start off till I'm done. I want your luck, Mister Dowd."

"Saunders, you're crazy," said Dowd.

"Perhaps I is, perhaps I'm as locoed as a locomotive, but give me your luck, or by Saint Tommy—what's your patron saint—I'll kill you all three. Sure, by God, I will."

Burtis spoke harshly, passionately,

profanely. He told Saunders what kind of a lunatic he believed him to be.

"See that buzzard?" said Saunders, indicating a bird high overhead. "I'm going to shoot him, with one shot of one of my guns, mark you that. By the time its dead body reaches the ground, you, Dowd, must say that you give me your luck. Luck is something that every man is entitled to. I ain't never had any. You've had too much, Dowd. You say: 'I hereby give to Thomas Saunders my Luck, all the luck that I expect to have hereafter; all the chances and opportunities that is to come to me, the same Thomas Saunders stip—stip——'"

"Stipulating," suggested Carter.

"Yes, stipulating that he will not interfere with my property at Twin Buttes or elsewhere, or the gold I carry under my buckboard seat, so help us both, God."

There was a crack of a shot, and the three men in the buckboard saw the buzzard falling swiftly to the ground, killed by a marvelous bullet.

"All right," said Dowd, briefly. "I don't believe in luck; there ain't no such thing as luck; but I'll do what you say to get rid of you, if you'll promise not to hinder us from now on. You're entitled to all the crazy luck you can find."

"Done!" said Saunders.

There, under the burning sun, in the middle of the desert hill side, Dowd, the hard-headed, successful Scot, repeated an idiotic oath, following Saunders word for word.

"I don't know when the luck will

come to me, but it will now," said Saunders. "Much obliged, Mr. Dowd. Good-bye."

Saunders put his revolvers in their holsters. The two guards, now restored to competency, reached for their rifles.

"Don't harm the loon," said Dowd. "Gittup."

The mules trudged on up the grade, and the three men did not even glance back to Saunders as he sat in the road and rehearsed the fortune that would be his when the Dowd luck began to work in his interest.

Later he went to his camp, kicked out the fire, saddled his burros with their packs, and started on up the road. Three shots reverberated through the defiles of the hills as he trudged along, but he paid little attention to them—for was he not a man of luck now, impervious to misfortune? He was so deep in his dreams as he toiled through the dust of the desert hills that he did not hear a sound of hammering until he turned a corner of the road and came upon a crimson scene. Suddenly, before his eyes lay the dead bodies of Dowd, Burtis and Carter. Over them and near them stood a gang of cut-throats, Mexican bandits, lush with gore, prying open the iron chest which held Dowd's gold dust.

"Dowd's luck has ended," cried Saunders.

His presence was discovered by the bandits.

One stepped toward Saunders with a terrible knife.

"I guess I didn't get much when I got Dowd's luck," said Saunders.

He said nothing more.



PASTOR RUSSELL AND THE MONITOR

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

PART II.

The Jewish nation consisted of twelve tribes. Some of all were at Jerusalem in Palestine, the center of their national life. But two tribes, mainly, were represented there—Judah and Benjamin. These two, therefore, may be specially considered as the rich man in the parable. His five brethren mentioned would correspond to the remaining ten tribes residing in the countries round about. The parable shows that no special favor would be shown to those brethren—"They have Moses and the Prophets; let them hear them." These words clearly identify the rich man and his brethren as the twelve tribes of Israel to whom God's favors and blessings came through Moses and the Prophets.

Cannot all see clearly that this parable, which is the mainstay of all the eternal torment doctrines and teachings, has been misunderstood? Its teachings are beautiful and in entire accord with the facts of history and revelation.

II.—*The Goats in Everlasting Fire.*

This, also, is a parable, and not a literal statement. Besides, it applies not to people now living, but to people who will be living in the world during the thousand years of Christ's reign following His second advent. The context tells us this. We read, When the Son of Man shall come in His glory and all His holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the Throne of His glory, and before Him will be gathered all nations.—Matthew 25:31-46.

The Son of Man has not yet come in

His glory. He is waiting for the development of the Church, His saintly Bride class, which is to sit with Him in His Throne and share His glory, and, with Him, participate in the judging of the world—"Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?"—(1 Cor. 6:2.) This parable, then, belongs not to the Church, nor to this Gospel Age, but to the world's Judgment Day or trial time in the coming Age, the thousand years of Messiah's reign. Mankind are represented as sheep and goats. Surely these are symbolical. Surely mankind will not turn into sheep and goats! We must interpret it symbolically. Like a shepherd the great Messiah will, during the thousand years, instruct, uplift and enlighten humanity. Such as receive the instructions and come into full accord with Him are styled sheep, symbolically, of course. And they are placed at His right hand, symbolically, of course, signifying a place of favor. The others, the wayward, not developing the graces of character under these instructions, will be goats, in a symbolical sense, of course, and will be gathered to Messiah's left hand of disfavor. At the conclusion of that glorious thousand years of Divine favor, uplifting, restitution (Acts 3:19-21), the consummation of the matter will have been reached. The sheep class, perfect, glorious, will be ushered into *life everlasting*. The goat class, wilful rejectors of Divine favor on the Divine terms, will receive *death everlasting!* their everlasting punishment. But what kind of punishment will it be? St. Paul answers, "They shall be

punished with everlasting *destruction*." Destruction will be their punishment, just as death is the capital punishment in the State of New York, California and elsewhere. St. Peter says of each: "They shall be destroyed from amongst the people." (Acts 3:23.) Again, he tells us that they will perish like natural brute beasts. (2 Pet. 2:12.) What could be plainer or simpler than this? The word used by our Lord, in the Greek rendered punishment, is *kolasin*. It signifies restraint, cutting off. It has no thought of torment connected with it.

The question may arise, Why did our Lord use the words, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels?" Fire is here used as a symbol of destruction, and the word everlasting has its full import, as St. Paul expressed it, "everlasting destruction." Is not fire as good a symbol of destruction as a sheep is a symbol of a child of God, or a goat a symbol of a follower of Satan? We can think of no better symbol of destruction than fire—nothing more destructive.

But the Monitor raises the suggestion that matter is indestructible. Very true. The burning of a human body in a literal flame or the burning of the same body by the chemical action of the atmosphere, more slowly, would reduce it to dust and gases. Nothing would be lost. But man is more than a body. The intelligent will, thought, etc., which constitutes a human soul or human being, is something more than a body, and is not subject to the same conditions. The 'soul can be destroyed. Intelligence can be blotted out. The human will perishes when the spark of animal life quits the body. And it is the soul that the Bible declares is responsible for sin, and not the body. It was Adam, a soul, that was condemned to death. It was Adam and the souls of all his children that were redeemed by Jesus' sacrifice. As it is written, He redeemeth thy soul (life, being) from destruction.—Psalm 103:4. The death or destruction of Adam's soul would have meant annihi-

lation had not the Almighty provided the redemption. The redemption price was the death of Jesus' soul; as we read, "He poured out His soul unto death; He made His soul an offering for sin." Likewise it was Jesus' soul that was raised from the dead; as we read, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in *sheol*, *hades*, the grave," etc. (Acts 2:27.) This is St. Peter's explanation, not ours.

Because Adam, a soul, and all his children's souls have thus been redeemed (not from torment, but from *sheol*, *hades*, the tomb, the state of death), therefore we have the Master's own words, "All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man and come forth." The First Resurrection will consist only of the holy, the saintly, whose trial is in the present time, and who will be awakened to their reward to sit with Messiah in His Throne. During the thousand years all the remainder of the dead will be awakened and given the opportunity of resurrection or raising up out of sin and death. That will be a resurrection, of judgment, or trial, or testing for them, because only those who will conform to the tests of that time will ever be fully raised up. The others, the goat class, will be destroyed in the Second Death.

III.—Looking Upon the Carcasses.

The Monitor's third proof-text of eternal torment is found in St. Mark 9:42:48. The Lord advised all rather to cut off their right hand or pluck out their eye than to go into *gehenna* fire "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

We read recently of a poor man in Sweden who took the Monitor's literal view of this step and chopped off his right hand. He thought the statement literal and acted according to his faith. We doubt if the Monitor's editor has done the same, or would be likely to take this passage literally if the conditions were ever so favorable. It is worthy of note that the word here rendered hell fire, is not the same Greek

word that is generally rendered hell and which signifies the tomb. The word here is *gehenna*. It refers not to some place beyond the bounds of time and space, but to a valley just outside of the walls of Jerusalem. As Jerusalem typically represented the New Jerusalem, the Kingdom of God, and harmony with God, so this Valley of Hinnom, called in the Greek *gehenna*, symbolized the utter destruction of all finally impenitent and contumacious sinners in the Second Death—"everlasting destruction." This is acknowledged by the Monitor, which says:

"Gehenna originally stood for 'the valley of the sons of Hinnom.' It was notorious as the scene in earlier days of the horrible worship of Moloch. Later, when the Jews fell away from the true worship of God, they even went so far as to burn their own children to the demons of that region. It was a place that had been defiled by Josiah, cursed by Jeremias, and for these associations held in abomination by the Jews, who according to the course of time, used it to signify also the fiery and cursed abode of the damned. This is the very usage of the term that Christ Himself adopted."

The Monitor styles it the abode of the damned. But what is the real meaning of the word damned? All will agree that it signifies condemned. So we say that *gehenna* will be the abode of all condemned to the Second Death as the filth and offscouring of the earth, unfit for the Divine favor and blessing of life everlasting. The Valley of Hinnom (*gehenna*), in our Lord's day, was deep and was used as a garbage place for the destruction of valueless things. No living things were ever cast into it—only dead carcasses, rats, mice, dogs, etc. Many of these, falling along the sides of the Valley would gradually decompose. Maggots would breed in them and speedily reduce them to dust. These are the worms mentioned by Jesus, that died not. These worms are not alive now; they were like any other worms. Jesus meant that, as the worms surely accomplished the de-

struction of the refuse cast therein, so, complete destruction awaits the willfully wicked. No one thought of killing those worms or stopping their ravages. They were doing good work.

When Jesus spoke of the fire that was not quenched, he referred to the burning of brimstone in the bottom of this *gehenna*. Its use was intended to destroy bacteria, the germs of disease, and help to preserve the health of the city. Those who heard Jesus had no thought that he meant for them to cut off their hands or their feet, or pluck out their eyes. Neither did they understand Him to mean that the wicked would be literally cast into that or any similar *gehenna*. They interpreted the parable properly to mean that any sin we may cherish, be it as precious to us as a right hand, a right foot, or a right eye, would be too costly to continue if it were to lose for us the everlasting life and harmony with God symbolized by the New Jerusalem—if it would win for us the Second Death, symbolized by *gehenna* and its worms and fire.

The Monitor evidently knew about the prophecy which corresponds exactly to Jesus' words, but it does not cite it. We will do so. It is found in Isaiah 66:24. The context shows us that the prophecy relates to the future—to the period of Messiah's Kingdom, when all will be expected to worship God and to obey, under the assistance of the great Mediator between God and men. Then, however, transgressors will perish, and the righteous will look upon the carcasses of them that transgressed against God, whose worms shall not die, whose fire shall not be quenched. It will be the carcasses that will be in evidence, and the worms and the fire, and the people will see these. It will not be a roasting of souls by devils with pitchforks to all eternity! A little Scripture helps to dissolve much of the confusion of the "dark ages."

The Monitor Agrees with Pastor Russell.

The Monitor agrees that the literal meaning of the word *sheol*, the only

word translated *hell* in the Old Testament, is *the grave*. It says:

"Pastor Russell thinks to do away with the Biblical reason for a hereafter of punishment by calling attention to the fact that the word *sheol*, the Hebrew term for *hell*, *literally means, the grave*. It is to be remarked first that the origin of this word is doubtful. The general agreement among Hebrew scholars is that it comes from another Hebrew word meaning to be sunk in or to be hollow; accordingly signifying a cave or place under the earth, and hence a grave. But as in all other tongues, so in Hebrew, words have several significations related or connected with their original meaning."

Very good. No scholar would think of questioning that the primary meaning of *sheol* is the grave, and that the word *sheol* in the Common Version of the Old Testament is translated grave and pit more times than it is translated hell, but means grave or pit every time. The Monitor thinks, however, that it sees an objection, and that *sheol* does not always signify the grave. It cites us to Jacob's lament over the supposed death of Joseph. Jacob said, I will go down into *sheol* unto my son mourning. The Monitor argues that, since he thought his son had been devoured by wild beasts, he could not refer to going to the grave. The Monitor must take a broader view of the word grave and consider it the tomb, the death state. Otherwise he would be forced to the supposition that Jacob expected the same wild beast to devour him, so that he could go to his son.

In order to understand the Bible we must approach it with free minds, unbiased, and seek to be taught by it instead of seeking to make it support our own theory or irrational theories of the past. In old English literature the word hell was freely used as signifying grave or pit or any covered state or condition. Thus a man might speak of the *helling* of his house and mean the thatching of it with straw, the one-storied buildings of olden times being buried under the thatch. Farmers in

olden times wrote, telling how many bushels of potatoes they helled in the fall—buried in pits to keep them from sprouting that they might be dug up for use in the spring. Whoever will take the trouble to look up every one of the sixty-six occurrences of the word *sheol* in the Old Testament may satisfy himself without a doubt respecting the meaning of the word, that it refers to the death state, the tomb. *Hades* in the New Testament corresponds to this, and is used to translate *sheol* in Acts 2:27, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell," and in 1 Cor. 15:55, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" As before stated, the only word translated hell which has fire connected with it in any sense is *gehenna*, which is a metaphor, as we have already explained.

Whatever *sheol* is, it is to be destroyed. It is not to last forever, for the Lord so declares, "O *sheol*, I will be thy destruction." (Hosea 13:14.) The grave, the tomb, the state of death is to be destroyed. The death penalty which came upon the race through our Father Adam's disobedience is to be cancelled, obliterated, as a result of Jesus' sacrificial death, the Just for the unjust. The thousand years of Messiah's reign will be devoted to this very work of destroying Adamic death—the death which has come upon the human family because of Father Adam's disobedience. From the Bible standpoint, the whole human family are dead, in the sense that they have no right to life because imperfect.

Thus Jesus speaks of them, saying, "Let the dead bury their dead; go thou and preach the Gospel." During Messiah's reign, the knowledge of the Lord will fill the whole earth. Every creature will be enlightened. All the blind eyes shall be opened. All the deaf ears shall be unstopped. All that have gone down into *sheol* (the tomb) will come up; thus *sheol* will be destroyed, to be no more."

St. Paul confirms this, declaring that ultimately a great shout will go up, "O *hades*, where is thy victory?" *Hades* now is having a great victory;

its captives number ninety thousand every day. But soon Emanuel's Kingdom will be established, and instead of the reign of sin and death will come in the reign of righteousness unto life—the turning back of the tide—the recovery of the race. By the close of Messiah's reign He will have accomplished a great victory over sin and all opposition, including death, which will be the last enemy to be fully destroyed. (1 Cor. 15:25, 26.) Then will be brought to pass the saying, "O hades, where is thy victory?"—Vs. 54, 55.

The Monitor closes with an appeal to believe in eternal torment based on its final text on the subject, St. Luke 12:4, 5:

"I say unto you, my friends: Fear not them that can kill the body, and after that have nothing more that they can do. But I will show you whom you shall fear; fear Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say to you, fear Him."

Strange to say, the Monitor does not perceive that this, its last thunderbolt, shatters its own argument! The argument is that the Lord's disciples should not fear men in their loyalty to principle, because men could merely kill the body, could merely take away the present life and could do no more. Men could have no power to vitiate or render inoperative that privilege of everlasting life which God has provided for all mankind through Jesus. On the contrary, all should know that God is able to destroy the soul, the future life, in *gehenna*. He, and He alone, is to be feared. The present life is of minor consequence, anyway. It can last but a few years at most. The life we are most interested in is the eternal one, which Jesus has secured for all who will accept it on His terms, but which will be missed by all those who fear and obey men rather than God. Compare Matthew 10:28, remembering the Monitor's definition of *gehenna*, to which we agree, with supplemental explanation respecting the future, antitypical *gehenna*.

The Monitor's Impassioned Appeal.

The Monitor closes with the following old-fashioned appeal, which many erroneously suppose to be Scriptural—"To doubt is to be damned." It says:

"What a mad act it is to close one's eyes on the edge of an abyss, only to fall into it the more surely! Better hard truth than false security."

The difficulty with the Monitor and with many others of us in the past has been that we kept our mental eyes closed and imagined hobgoblins and dreamed nightmares respecting fire-proof devils with horns and forked tails and cloven feet, etc., which are not only unknown to the Scriptures, but thoroughly contrary thereto. If the Monitor is still blind, notwithstanding the eye-salve of exposition which we have endeavored to apply as gently as possible, we shall consider its case hopeless and leave it with the masses of the world for that blessed future time declared through the Prophet when all the blind eyes shall be opened. Then they will see the hitherto undiscovered length and breadth and height and depth of the love of God. Then they will see that Satan and his fallen angels, instead of being afar off stoking fires, have been right here with humanity, posing as angels of light and doctoring our theology to make it picture the Almighty God as the most horrible and monstrous Being of the Universe, and His Plan of dealing with humanity the most diabolical and unjust possible for the human mind to conceive.

These "doctrines of devils," as St. Paul calls them, have had a good, long trial, and the result is, that those who believe these things most thoroughly are very generally the worst people in the world. Rarely do we hear of a murderer being executed who has not professed faith in these monstrous theories of the past, still advocated by the Monitor.

If preaching bad tidings of misery to nearly all the people has brought so little good fruitage in so long a time, would it not be well for the Monitor

and all who claim to be ambassadors and mouthpieces for God and for Christ, to preach for a while the blessed Gospel first announced to Abraham: "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed?" The same message was heralded by the angels who proclaimed Jesus' birth, saying: "Fear not; we bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people"—all people from thenceforth and all people who had died during the four thousand years prior to Jesus' birth.

It was the full belief in these "doctrines of devils" which led our forefathers, as Catholics and Protestants, to burn each other at the stake. And it is partly because these doctrines are less believed to-day than then that we have a better, safer, saner religion, more in accord with the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles. It is the Gospel of God's love and mercy that is proving now a blessing to the saintly few who have ears to hear and hearts to fully respond. And it will be the

Gospel of Divine mercy toward mankind in general, throughout Messiah's Kingdom, which will bless, uplift and captivate the hearts of mankind in general during the Millennium. Whether the majority of these thousands of millions will become sheep at the right hand of Messiah and gain eternal life, or whether the majority will be of the "goat" class, who will fail to get that eternal life, and instead get everlasting destruction, is not for us to determine. We can, however, declare with the eye of faith, "True and righteous are Thy ways, Lord God Almighty! *Who shall not come to worship before Thee, when Thy righteous dealings are made manifest?*" (Rev. 15:3, 4.) The righteous dealings of God will bring a sure penalty to every one in proportion to his degree of knowledge and wilfulness, but it will bring a just, and not an unjust penalty, and it will be remedial—with a view to the recovery of the penitent and his everlasting blessing. Otherwise it will terminate in his everlasting destruction.—2 Thess. 1:8, 9.

THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE

BY GEORGE B. STAFF

It broods where silent snow wastes are.
Where northern lights shoot streamers far
From out the ice-bound frozen zone;
And there it holds its sway alone.

Where through the dreary Arctic night
The stars gleam with a lurid light;
And icebergs crumble with a roar
That echoes on a barren shore.

There it has ruled since time began,
Before its realms were sought by man.
There it shall rule while time shall last,
When man is of the ages past.

A WOMAN'S FOOL

BY E. CLARENCE OAKLEY

SOME ONE had been thrumming the piano in the little back parlor of the hotel. Then the singing began, in a contralto voice:

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart!
Our day of love is breaking;
Sweetheart! Sweetheart!
The birds of joy are waking."

The pale young man lounging in the porch chair started, his face flushed, a confusion of pleasure and pain ran through his being.

"Who's that?" It was not a question: there was no need. That voice he would know, anywhere, any time.

The tones grew softer and more pleading:

"Long have I waited
For this glad day:
With heart elated,
With breath abated,
I greet the day!"
I greet the day!"

"That?" indifferently remarked the middle-aged man, lighting another cigar. "Ah, that is Pauline—Miss Pauline Royce—the young lady who came out with my wife, as a sort of traveling companion: the one I've just been speaking of, you know. You see, she's always had romantic notions about the West, and I rather believe that she is the one who concocted this whole scheme of their attending me on this trip. But," stretching himself indolently, "I don't bear them any grudge; they've been pretty good company, and actually the trip has been some degrees pleasanter for them."

The young man was not listening. What did he care how it had happened, so long as it had happened? He was trembling with an illy-suppressed excitement. One moment he was for rushing pell-mell into the parlor where she was, and the next for fleeing out into the desert.

"Well, old man," his voice quivered in spite of himself, "I rather think I'll go to my room—to rest a bit—before dinner."

"All right, sir," broke in the other, watching a ring of smoke, and entirely oblivious of his companion's nervous condition. "See you later. By the way, sit with us at dinner. I'll be glad to introduce you. That will make just four—nice little party, you know."

Mortimer's hour in his room was tumultuous. To think of it! Pauline, from whom he had fled a year ago—from thinking of whom he had religiously kept himself all these months! Here in the same house with him, under the same roof, soon to be sitting at the same table! The thought of it was unbearable—glorious!

There was nothing for it, though. Meet her he must! No escape! This was the irony of fate: to be saying only yesterday that he could go back to the East and his work, and not once again have a quiver; and now!

But he need not so elaborately have planned what he would do and what he would say when once again they stood face to face in the dining room. Pauline was equal to that: she was always equal to anything. He came into the room flushed and nervous: but her lifeless gray eyes and her limp fingers restored his self-possession with a suddenness that took his breath away.

"Unexpected pleasure! Ah, so

grateful in this stupid little town. Glad to see anybody."

He winced at that, mentally. What a blamed fool he was to have been running away from nothing! Audibly: The pleasure was his.

When he was alone in his room again, he remembered that he had gotten along very decently through the meal and the conventional chat on the porch during the evening, and now he was wondering—with considerable self-accusation—how he had ever become so infatuated over that "bit of cold-blooded femininity." As he dropped off to sleep, he determined to pack up the next morning and hie away to the East and his office, a saner and humbler man.

But on the morrow he changed his mind. It would not do, so sudden a departure would be too significant. Day by day, the process repeated itself. Each night he planned to leave, and spent the whole of the next forenoon manufacturing excuses for his not going.

The elder gentleman had gone off into the hills, looking after some mining property, and had left "wife" and Miss Pauline to his care. The town was small; the hotel had scarcely any guests, so the three were much together. Yet as the days came and went, nothing significant happened—except that the old web began weaving itself about him again, closer and closer. If she were flirting with him, it was with consummate skill and commendable modesty. She drew him, repelled him, and never once betrayed an emotion. In a seven days' time he was more infatuated by her, more ignorant of her than ever before.

A consuming fire burnt within him. One night, tossing back and forth on his pillow, he resolved to brook no further postponement. Before he touched that bed again he would know his fate. Daring man!

All the day he angled for an opportunity, but found none. Then he decided that he would create one. In the early evening he approached Miss Pauline and said:

"A stroll with me, Miss Royce? In to this falling twilight?"

"Why, delightful! Certainly, and shall we take Mrs. ——"

"We'll take no one—just you—nothing else," he was unnecessarily savage.

"Mayn't I take even my wrap, please?" with a quizzical look in her eyes.

But he was in no mood for playfulness.

Down the narrow street they went, out toward the edge of the town, into the dusk, he and she—alone. Then began the earnest pleading. Right in to the middle of the story he plunged—quietly, without passion at first, as though his love were tempered by despair. She listened so strangely, without protest, without response. Here was a man pouring out a great confession, worthy of any woman's ears, and here were a woman's ears indifferently accepting the message.

He told of his love for her in those days long ago, of his flight from her. He grew impassioned as he went on.

"There was one purpose, only one purpose, in all the miles I traveled, during all my sickness, and through all my convalescence: I must wear out my hopeless passion for you. And, Miss Royce—let me call you Pauline—somehow that hopelessness is as strong upon me to-night as it has ever been. I have no right even now to speak these words; yet I go on speaking them."

"Mortimer—I'll call you Mortimer,"—her elbow touched his, thrilling him to his finger tips. "Mortimer, any man who loves a woman has the right to speak; and any woman, be she true woman, must be happy to listen. Tell me all you have to say. I am glad to hear." There was such a cooing, comfortable sound in her voice.

"But I have said all. Here is the sum of it: I love you, I love only you. Pray tell me, Pauline, how shall I go about it to win your love to me?"

"Ah, that is funny tactics, surely!" How sweet it was to hear her laugh! "Listen: you are making an assault

upon the heart of a young woman, and you boldly ask her to betray the secret of the fortress! Isn't that a strange warfare? Tell you how to win against myself! Toss the keys over the wall! Turn traitor on myself! Still, your boldness shall not go unrewarded. I will tell you something, though I know you will laugh at me, and think me romantic."

"Never, Pauline, never: I will only think that you are the noblest, the wisest, the best."

"Ah, wait, wait! You do not know me yet—how romantic and how—but are you ready to listen, sympathetically?"

"Am I ever otherwise?"

She paused a moment, and then in low, meditative tones, began:

"These are the thoughts of my maidenhood, the beginnings of my young womanhood. I have said: 'The woman gives more than the man gives.' The man comes pleading, the woman comes yielding. The asking is on the man's side; the bestowing is always on our side. I have seen it, that some day, like this day, a man might come asking, just as you have come; and I have thought that it would be for me to give—to give myself, which is much to me—to give my fortune, and that, you know, is something also—but always to give, give, give. And I have said to myself that when that man comes asking, I shall make him give also. There must be something of chivalry in the man whom I accept. He must offer some bold token of his loyalty to me. The mere saying that he loves me cannot be enough: he must do something—something strong, daring, perilous. Oh, if there were only some castle to storm, some band of robbers to break up, some knight to unhorse, some insult to avenge. But these are tame times, indeed. What do such fallen days leave for a brave man to do! Yet something he must do. I must have a pledge from the man of my acceptance."

"And here am I, the man, ready for that pledge. I'll prove my love by any act the most perilous. Command

me, and no princess ever was served as you shall be. The task—tell me!" The keen light in his eyes reinforced his words.

"The task—the task," she hesitated. "I do not know just now. Let me think. Something hard it must be, something too hard."

"There is nothing too hard," he bravely said.

They were ascending the steps. At the door he delayed her: "When? Tell me. To-night?"

"We will go in and sing awhile; and before we part to-night I shall tell you—perhaps."

They sang together, "wife" acting as accompanist; and then Pauline sang again the "Sweetheart" song. At the close of the evening, while the pianist was running over some listless themes, Pauline beckoned him up the room and hastily whispered him his task.

"I have decided. I warn you never to return to me, never to hope for my favor, until you have accomplished in full the thing I demand of you. Are you ready to obey?"

"My Princess, I am ready."

"Well, my Knight, know you that my riding pony, black as jet she is and dear as the apple of mine eye—black Feodora—in the village of Pedro, far across the desert—fifty miles, a hundred miles—how should I know! I left her there lame from hard riding in the hills. She must be well now. You are to bring her to me."

"Nothing harder than that?" he laughed. "The prize I win is a thousand times worth that simple and meagre service."

"Ah, not so fast, Sir Knight," she said, warningly. "That is the easiest part. You must go afoot—alone—unarmed—over to that far village. Mark you that, afoot across the desert, alone across the desert, unarmed across the desert, and return on my Feodora. And—here I give you my pledge—I will marry the man who comes riding my black Feodora."

She reached out her hand to him. He pressed it gently to his lips like a brave knight of old—triumphantly, as

though the deed were wrought and the maiden already won.

"A pledge," she said, softly, and flitted from him. Her laugh rippled back to him from the head of the stairs. He could go to the ends of the earth for such as she.

Stretched out upon his bed for brief respite before his start, he thought that the desert and the miles were as nothing, though he went afoot, and alone, and unarmed. He had wings, he might fly there and back again in a thought. Still his joy must not run away with judgment, he said. There were miles upon miles, and the mid-day sun would be hot and the sands heavy. Hours would it take, and strength would it take, in his convalescing weakness. He must not forget the hardness of it, in his exuberant gladness. But then, how could he remember, so happy was he! He lay half-resting, half-dreaming of this errand of the new chivalry.

In another room, further down the hall, late into the night, two women quarreled to weariness over the task laid upon the ardent lover.

"You do not care a straw for him. No woman would ask so terrible a thing of the man she really loved. Do you not see how weak he is? He is not fit for work so hard. And more than that, there is no sense in it. O Pauline, Pauline! It is a silly, sentimental whim of yours, and you'd better call it off."

"It is not silly, and I won't be scolded—there now!—and it can't be called off! If he does not do it, I never will marry him, even if I go with a broken heart to my grave." The tears in her voice trickled down her cheeks.

"Well, well, forgive me! I did not mean to be cross. If you silly young people will do silly things, I cannot help it: you will have to take the consequences. Only I do hope it will not turn out bad, and you be left to rue the foolish day."

As they two slept in the early morning, long before there were any tokens of coming dawn, the figure of a slight youth full of a new vigor went glid-

ing out into the darkness on the long journey to the village of Pedro. As the sun rose, it discovered him winding in and out of a canyon well started toward the long stretch of desert that lay between him and his destination. He went blithely on, love giving wings to his feet and a song to his lips.

At noon he sat down for a brief breathing spell; the miles had told on his weakness, but his courage was still strong within him. There was no shelter from the hot sun. Wide as the eye could reach was one dreary plain, empty, without a shadow except the short one that clung to his feet. Up and on again he went, but not now so springily, for the journey grew heavy as it grew long.

It was half-past three when he spied in the north a handful of dust, like a puff of smoke.

"A desert caravan," he said. "Horsemen perhaps on their way to the hills." This gave him a sense of companionship. After all, he was not alone on these sands.

He watched the friendly sign. Gradually it grew larger, without apparent change of position. Evidently it was approaching. What might it be, after all? Not a desert cyclone? Yet it came on with great speed.

"Perhaps Indians! But then, there is no particular danger in that. They are harmless enough these days. Still, if I am to fall into their thievish hands—but they are great cowards, all of them. I wish I had my revolver. I'd venture to keep twenty of them at bay. By the way, 'revolver' would violate the contract. No, I am glad I am unarmed. I rather hope it is Indians: this thing must not pass off too tamely. She is worth some unpleasantness."

On the cloud came, whatever he might think about it, without slackening, without swerving. Now he watched it very anxiously.

"My God! it's wild cattle!" The cry tore the air. A sickening feeling overwhelmed him. "If it were only Indians! But these unreasoning brutes!"

A quivering fear seized him. Not knowing what he did, he turned in a

flash and fled down the sand like the wind. It was the frenzy of panic. Only for a moment, though. What was a man's flight before such a charge! He caught his breath and mastered himself. Doggedly he faced back again, and stood in his footsteps, looking piteously toward that threatening cloud of dust.

He could see, or thought he could see, the boundings of huge forms as the dust swept to one side. He glanced about him involuntarily for shelter; not even a shrub was there behind which he might hide his shrunken body. Not even a hollow in the sand. Two things only were left, the one scarcely differing from the other: To lie down like a child and let them trample him to pulp, or to stand like a man till they should gore him to death. To face death was braver and easier.

On came the thundering creatures. Now he studied them, for the coolness of despair had calmed him. He had surrendered to Fate.

"A hundred great hulks! More like a hundred and fifty! And each one more than half a ton! A beautiful mass to fling up against my puny frame!" He laughed aloud at the thought of it.

They were less than a thousand feet away, and their speed unchecked. One husky fellow, the fierce leader of the herd, he singled out. Fixing his eyes upon the bounding brute, he braced himself and became a block of granite. Five hundred feet, and still charging! The air was filled with the roar, the earth trembled. The outriders began swinging on a half-circle. Two hundred feet, and nearer. Suddenly, with a shock that made the ground quiver, the red-eyed bull came to a dead stand, legs braced, head low, hot breathings, and sullen eyes. The crowding, crushing mass clustered about him and hard upon him.

The man stood defiantly eyeing them back. It was a desert duel—one pair of cold, determined eyes trying to stare down hundreds fierce and wild. He could have touched their lowered heads, so near they seemed. Their

steaming breath he felt hot upon his cheeks. What an age! Would they never move? Would they never come on and grind him to powder! It was the *finesse* of torture!

"In God's name, do your worst!" The cry rang from his heart, though his lips were paralyzed into silence.

Without warning, without reason, the leader with angry bellow and goring head turned full upon the seething mass about him and plunged with a tumult of fear into their midst. The bulking mass, suddenly thrown into panic, rushed back upon those behind them. The dust flew high, the roar became terrifying; instantly the whole herd was fleeing across the plains as though hell fiends were loosed upon them.

The man stood petrified with amazement, and only when the bounding forms disappeared in the enveloping dust did he sink to the ground, overcome by his deliverance. The crisis had overtaxed his weakness. He was now paying the cost.

In half-consciousness he lay until the cold night wind from the far-away mountains brought him back to life. Then wearily he took up his journey again. But it was no longer a journey of love. He was a changed man. His peril had given him perspective: in those brief, age-long moments he had caught a vision of her—of himself.

"Disillusioned at last," he sneered, "and by cows! A new age of chivalry. Bah! a new age of idiots! Of all fools, the biggest is a woman's fool!"

The rising sun beamed on the weary traveler entering the village of Pedro, with a portentous elasticity in his step. At the corner he spied, bunched up, asleep, a half-drunken Indian, ragged, dirty, wrinkled, the most disreputable he had ever seen. He shook him roughly out of his slumbers.

"Hi, there! Big Injun, you! Gold, money?"

"Eh? Money, money, gold, me gold!" grunted the lubberly fellow, rubbing his sore eyes.

"Yes, money, heap money. Come, I tell you. You come with me. I send

pony—back—cross desert. You savvy? You take him? Eh? Alright. I pay. She pay. Two moneys? You go? Alright."

He led the bundle of rags and wrinkles down to the stable.

He put him astride Feodora. He gave him a brief note to Miss Pauline Royce at the hotel. He sealed the bargain with a handful of coins.

An hour later, while Mortimer lounged lazily back in the Pullman seat of the Eastbound overland, and smiled to himself as he dozed off into a much-needed nap, a wrinkled old Indian was riding drowsily across the desert, taking to Miss Royce her dear pony and a missive which said: "Here is the man who comes riding your black Feodora."

THE AWAKENING

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE

Fate turns her wheel as the slow centuries creep;
 The younger nations clamor in their way—
 "More battleships!" "Lord, give us peace, we pray!"
 Yonder a giant rouses from his sleep,
 Throws back the cerements with resistless sweep,
 Shakes off the dust of ages, puts away
 The immemorial past; cries "Cut! Unbind!"
 Standing strong, terrible, before mankind,
 His cold, inscrutable eyes front the new day.

Upon his ears, attentive, beats the hum
 Of crowded millions; murmurs of the hive
 In swarming time; thick millions left alive
 By the Black Death, where flood and famine come
 Unhindered; they have heard the calling drum
 Of the wild surges; will the day arrive
 When they shall follow through unguarded gates
 The Dragon Star? A fair, wide land awaits,
 Whose people have forgotten how to strive.

Having ears, my people, ye hear not at all,
 Eyes close shut, lest you see a Hand to write
 Strange, bitter words upon your palace wall,
 Or hear His trumpets thunder in the night!

PLAYING CADMUS TO THE NAVAJOS

BY JOHN L. COWAN

JUST A FEW weeks ago, the American Bible Society added to its interesting list of versions of the Scriptures in the languages of the North American Indians, a translation of the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of St. Mark in the language of the Navajos.

This represents a part of the labor of Rev. Leonard P. Brink, a missionary of the Christian Reformed Church, at Tohatchi, New Mexico, in the wilds of the Navajo Reservation. It represents nearly the first fruits of a labor that has continued without intermission for ten long years. It began with the invention of an alphabet adapted to the peculiarities of the Navajo ver-

nacular, and will not be finished until the entire Bible is given to the people of that tribe in their own language. Incidentally, the great work involves the compilation of a Navajo dictionary, the reduction of the spoken patois of the tribespeople to written form, and the formulation of a grammar.

It may be easily understood that to reduce to written and literary form the spoken tongue of any savage, seminomadic people is not an easy task. The inevitable difficulties are aggravated in the case of the Navajos by peculiarities of the language. To illustrate the nature of these, it may be mentioned that the Navajos have no less than twelve verbs meaning "to



Navajo braves carding blankets.

give," the one used in any particular case depending upon what is given. Similarly, there are nine different and dissimilar verbs meaning "to eat," the one used depending upon what is eaten. So it is with almost all transitive verbs in the language—there are several words expressive of each English equivalent, the one selected depending upon the nature of its grammatical object. The construction of the language is very similar to that of the Latin, the verb usually coming last in the arrangement of the words of a sentence. For several sounds in Navajo, there are no English equivalents. For these, new alphabetical characters had to be invented, although the letters of the English alphabet are employed as far as possible for the indication of equivalent sounds in Navajo. To listen to a conversation carried on between two Navajos, one unfamiliar with the language would think that it consisted largely of inarticulate grunts. But differences in sound so slight as to be imperceptible to the unpracticed ear frequently make great differences in meaning.

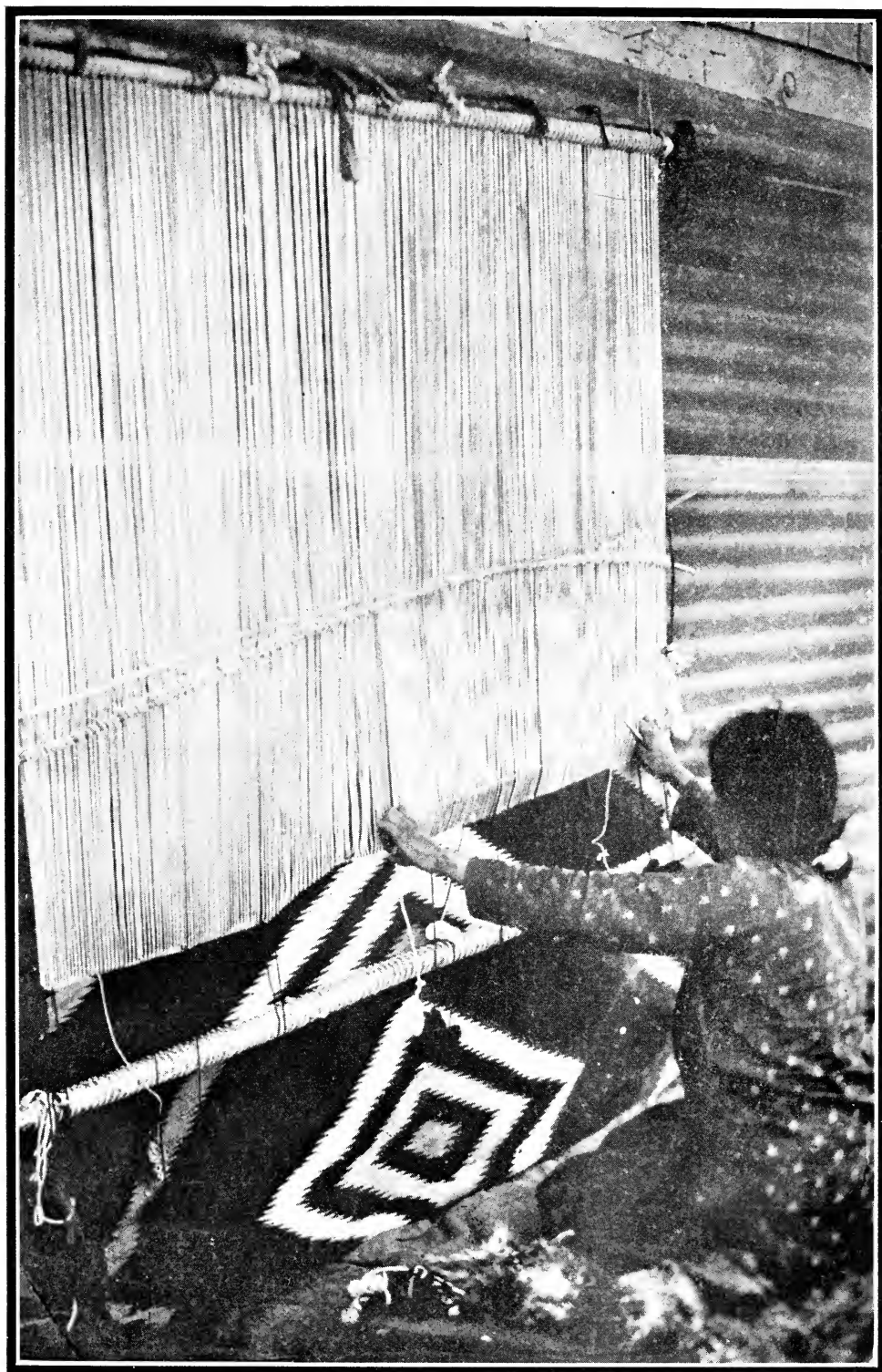
Every one who has tried translating English into another and more or less unfamiliar tongue knows how difficult it is to be sure that he is absolutely right. Mr. Brink has as an interpreter a Navajo of more than ordinary intelligence, who speaks English fluently, but even with his assistance he cannot be sure that his rendition of the Biblical idioms into Navajo is correct. There is always a chance that the interpreter may have failed to catch the real significance of the language of Scripture, even supplemented by the missionary's painstaking explanation. So as soon as a few paragraphs have been translated into Navajo, the missionary tries its effect upon some of the older and more intelligent members of the tribe. By watching the changing expressions on their faces, he is able to judge to some extent whether the language of the Bible produces its appropriate effect upon their minds—whether it conveys the meaning he intended, or something al-

together different. This rule, of course, is fallible; so having done the best he can, the missionary lays that section aside, and goes on to something else. In a few months he goes over the old work again, correcting and revising in the light of additional knowledge.

Not unnaturally, the red men are mystified beyond measure to see the missionary take a piece of paper covered with strange markings, and read from it words and sentences that they can understand. It savors of magic—of some wonderful "big medicine," the mystery of which their wisest Shamans cannot fathom. Stranger still, from their point of view, is the fact that some of their own children are acquiring the same amazing power at the Rehoboth mission, near Gallup, where the written language of the Navajos is being taught. It's the first time in the world's history that a Navajo has been able to read the written or printed language of his own people.

Just when Mr. Brink will have his Navajo dictionary completed he is unable to say—probably not for several years. He estimates that it will contain not less than 15,000 words. This seems like an extensive vocabulary for an aboriginal people, without a literature, and possessing only the elementary arts and industries. Probably it is accounted for by the fact that the language contains so many words for the same action. It has also borrowed to some extent from the English and Spanish languages, and still more largely from the Apache, Ute, Zuni, Hopi and other aboriginal tongues.

Mr. Brink's parish is about 120 miles wide and 140 miles long, and some in charge of other missionaries are fully as large. He estimates the total number of Navajos at about 28,000. The reservation proper is about 20,000 square miles in extent, but the Navajo feels himself privileged to occupy all outdoors. The tribespeople pay no attention to reservation boundaries, but are scattered over an area as large as the State of Pennsylvania,



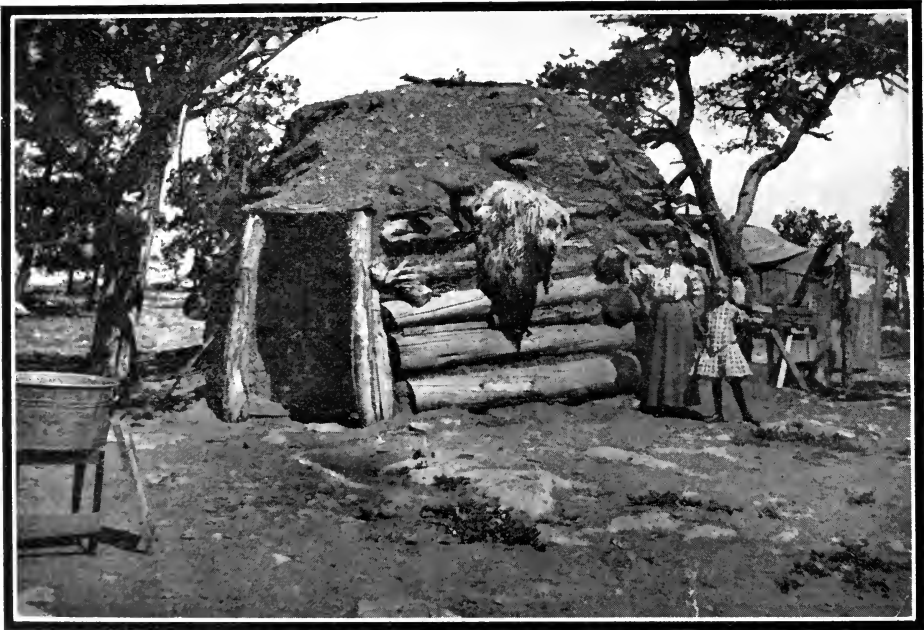
Navajo blanket weaver.

comprising Northern Arizona, Northwestern New Mexico and portions of Utah and Colorado.

Possibly no other tribe, with the exception of the Hopis, have been so little influenced by the advance of civilization as the Navajos. Few of them speak either English or Spanish, and in Northern Arizona and Southern Utah are many who have never seen a white man other than an occasional trader or missionary. No railroads cross the reservation, and no white settlements are located within its limits.

rude huts are called); but this is not for the sake of companionship, but for the sake of the water. The Navajo would be better pleased to have a spring all to himself, miles away from other habitations of his people, for the reason that isolation gives him exclusive pasturage for the sheep, goats and ponies upon which he relies for a livelihood.

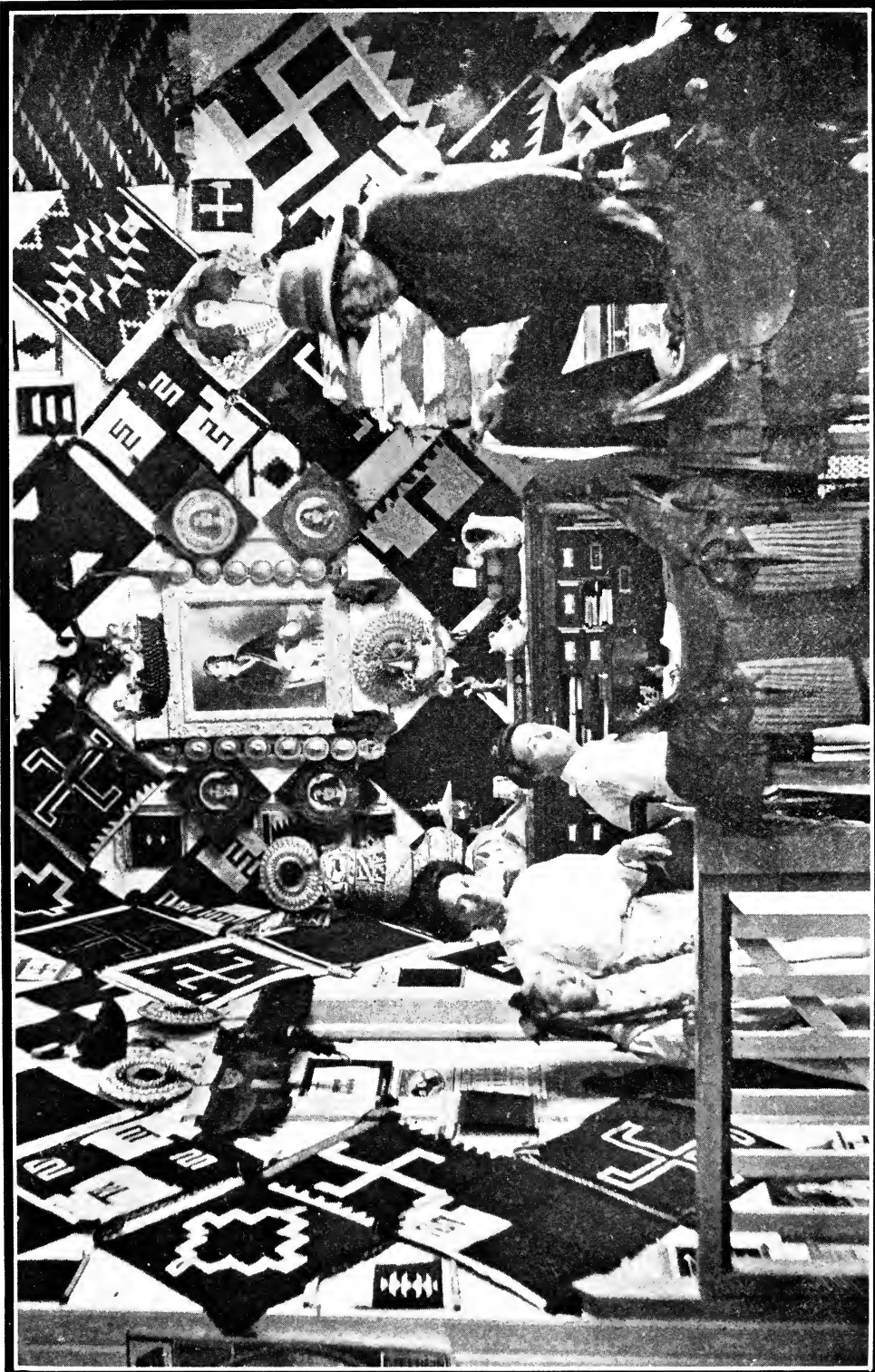
At the present time, the Government is engaged in making individual land allotments to the Navajos. No doubt this action forecasts the early opening



Navajo "Hogan."

This isolation of the tribe is responsible for the fact that their primitive manner of thought and ways of living have but little altered. They are the least gregarious of American aborigines, never forming permanent villages, like those of their neighbors, the Pueblos, or congregating in compactly settled communities like most of the tribes of the plains. It may happen that a canyon having an abundant water supply will contain a score or half a hundred "hogans" (as their

of the surplus lands of the reservation to white settlement. It used to be thought that the whole reservation was a worthless waste of sand and sage, but more careful exploration has shown that it possesses resources that have aroused the cupidity of the whites who happen to be posted. Although a part of the "Painted Desert" region, there are vast virgin forests in the northern part of the reservation. Most of the arable lands are desert in character, but numerous extensive val-



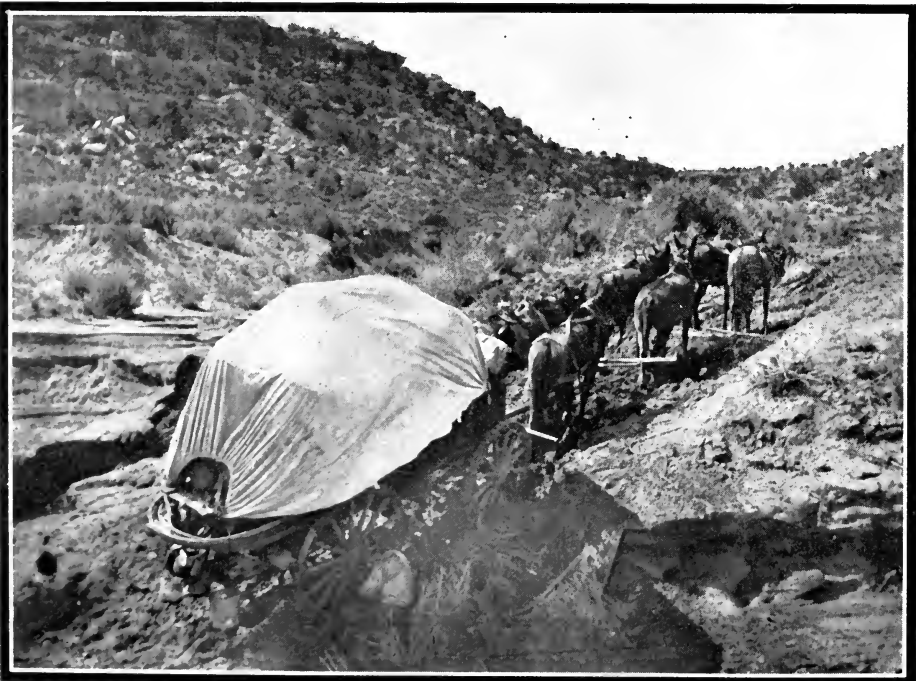
Navajo art work in a Gallup, N. M., trader's store.

leys are easily capable of irrigation, and are as fertile as any lands in the West. Part of the reservation is known to contain the same coal measures that are now being worked at Gallup and other points in New Mexico, and seepages of oil and asphalt have been discovered in several localities. Copper is known to be found in paying quantities in the more mountainous regions, and rumors of gold, silver, lead and other metallic riches may be heard at any white settlement within fifty miles of the reservation boundaries. So there are many interests clamorous for the opening of the reservation, and the allotment of lands in severalty to the tribespeople is no doubt an indication that this demand has been heard and heeded.

However, the Navajos themselves are not enthusiastic over the prospect of owning their own farms—and staying on them. They are semi-nomadic in their habits, moving whenever they think their livestock need better pas-

turage or a more abundant supply of water. Some of them raise corn and beans, and a few have peach trees. These return to the same locations summer after summer; but after their crops have been harvested, may drive their flocks and herds for a score or half a hundred miles. To confine these chronic wanderers upon the restricted area of a farm will mean about the same thing to them as putting a white man in jail means to him. Furthermore, so scanty is the vegetation on the major part of the reservation, and so uncertain the water supply, that it is difficult to see how the Navajos will be able to continue their present pastoral pursuits unless allowed practically unlimited pasturage.

Stock raising is the great primary industry upon which the Navajos depend for a livelihood. Much of their revenue is derived from the sale of their wool, which they sometimes haul for a distance of 75 miles or more, to one of the trading posts that are scat-



Freighting wool on the Navajo Reservation.

tered over the reservation. A secondary industry of great importance to the tribe is the manufacture of the celebrated Navajo blankets. The squaws card the wool, spin it, dye it, and then weave it on crude hand looms such as were employed ages before the white man first set foot upon this continent. One trader on the reservation ships blankets valued at \$50,000 every year, the demand on the part of tourists and residents of towns and cities of the Southwest being steady and un-failing. Many of the men are skilled silversmiths, making rings, bracelets, belts, medallions, saddle and bridle ornaments, and scores of other articles that are in great demand, not only among the Indians themselves, but among white cowboys and plainsmen, and Mexicans of all degrees. A little pottery is made, but this is of the roughest and crudest character. Marriage baskets of beautiful symbolic designs and exquisite workmanship are

used at all tribal weddings, but whether these are manufactured by the Navajo squaws, or purchased from the Apaches is a question that even traders who have spent years on the reservation cannot answer with certainty. Although living in one of the most desolate and barren regions of the arid Southwest, the Navajos have always managed to subsist without the grudging bounty of a paternal Government. They are not, and never have been, mendicants, and it is quite conceivable that the Government might do worse than let them alone. Perhaps it is permissible to take from them the mineral and forest lands that the white men covet, and for which the Indians appear to have no use; but the grazing lands at least ought to be left in the possession of these Bedouins of the Southwestern deserts, who have occupied them for so many centuries that tradition, in the memory of many, runneth not to the contrary.

THE GIRL IN WASH.

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

In fair Seattle by the Sound,
 In Wash.
 By far the prettiest girl is found
 In Wash.
 She's beautiful and rarely sweet,
 She's bright and cheery, clean and neat
 From queenly head to dainty feet,
 In Wash.

When she's away in any place
 From Wash.
 Then Moslem-like she turns her face
 To Wash.
 And when her pleasant journey ends,
 To each an urgent letter sends,
 Inviting all her dearest friends
 To Wash.

Some years ago her parents went
 To Wash.
 And all the household gods were sent
 To Wash.
 Now every day she sweeter grows,
 And looks so like a fresh pink rose
 With all her pretty, dainty clothes
 In Wash.

Most any girl delights to go
 To Wash.
 Such beautiful complexions show
 In Wash.
 Our California girls are fair,
 With none to match them anywhere,
 But still we think how sweet they are
 In Wash.

ON A POWDER RIVER RANCH

BY AGNES ROSS THOMAS

PRESUMABLY I'm a tenderfoot. For I can't visit the Bad Lands without rhapsodizing; nor see sage brush by moonlight without ejaculating; nor sleep in the open without fear of a coyote; nor under a sod roof, a-leak in a storm, with indifference. No. And being a tenderfoot, strange to these parts, with everything bran, spanking new—consequently, intensely interesting—my friend, a bachelor-maid with a "claim," took me along with her out into the ranch country of the big, stretched out, ever changing, never ending Montana.

It was early summer, and hot. We arrived at Miles City, en route to the sheep ranch, in the late evening, registered at the best hotel, and were given a "suite" on the top floor under a flat tar roof. Each of the two bedrooms were carpeted with thick, velvet rugs, handsome brass beds, warm, dusty Morris chairs, and only one dresser and one commode between us! And that was not all. The window-shades were a new-fangled arrangement put on at the bottom of the window instead of the top. This might sound alright, but, remember, it was hot weather. Besides, the upper half of the window was glass a la diamond, and wouldn't let down. Thus, wishing to retire in privacy, by pulling a rope on a trolley contraption, up went the shade, out went the air, and there we were! Small wonder that, on waking the next morning with these awful shades on the floor and the broiling sun bathing our bodies, we fancied ourselves on the banks of the Styx! The heat was so intense we waited until 5 p. m. before climbing into a well-loaded, two-seated wagon for our fifty mile drive to the ranch.

The first five miles were delightful, the scenery interesting in greenery huddling the many fertilizing streams, with soft, low hills beyond. The second five miles were not so enjoyable, while the third proved very fatiguing. Indeed, it was hard on a "new 'un." For certainly the seat wasn't soft, nor the wheels rubber tired, nor the road a speedway. At eleven o'clock we reached the Road Ranch. Here, for fifty cents, we ate lukewarm boiled potatoes, canned peas—the two for fifteen variety—eggs, rich in grease, and muddy coffee. Thus refreshed, we resumed our journey. But why mention the succeeding hours of miles, miles, miles? Or our driver lost in the Bad Lands with three hours wasted? Or the sunrise, the wonderful sunrise of which the poets sing, and we, heretofore abed, had never seen? Yes, why mention the sun at all, since it wasn't wonderful in its early state of pale, fever pink, bilious yellowishness, and especially when our heads were nearly splitting and our feet sound asleep! When friends rave about the exhilarating delights of a forty, fifty or sixty mile drive through the wild, rich country, I'll take it for what it's worth—along with the delights of a sun—rising, after having driven all night.

I was a stranger to our hostess. My friend, her sister-in-law, had written she was "coming to make a visit, and would bring a friend." Obviously there was no alternative but for the hostess to submit. Climbing out of the wagon, my dazed senses drank of an unexpected beauty. There, on the banks of the Powder River, with a veritable forest for background and foothills on either side, gleamed a whitewashed log cabin, its roof half





Scene on Powder river.

shingle, half sod, and growing from the latter, dwarf sunflowers, their bright, yellow faces laughing at the sun, and shading the while a family of pure white cats, busy with their morning ablutions.

Entering the cabin, the unexpected again awaited. The first room was perfect in its simple, artistic, refined beauty. The logs were painted a deep, rich green, one side of the room being entirely covered with book-shelves shelves built on the logs, and also painted green. The shelves held the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Ruskin, Macaulay, Emerson. In one corner a couch; in another a desk; in the third a piano on which was a violin. On the pretty, green rug rested a library table and four or five comfortable rockers. Such was the living room of the ranch house fifty miles from railroads, away from neighbors, in fact alone, with the Bad Lands some twenty miles distant! In the first glance I knew our hostess to be

not only a woman of culture, but also one of rare artistic ingenuity.

She came forward, a tall, dignified, grandly-handsome woman. Her greeting was happy, cordial, honest; her easy, unconscious grace vying with an enviable naturalness. Taking my hand, she led us to a bedroom of white-washed logs, white enameled furniture, and an outer door opening on the banks of the river. Verily, a chamber so health-giving in its simple white beauty, with the soft music of rushing water outside, we would have been ashamed to have felt otherwise than happy and well.

At breakfast all was different. The table was covered with white oilcloth instead of the accustomed linen, and half a dozen strange men were seated around the board. These men were a picture to see. Some were sheepherders, some ranch-hands, and one or two were "grub-liners," the latter a well-known liability in a stock country. The cook, a sprightly widow from

town—with intentions—made things hum. If any one happened to get in the way of her progress to and from the kitchen, where she kept up a continual racket, it was all off with him. She ruled supreme in this, her kingdom. She served the coffee in the kitchen, and by the time it reached the table was only half warm, but a covert glance at her face warned every one to "make no complaint," and no one did. With the coffee was passed thin milk, in a mighty little pitcher at that. I was dumbfounded. I looked at my friend. She was calm and serene. I glanced at my hostess, expecting some explanation for the absence of cream. But no, she too was innocently passive. Evidently the cook had used the milk, or the dogs upset the pails, or most likely it was none of my business. I decided upon the latter, and believed the cream to be forthcoming,

for surely a ranch had plenty of milk and thick, rich cream. Hadn't I told my friends how many glasses of milk I was going to drink daily, and hadn't I been tasting for the last few weeks, coffee delicious with thick, thick cream, the like of which is never found outside of farm or ranch? But on the following morning, as well as all other mornings, the thin milk stayed with us. Sometimes we didn't even have enough of this. There were four little children in the household, too! Then the butter disappeared, and I was told they bought it in tin cans shipped from Nebraska! Again I was disillusioned. But what of the milk? My curiosity craved satisfaction, so I went forth to nose about. I found six cows and three calves in the pasture behind the sheds. Now, did those calves take the milk from those six cows? Or do cows go dry in summer? Also, the



Making her settlement on her claim.

barn-yard was filled with hens, yet eggs were a luxury of the table. Do hens go on a strike, too, in summer? Then, I was on a sheep ranch, but nary a sheep did I see!

Returning to the cabin, the cook asked me to pull some turnips. Now in that mysterious vegetable garden grew carrots, turnips, parsnips—everything! For the life of me, I couldn't tell which were the turnips. When I re-entered empty-handed and told the cook my trouble, she was too astonished to laugh. (The laugh came afterward, alright!) Dropping her dish-cloth she said:

"Do you mean to tell me you've been clean to 'Urope and don't even know a turnip when you see it?"

"Yes," I replied, meekly.

"Well, I swan!" and she returned to her dishes.

But that was nothing. Hadn't I been "swaning" ever since I arrived?

However, the days were a real delight, each seeming more restful, more peaceful, more enjoyable in their unfamiliar novelty than those preceding. The mornings were spent in walking or on horseback, riding bare-headed with hair flying to the breeze, fording creeks, learning to tuck ourselves on the back of a horse so that only our feet got wet while the horses swam the river, galloping like mad through the sage brush and yelling at the top of our lungs—as is the ranchman's joy—"Wow! Powder River! W-O-W! POW-DER RIV-ER!" Oh, it was great! And it beats a Cook's tour abroad all to smithereens.

In the afternoons we gathered specimens of odd stones, agates, petrified shells, oysters and wood along the banks of the river; or dug cannonballs from the hills in the Custer country battlefields, or mica specimens from the mica beds. (And let me mention that on returning East we had to pay \$7.87 excess baggage for these same precious "specimens!") Then the evenings, with their flaming sunsets. Sunsets whose brilliant golden rays colored the hills with the bright, hot red of its reflected heart. Entranced

we would stand watching, waiting, dreaming—while the Powder River mosquitoes were biting, biting, biting! As the last rays of the great sun grew dull, faint and finally disappeared behind the hills, we would awaken to a realization of our "bites." Rushing indoors, we would undress, smear the bites with unguentine, jump into bed, and in spite of mosquitoes were asleep by nine o'clock. Up at six the next morning, ready for a jolly tramp to the meadow, or off to the scales in the pasture near by to see, perchance, if we had gained a pound since yesterday.

One of the weekly outings of the ranch was in going for the mail, a drive of twelve miles each way. Thinking it would be great fun, we accompanied our hostess' brother on one of these expeditions. But it wasn't fun at all, for the road was entirely unshaded, winding through foothills aflame with scoria. When we arrived at the cabin post-office, the postmistress had gone to town. I had received notice that two registered packages awaited my presence—they had refused to surrender them to any but myself. However, Mrs. Postmistress had put them in some bureau drawer and nobody knew "one thing about 'em." Exasperated, I turned to our friend, the ranchman.

"Now, isn't this an outrage? To drive twelve miles in the hot sun and then not get our mail!"

"Oh, that's nothing," he laughed. "The postmistress does this for us ranchers purely out of kindness, otherwise we'd have to go clear to Miles. Why, girl, we're in clover. Once we had a postmaster who was a sure-enough freak. When he received the post-office blank, which required the name of the State and county, and the condition of packages, the old codger wrote opposite State, damn poor; county, Custer; condition, all broke to h—; and sent the report to Washington."

"No!" I expostulated.

"He did, on the square. Oh, that geezer was liable to do anything. One day he got a letter addressed to 'An-

nie Barber.' Turning it over and over in his hands, he said: 'Annie Barber—Annie Barber! No Annie in this neck of the woods but Annie MacLane.' So he sent the letter to Mrs. MacLane."

As we drove into the barnyard of the ranch, there were four eager, wistful little faces waiting to see if there was anything for them: a stick of gum, maybe, or a tiny toy. God bless their little hearts! How little they had, and how much! Little, because away from the world; much, for did they not know the birds and the bees and the song of the river?

My friend, the bachelor sister-in-law, had a homestead next to her brother's ranch. Our good Government requires its homesteaders to sleep and eat on their holdings. So one day she announced that she was going to commence housekeeping at once, and invited the entire family to a six o'clock dinner that very night in her one-room shack. As this shack was absolutely unfurnished, the invitation was greeted with bursts of laughter, but nevertheless readily accepted. Then she begged permission to carry a chair and, incidentally, some food to her abode. Thus laden, she departed in one of the ranch-wagons, with a sheep-herder as escort. This was at 3 p. m., and we were due at six! After her departure, my hostess instructed the cook to have a nine o'clock supper ready, as we expected to return hungry. At last the eventful hour arrived, and the family, in best bib and tucker, sallied forth, piling pell-mell into the best new carriage, and amid yelps from the dogs, shrieks from the hens, belows from the cows and a wave of kitchen towel from the cook, we were off. Our driver, Mr. Ranchman, was jubilant and took it out on his horses.

"Giddap, there, Fred; giddap, Roxy! Now, see here, if you want to go backwards we'll change the harness. I'm in a hurry. Say, Roxy, you must be anchored to the ground. Giddap there!" Then the cayuses tucked down their heads and galloped through the trees and across the hay-fields.

If the bounty of the dinner could be

measured by the volume of smoke which issued from the tiny chimney of our homesteader's shack, certainly we had nothing to fear. She met us at the door and escorted us in. Behold, the room transformed! With the help of the sheep-herder she had swiped a two-hole camp stove from a shack of an absent "nester," and set it up in her own abode. There were lace curtains at the two little windows, a mattress neatly covered on the stationary bed built in the wall; also a chair and two logs to sit on. And she was actually making hot biscuits! From two cooking dishes, one quart can and a tray in which she baked the biscuit, she had prepared a dinner of peas, corn, boiled eggs, baked potatoes, stewed prunes, hot biscuit and coffee—and everything good, too. We ate three trays of biscuits; indeed, we ate everything in sight, and afterward it was hard work hoisting ourselves into the high country carriage. On our return, the cook greeted us with: "Everything is ready and piping hot!" Say, it was a joke on us, alright. Needless to linger on the cook's remarks at her uneaten repast.

The next day a neighboring rancher dined at the cabin. While at table they discussed the feasibility of killing one of the six cows and dividing the beef. It was plain to be seen that my seven-year-old son, who is a vegetarian, was genuinely shocked. Divining his feelings, the little five-year-old daughter of the hostess exclaimed:

"Just never mind, honey; the heavenly Father made the cows for us to kill and eat. Didn't you know that?"

Before he could answer, however, I had nudged him under the table to keep silent. Shortly after, while in my room, I heard from under my window the following conversation:

"Say, Jamie, didn't you know the heavenly Father made things to kill, so we could eat them? Why, how'd we live if we didn't?"

Jamie—I don't eat animals, and I'm livin'.

Little Girl—Yes, but you're just a little boy. If you were a great, big

man you'd have to eat meat; my papa said so. And my papa said the heavenly Father made the animals for us to eat.

Jamie—I don't believe it. I don't think it's "heavenly," either. Suppose some awful big thing would come 'long and kill and eat you. Would you like it?

"No," confessed the five-year-old miss.

"Well," continued the youngster, "how do you think the animals like it? My heavenly Father has such an awful big heart. He feels bad when anything's hurt. You see—you see, He loves just *everything*. That's what 'heavenly' means. And I think the Father who wants us to kill is a bad Father. So there!"

"Oh," exclaimed the scandalized little lady, "I'm going right and tell my mamma!"

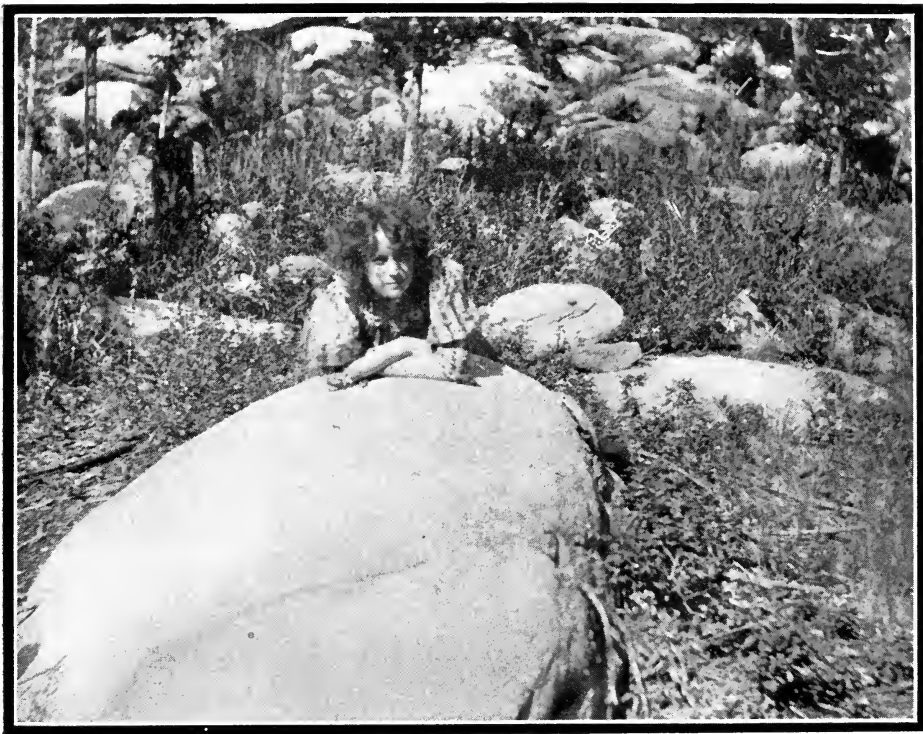
"Tell her, tattle-tale, tattle-tale!" cried the crestfallen Jamie.

At the end of our first two weeks of ranch life my son had gained five pounds, and I fifteen. Besides, our appetites had grown disgracefully. We were always hungry; could never eat enough, and welcomed the meal hours with as much enthusiasm as a debutante her first formal dinner. Since developing this unfillable, bottomless pit, we discovered that raw carrots and turnips were mighty good eaten picked fresh from the garden; also, a raw potato now and then.

There were several homesteaders—the ranchers call them "nesters,"—along the river, and these "nesters" felt privileged to ask the loan of anything whatsoever. At least our host was so pestered with borrowing friends that we began to fear he'd have nothing left. They would borrow his buggy, his carriage, his harness, his tools; shoe their horses in his shop with his horse-shoes, stay to dinner and to supper, and all night! Indeed,



A conveyance of the country.



Close to Nature.

they borrowed every thinkable thing save those six useless cows with their three greedy calves. Also, when women friends called, they always expected to remain for a meal, and would stay and stay and stay until they got one, too. The physical well-being of the hostess, the crowded condition of the ranch, the hard-worked, always weary cook, were never taken into consideration. In fact, they were quite as brazen as I, myself.

But our hostess met every emergency, every unpleasantness, every disappointment, every hardship, aye, even the countless trivial nothings, so-called, of each day, with perfect poise. Her patience, her kindness, her gentle firmness, commanded obedience from the servants and the profound respect of the entire household. To be under her roof was a privilege. Each day brought an added example of her mighty self-control. And we knew, without being told, that it had taken many a year, and no doubt many un-

seen tears to instil within that strong, proud heart, such mastery.

When the time came to say farewell, I couldn't thank these people: verbal thanks seemed painfully inadequate; besides, something stuck in my throat and wouldn't go down. Somehow, I felt very small, yet full of the desire to go back to the busy street and serve, as never before, my needy sisters.

When we arrived at Miles City after our long, dusty, return drive, we were actually ready to "do the town." Quite a change from three weeks ago! The following morning I bade good-bye to my "bachelor" friend, boarded an east-bound train, and three days later arrived home. My friends, on seeing me, exclaimed:

"How well you look. Why, how fat you have grown, and somehow you've changed. Yes, and it's a wonderful change, too."

Of course I had changed. I had been drinking at the fount of Life for three never-to-be-forgotten weeks.



WHEN THE BULLHEADS BITE

BY W. E. HUTCHINSON.

You can talk about your fishing rods of eight ounce split bamboo,
Your multiplying duplex reels, and all the rest that's new,
But give me a hickory sapling, with a bobber shining bright;
I'm the happiest man a-livin' when the Bullheads bite.

There I sit and watch the water with a lazy kind of gaze,
While the cork goes idly dancing with the motion of the waves,
And the sun steals through the branches, in a sort of filtered light,
Then I feel I own the nation when the Bullheads bite.

There's a sort of soothing stillness like a pleasant kind of dream,
And the darning needles dodging in and out above the stream,
And the water bugs are skating where the cork goes out of sight,
Oh, it makes life worth the living when the Bullheads bite.

When the katydids are calling and the nighthawks flying low,
And the frogs begin their chorus, as the shadows longer grow,
And the birds come flying over to their nesting place at night,
That's the time I'm happy, when the Bullheads bite.

ADVENTURES IN A LAND OF WONDERS

BY FRANCIS JOHN DYER

WHERE UTAH meets Arizona, along the 37th parallel of latitude, is a region abounding in huge natural formations, eroded by the elements into strange, titanic sculptures. This region is a forbidding desert, vast, silent, arid. It is the land of the Navajos, proud and savage race, relentless in war, jealous of their tribal customs and traditions, skilled in blanket weaving and the manufacture of silver jewelry. Here they have a reservation, and within its confines exist mineral wealth and many of the most wonderful works of nature. Part of this country, a great natural park some 35 or 40 miles square, has been set aside as a National Monument that its wonders and beauties may be pre-

served for the benefit of posterity, and recommendations have been made for the preservation in a similar manner of still more of this wonderful region. At present few persons ever penetrate into the desert far enough to discover its treasures in the great silent places, for it is from 150 to 200 miles from a railroad, and even with a guide who knows the water holes, travel is fraught with danger.

Distance and danger cannot keep the Government surveyors from planting their transits and marking corners wherever the national domain extends. When, therefore, orders went forth for the examination of the boundary line between Utah and Arizona, and Arthur M. Johnson, a supervisor of surveys, was assigned to the work, he organized



Train butte, Monument Valley. Note the appearance of a railroad locomotive and train. The butte is about one thousand feet high.

his party with the nonchalance of a soldier ready for any campaign, outfitted in St. George, Utah, then visited the southwest corner of Utah with a pack train and followed the 37th parallel eastward, testing the line every 25 miles. Incidentally, he found that the boundary was correctly located. The party had arduous experiences, and two or three thrilling escapes from serious dangers. It visited Hurricane Ridge Rapids above Marble Canyon on the Colorado River; the Painted Desert made famous by Henry Van

Hardly had the party crossed the boundary of the Navajo Reservation on its way to the land of wonders before they were met by the Indians. Daily these warriors of the desert gave them escort, stolidly curious as to their purpose and destination. Always were they hungry, and they had to be fed. When food was not forthcoming voluntarily, something happened. Let the teamsters watch as they would, they could not be sure that their horses would be found in the morning where at night they had been picketed.

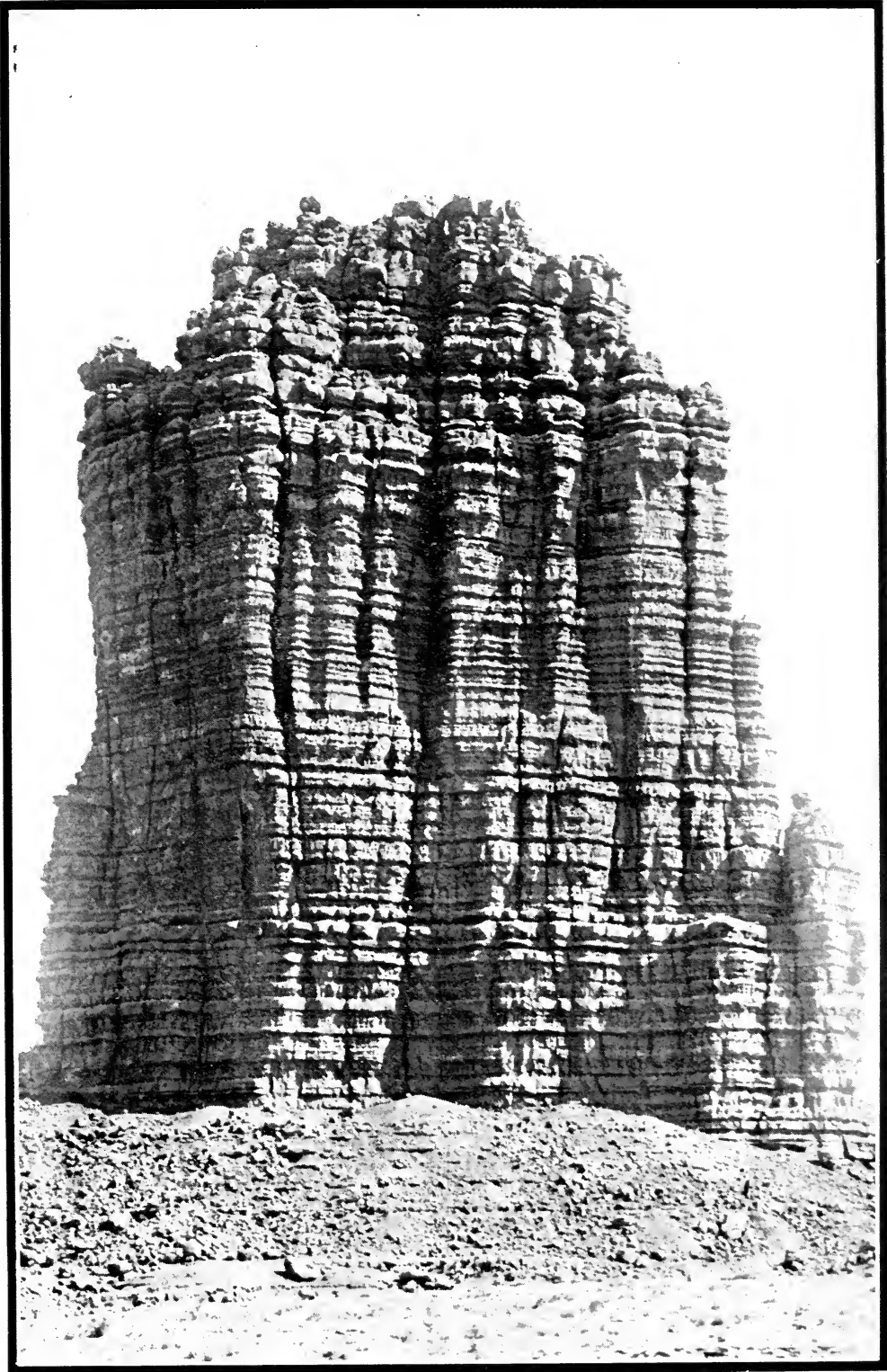


Moses rock, San Juan River, Utah.

Dyke; the Colorado Desert, that desolate yet enchanting region; and other places famed for their rugged, scenic grandeur. After crossing into the Navajo reservation, on the east side of the Colorado river, the surveying party had the Indians with them constantly, though sometimes unseen for many days, and when at length they got out of the country after a forced march, nearly dead from famine and fatigue, it was with a feeling of profound thankfulness.

Should they be missing, it was of no avail to look for them until after the Indians had been presented with half a dozen silver dollars, when the horses would be found with surprising facility.

In Moonlake Canyon the renegade chief Hoskinini, with fifty bucks, held up the party and demanded to know if the palefaces were looking for "money rock," the Indian name for silver ore. The object of the expedition was explained with much pains, and the sur-



Organ butte, Monument Valley, Ariz.

veying instruments were shown to the braves. After a time the explanation was accepted, but the escort, while often invisible, was always present.

The solicitude of Hoskinini will be understood when it is known that the Navajos have long possessed and worked a rich silver mine which they call Pash Leki. They are skilled in the manufacture of silver ornaments, which assays have shown to be made of native silver. For many years prospectors have known of this mine, and in seeking it many a man has lost his life. The Indians brook no curiosity regarding Pash Leki. Death is the penalty for undue interest in it. Once upon a time, the story goes, an adventurous man from the East, a graduate of Yale, determined to locate the treasure house of the savages. He went to their country, married a squaw, learned their language, reared a family, and after sixteen years of dogged watching he finally learned of its location. Sure of his discovery, he set out for the East, got a backer, returned to Utah, and, securing the services of a party of cowboys, he set out for the mine and was heard of no more. Years afterward the entire party was found by some cowboys, laid out in death on the desert, their heads pillowed on boulders. In view of such experiences, the feelings of the Navajos have come to be much respected, and it would be a hardy prospector who would set out to find Pash Leki.

When a Navajo dies he is buried on the desert, usually at the scene of some feat of valor or of the chase in which he attained fame. His last resting place is encircled by stones, and around him are placed the carcasses of seven horses slain in his honor, with all of their silver trappings, so that he shall have mounts to help him along the road to the happy hunting grounds. These shrines of the dead are sacred, and any desecration of them is swiftly punished. Notwithstanding all warnings, however, a youth with the surveying party could not resist the temptation to help himself to a silver bridle lying beside one of these desert graves.

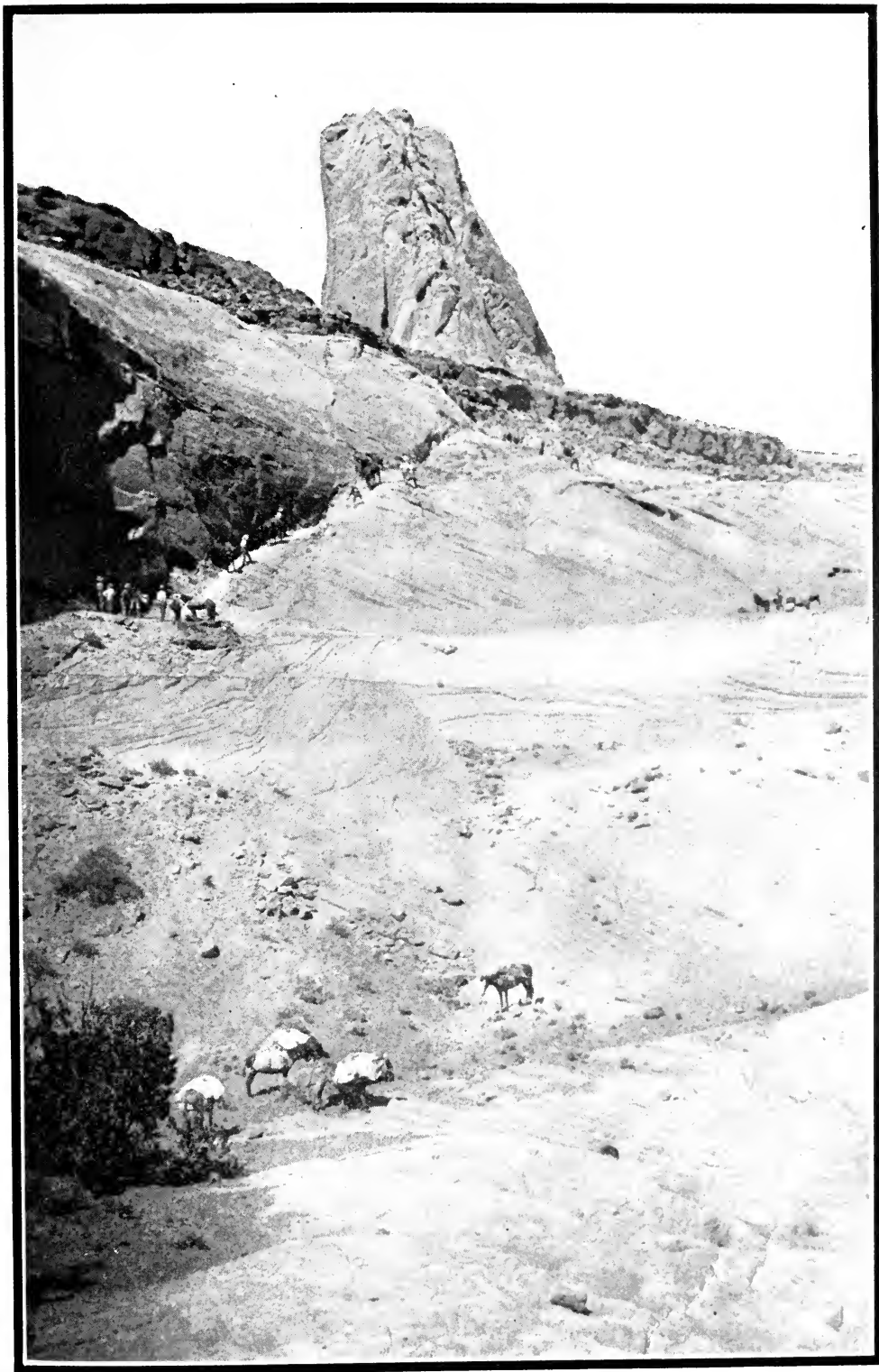
For days before that, the party had seen no signs of the Indians, yet within twenty minutes a dozen Navajos appeared and compelled the desecrator of the burial place to take back the headstall. The Indians, evidently superstitious, would not touch it themselves. Then they demanded food, and departed.

The members of the surveying party, though used to encountering strange and wonderful sights, viewed with amazement the freaks of nature in Monument Valley, Ariz., near the Utah State line, a region where peculiarities of erosion and attrition abound. Many of these curious and wonderful natural monuments were named by the surveyors. Among the most notable is Organ Butte, the height of which was established by triangulation at 480 feet. It stands isolated and apart, stupendous in its majesty, carved by wind and rain and flood into the semblance of a great pipe organ. Also in Monument Valley is the formation called Train Butte, 1,000 feet in height. Its resemblance to a train of cars is somewhat striking. Even the pilot is simulated by the slope which hides the place where the wheels might be.

Along the San Juan River much of the scenery is peculiar, grand and fascinating in its rugged beauty. Moses Rock is the name given to a great precipice, 1,500 feet high, with strangely grooved ridges running across its face from base to summit. There is a surveying party in the photograph at the base of Moses Rock, but it is dwarfed into invisibility by comparison with the tremendous cliff rising behind and above it.

A clever Thibetan mystic, a student of the occult, visited this country. He was shown a photograph of the Twin Buttes which tower 350 feet high near Bluff City, Utah, and he was asked what they were. "Those," said he, "are idols erected by the Aztecs," which may have led to their being named Idol Rocks.

All through this region the rivers have carved their way downward through the rock strata of the coun-



Pack train of surveying party, Navajo trail, Ariz.

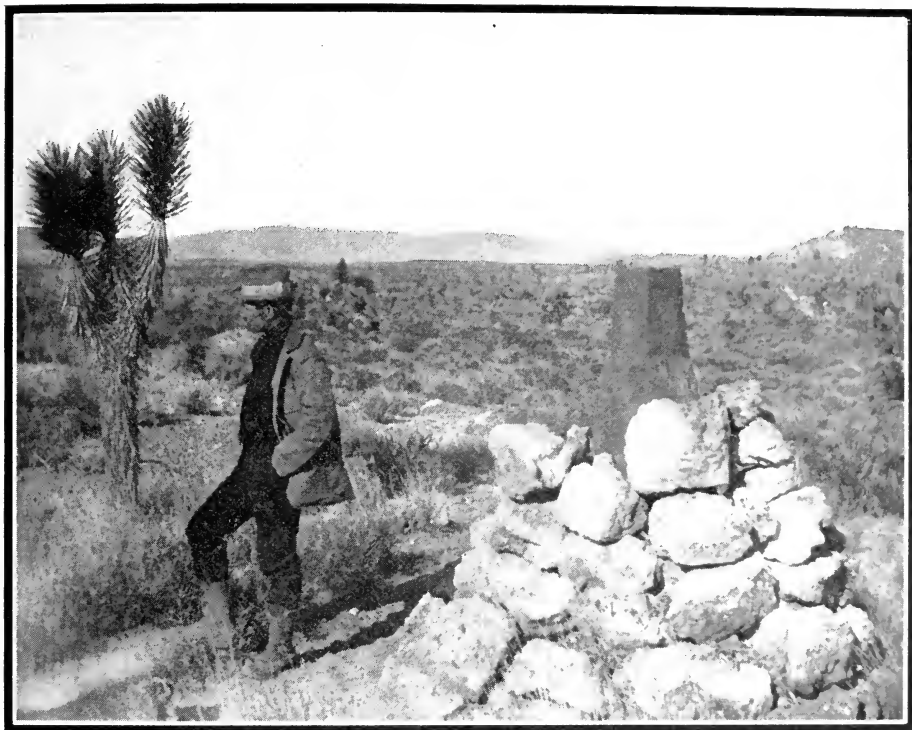
try, making innumerable fantastic formations, and these culminate in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which for grandeur and stupendous formations excels anything else known in the world. But as is indicated by the photographs shown with this article, the wonders of the Southwest are by no means confined to the wonderful Grand Canyon.

The forbidding nature of the country and its aridity, as well as the character of the Indians, prevent the region from becoming a favorite with tourists. The surveying party, although under the watchful care of the guide, Yellow Horse, traveled at times for two days and as many nights without reaching a water hole. Although there seemed to be no especial danger from Indians after the first meeting and the satisfying of their curiosity, Yellow Horse gave warning that whenever three signal fires should be seen in a

row it would be advisable for the party to get out of the country without delay. One night, while the party was heading over the desert toward the San Juan river, Yellow Horse sighted a signal fire. Climbing on a rock, he was able to see another, and then another—three in a line. He actually trembled with excitement as he made his discovery known, and he insisted that the party leave at once. Camp was broken without delay, and the tired men and horses traveled all night without water, and all the next day, and still when night fell they struggled on, parched and hungry, and almost falling from exhaustion. At 10 o'clock that night, they reached the bluff of the San Juan, 1,000 feet above the river bed, and saw the blessed water below them. Dangerous as was the descent, they could not wait, but, picking their way in the darkness, they slid, stumbled and crawled down the



Idol rocks. A Thibetan occultist has said these were erected by the Aztecs. They are about 350 feet high and near Bluff City, Utah.



Southwest corner of Utah, established by Land Office surveyers.

deciivity, and finally, as day broke, about 4 o'clock in the morning, they dragged themselves across the river into neutral territory, so worn and exhausted that they almost believed they never would recover from the effects of their hardships. Reaching Bluff City at last they stopped at a house and persuaded a woman there to give them food. "But it will cost you 25 cents each," she demurred. They declared that they would cheerfully give

her double that sum if they might eat all they wished. As she replenished their plates and they broke their fast of ten days, the hostess looked very rueful to see how her larder was being depleted. Refreshed now, and in a civilized land, although still 110 miles from a railroad, the party exchanged felicitations on escaping with their lives from a little known land, replete with wonders and also with many hidden dangers.



WHAT CALIFORNIANS HAVE ACHIEVED IN THEATREDOM

BY ROBERT GRAU

CALIFORNIA has played a vital part in the great progress which has come to the field of the theatre, and this is true not only of the present but of past achievements.

It is a fact that the money brought to New York by Al. Hayman from the Pacific Coast was the means of creating the present so-called theatrical syndicate. Moreover, it was Mr. Hayman who started Charles Frohman on his long and unexampled career.

Even before Hayman's advent, M. B. Leavitt, by reason of his prosperity at the Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco, was able to establish the first coast to coast theatrical circuit, and only ill-health prevented Leavitt from being the central figure in the amusement world for all his days.

When William A. Brady came to New York from California, little was known of him. His fame as an actor on the coast was not great; while, as a manager, he was best known for his association with Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davies. Grismer is now a millionaire, and has always been regarded as one of the most discerning and competent actor-managers this country has ever known.

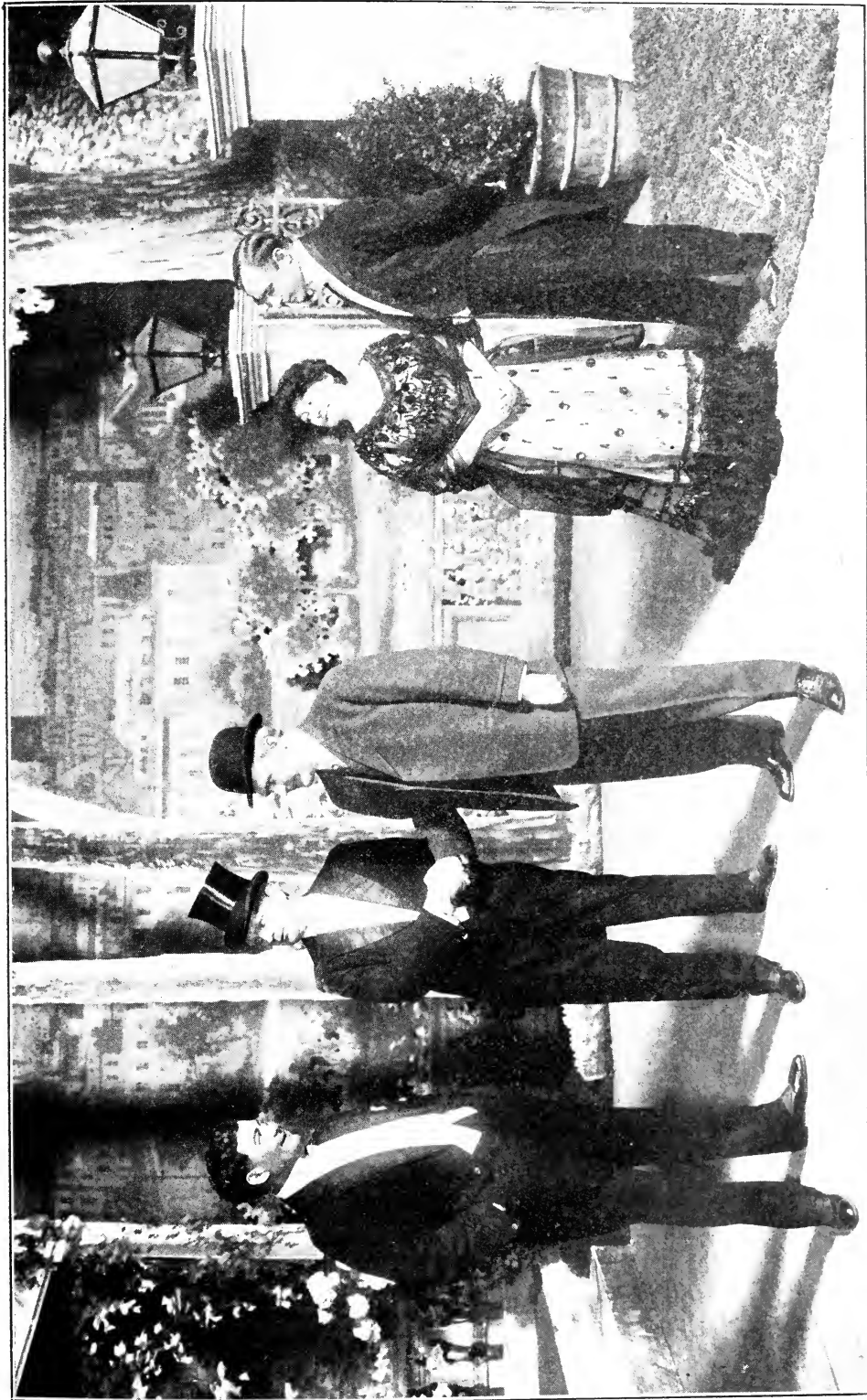
Brady himself has been the wonder of what is known as "the Great White Way." His operations have always shown an intrepidity and expert showmanship that have known no parallel in the history of the stage. Starting with an old melodrama, "After Dark," which had never been potent, he aroused the public to such an extent that the play became a standard attraction for years afterward, and

Brady established himself at once as an *entrepreneur* of quality.

Brady and Grismer have been partners, but not in all of their enterprises. The latter, however, has been fortunate in that he has been the associate of Brady in his most compelling attractions, such as "Way Down East," which has earned more than a million dollars, and "The Man of the Hour." On the other hand, Brady alone controls "Baby Mine," a farce-comedy approaching its 250th performance in New York, and now being played by at least a dozen companies in different parts of the world. This one play will bring Brady at least a million dollars in the next three or four years.

Brady took hold of Robert Mantell when that splendid actor was at the crucial period of his career. In fact, Mantell had already found it necessary to appear in vaudeville, and his compensation in that field did not indicate that his services were in very great demand, but in Brady's hands Mantell has become the representative tragic actor of the day, and his tours are now immensely profitable. That Brady should make a potent star of his wife (Grace George) astonished no one, although there is no record of any such achievement in stage history, and if it were a simple matter for a manager to create a star by his efforts, then the wives of several competent managers have cause for much complaint.

It is, however, in the last year that Brady has shown us the kind of manager that California delivers. He always claimed that he was handicapped by his affiliation with the Syndicate, and when a year ago he broke



Scene from "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," being presented by George M. Cohan.

away and identified himself with the Shuberts and their "open door," he extended his operations, until he is at this time perhaps the most interesting and surely one of the most active figures in theatredom. Brady's first theatre, "The Playhouse," is soon to be inaugurated by Grace George in a new play, and this will be an event which is to be made much of by Californians at present in New York.

Another tremendous figure in theatrical progress, though his modesty prevents his being as conspicuous as his achievements deserve, is Morris Meyerfeld, head of the vast Orpheum circuit. Here we have a man who, when he comes to New York, it is difficult to find, while any effort to make him talk of himself is always unavailing. "The public is interested in our theatres and in the artists we engage, but they are not interested in us," was Mr. Meyerfeld's response to one of the writer's questions. And yet Morris Meyerfeld has accomplished more in the last twelve years than any man in America for what is called "modern vaudeville." When he came into the field, the Orpheum circuit consisted of two theatres, one in San Francisco, the other in Los Angeles. To-day it is the largest and most important business institution in the vaudeville world. The Orpheum Company to-day owns outright at least a dozen palatial theatres, with a value close to eight millions of dollars, while it holds long leases on as many more, the equity in which is worth millions.

Mr. Meyerfeld is known all over the world as one of the most charming, kindly men theatricals ever could boast of. He would never be taken for a showman, and his demeanor is that of a banker. The Orpheum circuit is conceded to be *the* model business organization. To appear in its theatre is the goal of every performer. The programs are always a shade more artistic than in the Eastern theatres, and Mr. Meyerfeld will always try to include some great musical feature—even if the price is prohibitive. If public spirit prevails anywhere in

theatredom, it is in the conduct of this tremendous chain of theatres, and if the people of California do not know how their institution is regarded not only in the East, but in every part of Latin Europe, it is only necessary to follow the voyages of Mr. Meyerfeld, and his general manager, Martin Beck, who, as they visit the great cities of the world in quest of attractions, are received with such distinction and dignity that one might mistake them for mighty potentates.

The greatest aim of the high grade vaudevillian is the possession of an Orpheum contract, and this is so true that some of the most distinguished stars from the legitimate stage, and even of grand opera, are tempted to make the excursion into vaudeville, feeling certain that the plunge can be taken with grace and dignity, and it is not only the increased honorarium which is their incentive, for the reputation of the Orpheum circuit is as great for the uniform courtesy and kindness to the player as it is for its financial integrity.

Mr. Meyerfeld has never deviated from the original policy of paying transportation for all who travel over the circuit, though this was done at the outset because the artists had to travel across the continent in order to appear four weeks in the two theatres, and now that they are able to tender contracts for almost an entire season, this prince of theatrical men continues to pay the transportation, and that is true of no other management in the world.

The fame of the Orpheum is so great that the utmost interest is felt now by New York theatre-goers, and by the public press in the occasional announcements to the effect that Mr. Meyerfeld will in due course establish an Orpheum in New York City. Mr. Beck, acting for his superior, offered to buy the Manhattan Opera House in that city recently for one million dollars, and though this did not result in the addition of the home of opera to the vaudeville circuit, no one doubts that the day is near at hand when an



Maxine Elliott on the stage of her new theatre, New York.

Orpheum Theatre sign will blaze electrically on the "Great White Way."

Reference to the achievements of California personages in this field would not be complete without a tribute to the dean of managers and greatest living exponent of stage craft, David Belasco, who year after year adds to his fame, producing only plays that appeal, and whose efforts are constantly being lauded all over the world. Belasco's greatest force is his ability to pick, and afterward create, stars who endure for all time. It does not seem so long ago that David Warfield was an usher in a San Francisco theatre, and it is not over a decade ago that he appeared at Keith's Union Square Theatre, doing three turns a day, for which he was paid \$75 a week. Mr. Keith has since offered him \$5,000 a week, and the offer was, of course, refused, for Warfield is to-day the greatest attraction of the stage in this country.

A few years ago Frances Starr was playing in an obscure stock company. Her salary was \$30 a week and she had to do the hardest kind of work. Belasco saw her play once, and decided she was the right sort of "star" timber, so he became responsible for her future career, with a result that is now history.

Blanche Bates is another Belasco star whose greatest success is now being achieved at the Hudson Theatre, where in "Nobody's Widow," for nearly five months, she has packed that house to the doors.

Belasco's productions are always beyond all criticism. Recently he took charge of another California idol, Nance O'Neil, and in "The Lily" provided her with a character which she created with such distinction that she is now referred to as the "Greater Nance O'Neil."

Mr. Belasco is not responsible for the many groundless reports of his quarrels with Mrs. Carter, a great actress whom he struggled with successfully in a period of their careers when

all was not as propitious as now, and it is doubtful if either of them feels any bitterness toward the other. It is certain, however, that Mrs. Carter has never failed to accord to Belasco all possible credit for her artistic development, and, after all, that is all the public is interested in knowing.

California possesses at least one local impresario who is not without what is called public spirit, a quality one does not find often in the field of music and the drama. Reference is made to L. E. Behymer of Los Angeles, who has been known more than once to suggest to the powers that be in New York musical affairs that they add a little to the price that he shall pay for a great symphony orchestra or for a compelling vocal celebrity, in order that some smaller locality may be enabled to enjoy a musical treat at so much less. He has also contributed generously to the endeavors of many of California's musical institutions. Moreover, it is greatly due to this man's efforts that the Pacific Coast tours of so many worthy and famous musical organizations meet with such colossal results financially, although it is not on record that Mr. Behymer himself has prospered to any notable extent. Here we have a man who will write to the manager of a great singer, who had asked his advice, to say that while he would be glad to accept the local management (offered to Behymer with no risk on his part), it was his duty to inform the manager in question that the outlook was not the best, owing to the frequency of musical events.

This is a mode of procedure so strikingly in contrast to the customary methods of men who care only for their own personal welfare that it surely is worth the telling.

In New York, the results achieved in California for practically all of the great musical enterprises are regarded with amazement, and if the figures were retailed, the entire country would look askance at the remarkable outcome from a box office viewpoint.

PASTOR RUSSELL AND THE MONITOR

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

PART I.

(Part II will appear in the October Number.)

"When doctors disagree, the patient must decide."—Pastor Russell.

MR. EDITOR—I seek not your columns for strife, acrimony or defamation. It is mine to seek to set forth the Wisdom from above, which is the noblest science and the best instruction. Amongst my warm friends the world over are many most zealous Catholics and Protestants, and others of no earthly church affiliation. I strive to offend none, but to serve my God, His Truth and all who are truly His people. The Monitor (San Francisco), exercising its proper liberty, has sought to counteract the influence of my presentations on "What Say the Scriptures Respecting the Hereafter." No doubt the Monitor's editor is conscientious, and many of its readers as well, and no doubt they will all accredit me with similar honesty. The subject, approached from this standpoint of respect for each other's beliefs, is bound to do good—to stimulate thought. Figuratively, God is Light; in Him is no darkness. In proportion as we turn on the true light of His Word and order our minds and conduct in harmony therewith, we shall be blessed. The turning on of the light can never damage the Truth—only the darkness suffers and flees.

The Monitor Requests this Reply.

In its opening paragraph the Monitor introduces its side of the discussion by asking me the same question that the scribes and Pharisees of old asked of Jesus: By what authority doest Thou these things and who gave

Thee this authority?—authority to teach and to do good. (Matt. 21:23.)

We quote as follows:

"As the Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle speaks with a show of authority, and asserts that the belief of Christians in general about eternal punishment is all wrong, we would politely ask him for his credentials and his documents. In whose name do you teach, Pastor Russell? Who sent you? Who made you the interpreter of God's word? When was it said to you, mediately or immediately by Christ, 'Go teach?' Or when was given you the assurance, 'I am with you alway, even to the consummation of the world?' Can you trace back your pedigree in unbroken line to the Apostles? Where are your letters patent? Where are your documents? The burden of the proof, you know, lies on the accuser. You have accused Christians in general of being wrong on the point of everlasting punishment. Give us a real argument to sustain your accusation. Your teaching would be, O, so soothing to the sinner, Pastor Russell, were it only true. But it is not true, Pastor Russell."

Pastor Russell Answers the Questions.

All authority to speak in the name of God must come from Him, and He says, "He that hath My Word, let Him speak My Word." (Jer. 23:28.) This statement is made by way of showing that many are teaching and preaching their own dreams, imaginings or the dreams of their forefathers, in neglect of the Word of God—the Holy Scriptures. Jesus charged the religious rulers of His day, saying, "Ye do

make void the Law of God through your traditions" (Matt. 15:8, 6, 9)—teaching as commandments of God what are really the traditions of men. Similarly, I claim that both Catholics and Protestants, with good intentions, have gradually left the Word of God—the teachings of Jesus; the Apostles and the Prophets—and that, commingled with certain truths, they are now teaching traditions of the "Dark Ages" violently antagonistic to the teachings of the Bible.

The questions touching my authority, my right, to interpret the Bible and to speak in the name of the Lord are so nearly the same questions which the scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees asked of Jesus and the Apostles, that I may without impropriety, I hope, follow the same line of answer which they gave. The authority of our Lord Jesus, standing amongst those ecclesiastics of the Jewish Age, consisted in the fact that He had received the anointing of the Holy Spirit at the time of His baptism. In consequence, "the heavens were opened unto Him"—the higher things, the heavenly things, were clear to Him. This was the secret of His teaching power, because of which we read, "All the people bare Him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth, for He taught them as One having authority (as One knowing what He was talking about), and not as the scribes"—the Doctors of the Law. In a word, our Redeemer's ability to teach came to Him through the anointing of the Holy Spirit. But so far as the public were concerned, they knew not of this; His right to teach consisted in the fact that He could teach—that He could make plain the Word of God, so that the common people heard Him gladly and said, "Never man spake like this man."—John 7:46.

Similarly the Apostles were commanded not to teach and told that they had no authority to teach—that all the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees condemned the Message they bore. But their answer was, Whether it be right to obey God or to obey man

may be a question in your minds, but as for us, we cannot refrain from speaking the things which we have seen and heard and know.—Acts 4:19, 20.

We have seen that Jesus obtained Divine sanction and authority to speak in the Heavenly Father's name when He received the Holy Spirit. We note the same thing respecting the Apostles. Jesus told them not to preach the Gospel Message until they should be endued with power from on High. He bade them wait at Jerusalem for the Divine benediction of the Holy Spirit. This anointing or authority to preach came to them at Pentecost—and thenceforth they preached and taught, not human traditions, but the Word of God, the Holy Spirit enlightening them as to the proper interpretation of its symbols and prophecies.

Nothing in the Bible sanctions the view held by our Catholic brethren, to the effect that Apostolic authority and power have been handed down through the Bishops of the Catholic Church or any other. On the contrary, the Bible repeatedly speaks of "The *twelve* Apostles of the Lamb"—St. Paul taking the place of Judas. This is pictured also by the Master Himself. He symbolically represents the true Church as a woman clothed with the Sun—the light of Divine favor and Truth and grace—and on her head was a crown of *twelve* stars, representing the *twelve* Apostles—no more. The Lord pictures His Church in her future glory—at the close of this Gospel Age—when she will be complete and experience the First Resurrection and become God's holy Kingdom, the Messianic Kingdom. The picture is that of the New Jerusalem, whose dominion is to bring Divine blessing and uplifting to all the families of the earth. The New Jerusalem is declared to be a symbolical picture of the elect, saintly Church after her marriage with the Lord at His second coming. That symbolical City is represented as having *twelve* glorious foundation stones—and no more—and in those *twelve* foundation stones were the names of

the *twelve* Apostles of the Lamb—and no more.

It is thus seen that the authority to teach possessed by our Lord and by His twelve apostles has not descended to any others by human ordination. Of these twelve alone it is true that whatsoever they declared was binding in the sight of heaven, would be binding; and whatsoever they declared to be loosed, or not binding, would be so from the Divine standpoint. We are thus assured of the infallibility of the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles.—Matt. 18:18.

But the Apostle Paul declares that although all are not Apostles, all are not Prophets, yet there are teachers, ministers, servants, in the Church, placed there, not by Apostolic power, not by Apostolic laying on of hands, but, he says, "God hath set the various members in the Body as it hath pleased Him"—including teachers, evangelists and prophets or orators. But could these teach without an anointing somewhat similar to that received by Jesus at His baptism and by the Apostles at Pentecost? No; God's seal or mark which He places upon those whom He appoints to be special teachers is the same Holy Spirit.

St. John tells us of this, saying, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye all know it"—that is, whoever has the unction or anointing of the Holy Spirit of God is aware of the fact (1 John 2:20), and this unction or anointing of the Holy Spirit gives more or less ability to understand the deep things of God—in proportion to the measure of the Holy Spirit received and in proportion also to the natural talents of the person thus blessed. Every one thus anointed is commissioned or authorized to speak as a mouthpiece of the Lord in proportion to his talents and opportunities and privileges. He may speak only what he may understand, and not speak of himself nor expound the theories of others, but merely God's Word, the utterances of Jesus, the Apostles and the Prophets.

We may thus see who have the right and ability to teach God's Word. Sects and systems, Catholic and Protestant, claim this right, but without Scriptural authority. The Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans and other ecclesiastical systems each claim the right (the Divine right) to set apart, to authorize, to qualify, to empower, teachers of the Divine Word, mouthpieces and oracles of God. But none of them can show any scriptural authority. Their strongest claim is custom; but the very oldest wrong custom and misconception is without weight and without force when investigated. How many of the clergy of all denominations demonstrate that whatever came to them at their ordination has done them no good, but rather harm, in connection with ability to expound the Word of God! The attitude of all is described by the Lord and the Prophets.—Isaiah, 29:11-14.

On the contrary, let us note the beautiful simplicity of the Divine ordination through the baptism of the Holy Spirit: St. Peter declares, in harmony with all the Apostles, that it is not a clerical class which constitutes the Church of Christ, but a saintly class. And all those saintly ones are Spirit-begotten, Spirit-anointed. They all, therefore, have the authority to preach and to teach as messengers from God to the extent of their opportunities. St. Peter, addressing all saints regardless of sectarian lines and names, regardless of sects, and ignoring any clergy class, says to the Spirit-begotten children of God, "Ye are a Royal Priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, *that ye should show forth the praises of Him* who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light." (1 Pet. 2-9.) The introduction of his Epistle shows that these words are addressed to the saints in general and not to the clergy, for he recognized no clerical orders, but, like the Master, said, "All ye are Brethren and one is your Master, even Christ."

The Church of Christ is pictured as a human Body of which Christ is the

Head. This Body as a whole, from Pentecost until the end of the Age, has the supervision of the Head. Although absent from us in person, He is present with His people by His Spirit and power. This relationship between Christ and the Church was typified in Aaron, the Jewish high priest. The anointing of Aaron to his office typified the anointing of Jesus by the Holy Spirit, and the bringing of all the members of His Body under the influence of that same anointing—the Holy Spirit. Thus the Psalmist pictures the anointing of the Church, as symbolized in Aaron; as upon Aaron's head the oil was poured which ran down his beard and even unto the skirts of his garments, and as this constituted him the anointed priest of the Lord, so the Holy Spirit upon our Lord, the Apostles and their saintly footstep followers constitute these the Lord's representative members and mouthpieces of Jehovah. Thus it is written prophetically of the Christ, Head and Body, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, etc.—Isaiah 61:1.

Claiming this Divine authority to expound God's Word to the extent of my ability, let me proceed; for I am one of those specially mentioned in His prayer saying, "Neither pray I for these (Apostles) alone, but for all also who shall believe on Me through their word."—John 17:20.

Where Lies the Burden of Proof.

The Monitor claims that the burden of furnishing proof that there is no purgatory, no eternal torture, rests upon me. This is strange! If the Monitor or anybody else had ever been to Purgatory or to eternal torment and could, therefore, testify to their claims as a matter of knowledge, those disputing their statements would not even then be called upon for proofs that there are no such places. It would still remain for those claiming to have seen Purgatory and hell and to have

suffered there to give proofs of what they had seen and experienced. We are not accusing Christians, Catholic or Protestant, with being intentionally wrong. They are doubtless as honest as we were when we believed and taught the same heathenish doctrines, which St. Paul styles "doctrines of devils." (1 Tim. 4:1.) We are merely urging that all Christians, Catholic and Protestant, awake from the stupor of the dark past and go back to the simple and beautiful teachings of the Savior and His inspired twelve. We urge them to do this before they fall into the great gulf of modern infidelity which is rapidly swallowing up all the intelligent people of the world under the name of Higher Criticism, Evolution, Theosophy, New Theology, etc. The Bible is being discarded because it is misunderstood—because it is supposed to be in accord with and the real foundation for the horrible misconceptions of the Divine Character and the Divine Plan most thoroughly believed by our forefathers for centuries past.

The Monitor's Proof-Texts.

The Monitor proceeds to give proofs (?) of a hell of fire and torture, but it says not a word respecting Purgatory—the very place which it, as a Catholic mouthpiece, claims will receive the great mass of humanity for roasting, sizzling and freezing its saints. Why this oversight? Ah! we think now! It may have been because the Monitor knows that nobody knows anything more about purgatory than does itself, which is—nothing. It knows that there is not a word of Scripture teaching that there is such a place as purgatory. It knows that it is merely human tradition concocted long after the death of the inspired Apostles—tending greatly to make void the Word of God.

Since the Monitor ignores purgatory we must assume that it takes the Protestant view of hell as being only alternative—the eternal-torturous abode of nearly all of Adam's posterity. We

protest that the fiction of purgatory has helped to make the Catholic view of the future a little more rational, saner, than the Protestant view. Neither view is tolerable in our estimation. Both suggestions are travesties upon Divine Justice calculated to repel every reasonable mind, every lover of justice, every person of heart or sympathy. Endorsing literal fire and everlasting torture,

Here are the Monitor's Words:

"And with your leave, I now shall tell There is, and why there is, a hell.

"The gentlest heart that ever beat, the kindest lips that ever spoke, have clearly told us for our warning that there is a place where those who will not glorify God's mercy here and hereafter shall glorify His justice by the double pain of loss and sense forever."

With these words, the editor produces his weighty arguments and his proof that Jesus taught such a hell:

1. St. Luke 16:19-31—the account of the "Rich Man and Lazarus."

2. St. Matthew 25:31-46—the parable of the "Sheep and the Goats."

3. St. Mark 9:42-48—the Master's words respecting the cutting off of a displeasing hand or of a foot, rather than be cast into hell fire, where their worm dieth not and the fire is never quenched.

The Monitor then says:

"That these and similar passages of Scripture touching the existence of hell and its two-fold everlasting pain of loss and sense are to be taken literally, there can be no doubt. For it is a rule of criticism, and of Biblical criticism in particular, always to take words in their *literal meaning unless there is a good reason for doing otherwise*. Now, there is no such reason in the present case. The only reason with any show of force about it that might be advanced is the difficulty of understanding with absolute clearness and certainty how material fire acts on immaterial or spiritual being like the angelic nature or the human soul."

We agree with the Monitor and all sensible people in the above statement,

and we want to point to some reasons why this method of interpretation overthrows the Monitor's contention that these Scriptures are to be taken literally—as teaching that all except followers of Christ will suffer tortures everlastingly. Bear in mind that we are not discussing what the punishment for sin will be. We are not claiming that sinners will escape a just penalty for sin. We are claiming that eternal torture or purgatorial tortures for sinners would not be just, rational, sane punishments, but, on the contrary, would exemplify a brutality and devilishness which has no parallel in the most degraded of our fallen race. Let us examine the proof texts now in turn:

Jesus Taught Parabolically.

The Apostle records, as the Prophets had foretold, that Jesus opened His mouth in parables and in dark sayings and without a parable spake He not unto the people. (Matt. 13:34, 35.) This has been a part of our difficulty. We have taken the words of Jesus literally when their very form should have shown us that they could not have been meant literally. Do we not use figures of speech to-day? For instance, if in conversation some one said to us, "When John Smith heard that, he burst into tears," would we understand literally that John Smith burst and became a shower of tears? A certain judge, addressing a colored woman who spoke of her husband's ill-treatment, asked her if she had tried the Apostle's remedy of heaping coals of fire on his head. She replied, "No," but that she had tried hot water without avail. An ignorant person might, perhaps, thus misunderstand the Apostle's figurative language. But is that an excuse for us, who claim to be more intelligent, to misunderstand it? Do we not remember St. Peter's words, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trials which shall try you?" Who is foolish enough to suppose that St. Peter meant literal fire? Hear the Apostle Paul telling about the trials

of faith to be expected in the end of this Age: He says, "Every man's work shall be tried so as by fire." Those who have built with gold and silver and precious stones will have their work approved. Those who have filled their ears with false doctrine—"wood, hay and stubble"—will find their work disapproved. The fire of that day will consume it. (Cpr. 3:12-15.)

St. Paul tells us that some will pass through that fire unscathed, and others will have their work destroyed, but will themselves be saved so as by fire. His intention clearly is that this Age will end with a great time of sifting along doctrinal lines. The false doctrines represented by wood, hay and stubble, are now taking fire and will be entirely consumed, whereas all the truths of God's Word symbolically represented by the Apostle as jewels of gold and silver and precious stones—these will stand the test and abide. Let us build our faith, then, with the proper materials which God's Word supplies. And let us remember the Apostle's words, to the effect that the Word of God is sufficient that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished. (2 Tim. 3:16.) And the implication of this is that the decisions of the councils of the "dark ages" are not only unnecessary for God's people of to-day, but are injurious in proportion as they are out of alignment with the words of Jesus and the Apostles.

(1). *The Rich Man in Hell.*—Luke 16:19-31.

Many of us in the past, like the Monitor, have viewed this as a literal account without noting the absurdity of so doing. According to the account, that rich man went to hell because he was rich, had plenty to eat every day, lived in a good house, wore some purple clothing and some fine linen. Not a word is said about his being profane or wicked. If these be grounds for going to eternal torment we should all begin to discard all purple-colored garments, to wear no fine linen, to fast and generally to get poor. Evidently

the majority of people have not this view of matters, but are living as nearly like that rich man as they know how. Does such an interpretation seem rational? Or should we seek an interpretation that would not take these statements so literally as they read and as the Monitor advocates? Look at the other side of the parable—the poor beggar, foul, ulcerated, hungry, licked by dogs, was carried to Abraham's bosom—not a word about his saintship or any other qualification. Do the editors or any of the employees of the Monitor office hope ever to get to the future heavenly bliss, and are they striving to be just like that beggar in all particulars? And if they should reach Abraham's bosom, might it not be that the old gentleman's arms would be full of beggars after eighteen hundred years? This is the literal interpretation of our Lord's words which the Monitor advocates as so reasonable as not to require interpretation symbolically. Well, the Monitor has its right to its opinion, and it may be that we are obtuse. For the sake of other obtuse people, we will proceed to give an interpretation of our Lord's words as we believe they were meant to be understood—as a parable:

The rich man represents the Jewish nation. His favor with God was represented as riches. The rich man's bountiful table represented the Divine promises given, up to that time, exclusively to the Jew. Thus St. Paul interprets the Jewish "table" of blessing in Romans 11:9. The rich man's purple represented the royalty which belonged to the Jews under the Divine promise that Messiah's Kingdom should be established through the Seed of King David. The rich man's fine linen symbolized righteousness or justification imputed to the Jewish nation year by year through their atonement—sacrifices.

The beggar at the rich man's gate represented the reverent and devout of the Gentiles and the outcasts of the Jews who hungered and thirsted for a share in the Divine promises given to the Jews. They got only occasionally

crumbs of comfort. The beggar's sores and nakedness represent his unworthy condition—sin-sick. The dogs, his companions, represented fellow-Gentiles; for all Gentiles were styled "dogs" by the Jews. As samples of the "crumbs" which fell from the rich man's table we note the healing of the centurion's servant and the healing of the daughter of the Syro-Phoenician woman. To the latter, when first she asked, Jesus said: "It is not fitting to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." The woman recognized the metaphor immediately—the Jew occupied a place of favor represented by children. She, as a Gentile, was in disfavor as a Gentile dog. Her reply was: "Yea, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the children's table." (Mark 7:25-30.) Jesus rewarded her faith by giving her a crumb of favor, the healing of her daughter. (Mark 7:25-30.) If, now, we have located the rich man and the beggar of this parable, let us see how they died and what was accomplished for them:

The poor man represented a class who died to their estrangement from God and His promises and favors. This occurred three and a half years after the cross when Cornelius the Centurion, the first Gentile received into the Church, received his blessing, and when the door of opportunity opened before all honest and sincere Gentiles just as widely as to the Jew. There "the middle wall of partition was broken down." The humble and faithful, hungering and thirsting, were carried by the angels, the ministers of God, not literally to Abraham's bosom, but to that which the expression symbolizes. Abraham is styled the *father of the faithful*. All the faithful in Christ Jesus are recognized Abraham's children, and as such are received figuratively to His bosom. Thus the Apostles writes the Gentiles (Eph. 2:12, 13), Ye were aliens, strangers, foreigners to the commonwealth of Israel, but are now brought nigh and become children of God through faith—the children of Abraham, who typi-

fied the Heavenly Father, even as Isaac typified the Redeemer.—See Galatians 3:29.

The Rich Man in Hades.

All scholars are aware that in the Bible the Greek word *hades* in the New Testament is the equivalent of the Hebrew word *sheol* in the Old Testament. All are aware that these words signify the tomb, the state of death, and not a place of suffering or torture, at all. The word that is rendered *hell fire* in our English Bibles is a different word, namely, *Gehenna*, which we will consider later.

If *hades* signifies the state of death, the tomb, how could the "rich man" suffer there? We reply that the rich man is to be viewed from two different standpoints—national and individual. Nationally the Jew went into *hades*—their kingdom and nationality have been buried for eighteen centuries; but individually the Jews are very much alive, and for all of these eighteen centuries that their nationality has been buried, they have been suffering injustices and tortures, and, alas, chiefly from those calling themselves Christians, but denying both the power and the spirit of Christianity. There is an impassable gulf between the saintly Lazarus class and the Jews. God has not wished that the Jewish nation should amalgamate with other nations nor with Christendom. He has a special work for the Jews to do in the near future, and for this very purpose He has preserved them as a people for now thirty-five hundred years. In his sufferings the Jew at times has made an appeal, desiring that the Lazarus class might give a symbolical drop of water—of comfort and refreshment; but this has been denied. As an illustration of such an appeal, many of us remember the Jewish protest against Russian persecutions and their request of Mr. Roosevelt, when President, that he intervene. President Roosevelt expressed sympathy, but declared compliance with the request impossible, as it would be a violation of the comity of nations.



It looms ahead like a long battleship, painted for times of peace. This is the arched bridge leads from the hotel to its adjunct, the Casino,

"THE KING'S HOUSE"

THE KING is a moody person and every mood demands a setting. Does his exalted whim require the roar of the sea and the prospect of bleak cliffs and mountains of spray, the setting for his mood must be provided while the mood lasts. Days when the king has a fancy for flowers, mellow sunlight and tranquility the royal gardener must be in readiness for the royal humor. So must the king's forester know the greenest groves, the steepest mountain paths and the stillest forest pools when his majesty's thoughts turn upon such scenes. Then, again, the king longs for gaiety, bright colors, music, laughter and the appendages of the court; certainly these, too, must be had when the royal humor turns upon them.

Since kings are passing and their whims with them, we no longer map, build and garden for a royal fancy, but the prince of moods in this age, and of moods as peremptory as kingly humors, is the tourist. The man who builds and gardens for the imaginative traveler or the equally imaginative "vacationist," who will rest in his own way at any cost, must provide a separate setting for every tourist mood, and in this sense nature and the ingenious

builder have succeeded admirably in the "King's House," the Casa del Rey of Santa Cruz.

The house itself is the apotheosis of the old California mission. It is just such a structure as the brothers in brown would have built had they been provided with the materials. There is nothing that would jar upon their sense of simplicity and simple elegance. They loved flowering patios full of yellow sunlight and the ripple of clear water, and the gardens of Casa del Rey are as tranquil and sunny as those of any cloister. They loved the soft lights, subdued colors and simple furnishings of their low rooms, and the cream-colored walls and dark mahogany of Casa del Rey would have been a delight to the temperamental brothers.

The traveler or rest-seeker who has a liking for an atmosphere of peace and cloisteral simplicity will find it in Casa del Rey, and the Oriental rugs on the floor of the garden room, the massive fireplace and perfect appointments of his apartments will not disturb his sense of the fitness of things in any degree.

Then there is the Casino and the beach for his playful, noisy, joyful mood, and the smooth bay of Monterey



Casa Del Rey, at Santa Cruz, California, the house of the double garden. A triple-set in a blaze of color at the edge of a golden bathing beach.

merging into the Pacific to gratify his hunger for an expanse of water, and the cliffs if he is hunting out the wild and rugged, the steep Santa Cruz range, with its redwood groves, mountain streams and winding canyons when the sylvan fever seizes him, and all the dancing, gayly garbed crowds, and merriment of the summer resort when he is sociably inclined. There are in all quarters good mountain resorts, pleasant seashore places, and quiet, mission-like retreats, but here in Santa Cruz in the King's House the kingly tourist has them all together, and when his mood changes, he does not have to pack his baggage to find the setting for his whim, but simply turns to his left or his right and strolls into the environment his immediate taste requires.

Casa del Rey is not yet a year old, but because there is little that is garish about it, little time was required to give it that well-seasoned aspect so essential to comfort. It is a house of 300 rooms, clustered about the two flower-grown patois, and is connected by a bridge of three arches with the dining rooms, ball room and sun parlors in the Casino on the beach. There is something Moorish about the Casino—upon its little towers and architectural embroidery of all sorts have been lavished. And yet it does not contrast

at all unpleasantly with the simplicity of the Casa del Rey itself, with its facade and its niches where the mission bells should hang, its projecting beams and red-tiled roof. Indeed, the two structures are in a sense symbols of the Oriental element in the character of Old Spain, and the chaste and simple element in the character of the New Spain.

The Casino proper is a vast playroom where one can indulge any impulse, from the childish desire to peep into slot machines to the enjoyment of very excellent band music. On the second floor are the dining rooms reserved for the guests at Casa del Rey and the sun parlors where one may lounge in wicker chairs and look out over the bay of Monterey, where it merges into the broad Pacific, and where the Pacific in turn seems to drop into nothingness. The same view may be had from the grill room, which is a vast, bay-window jutting out almost over the surf. There is an exquisite sense of luxury in dining at a table by the window, enjoying perfect service and good music, while you look across the smooth water, dotted with white sails to dimly outlined hills on the opposite shore of the crescent bay.

The water is much in evidence, bathers, yachtsmen and cliff climbers are incessantly enjoying their several



Turning right or left, one sees, by a purpose of the builders that is inspirational, a patio full of yellow light, musical with the tinkle of a fountain, splashed with the purples and crimsons of luxuriant bloom.

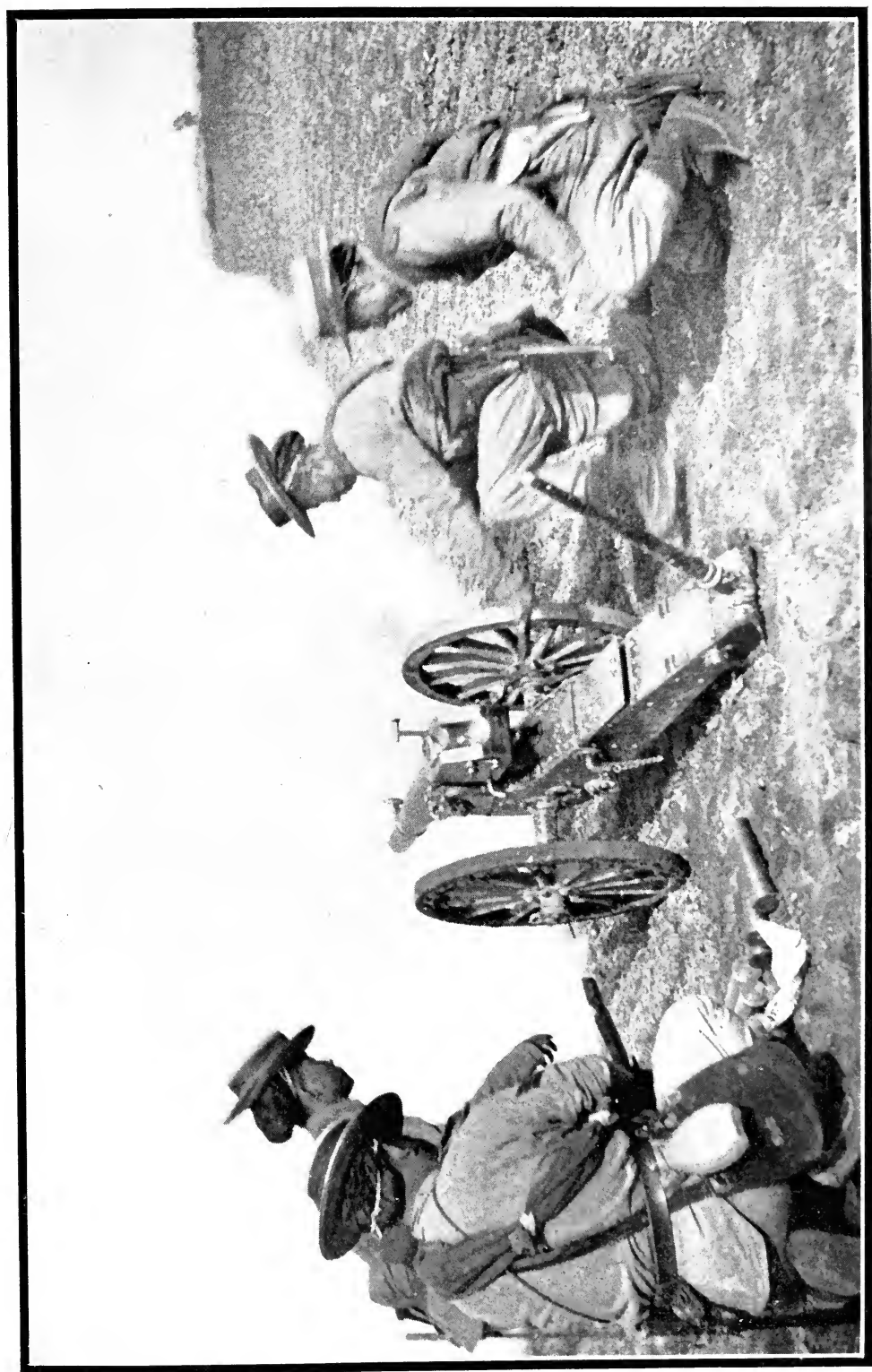
sports, yet it is so easy to forget the sea when it grows monotonous in Santa Cruz. You walk a few blocks up Cliff street from Casa del Rey, dip into the valley behind the ridge which fringes the seashore, and you are in a realm of forests, placid valleys and tall mountains where the roar of the sea never penetrates and its resounding note is replaced by soft redwood lyrics as the wind filters through the branches of the giants.

There are days in Santa Cruz, as in every town by the sea, when the wind from the ocean carries a bank of fog over the ridge, and a chill into the valleys, and it is then that the patios are appreciated. The fountains and the flower beds seem to glow in the reflected light of the cream colored walls, and on the darkest days the patios are warm and bright. The garden room, between the patios and immediately behind the lobby is another retreat from the fog, for with the fire blazing in the broad hearth and the view through the French windows on either side of the cheerful gardens a sense of cheer and comfort is engendered in the bleakest spirit on the bleakest day.

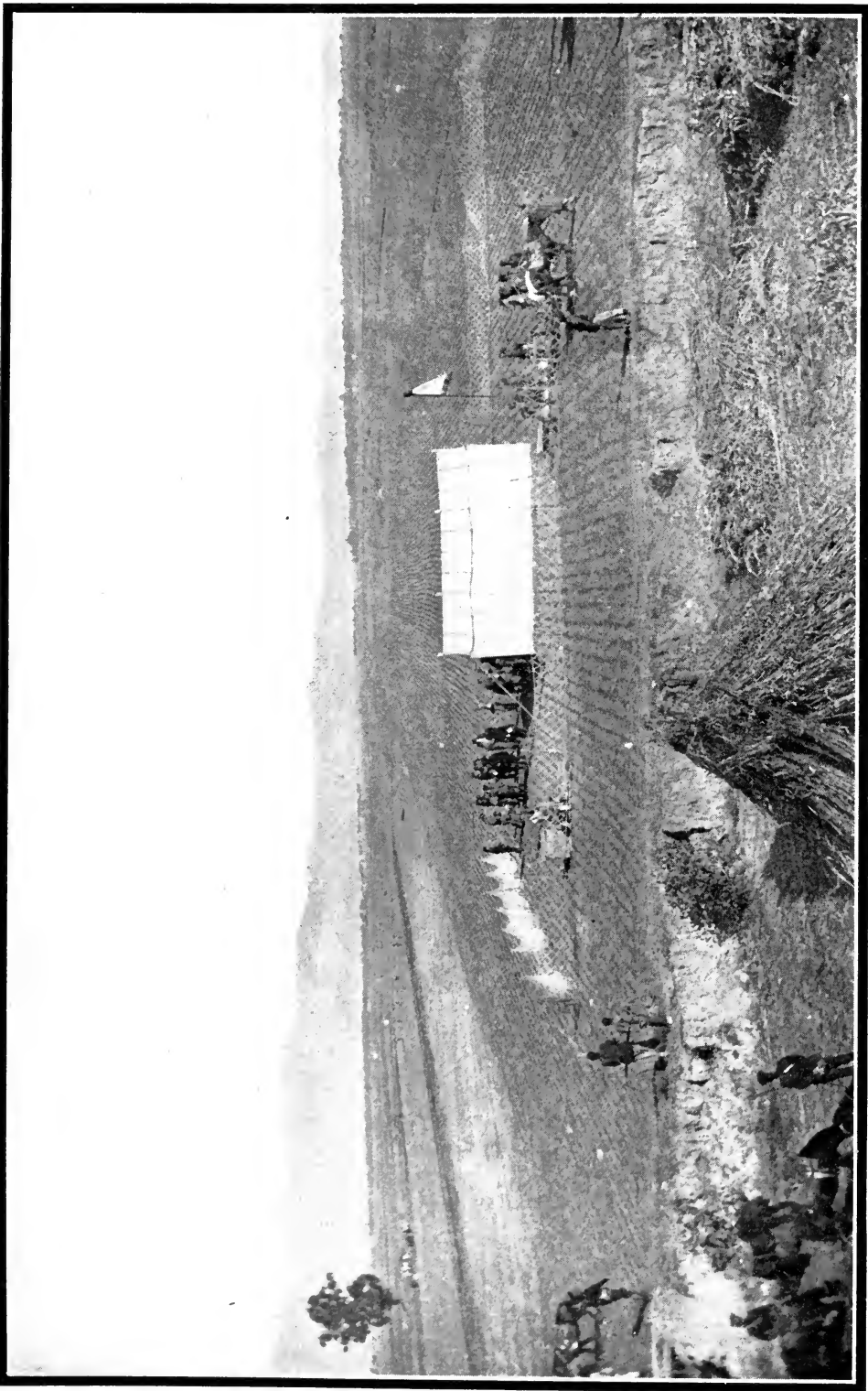
The material comforts of the hotel have not been neglected in providing atmosphere and a setting for the tourist's fancies. While the hotel is a monument to simplicity and good taste the standard luxuries of a metropolitan hostelry have been provided, and the tourist who goes to Santa Cruz to indulge his imaginative faculties need not do so at the expense of his physical comfort. There are parlor suites for those who desire them, and the majority of the rooms are provided with baths. There is not an apartment in the building which is not well lighted by the sun.

Casa del Rey is not strictly a summer resort. Provision has been made for the entertainment of guests in winter, steam heat is installed in the rooms reserved for winter use, and preparations are now being made to serve meals in the garden room before the open fire.

Such is the Casa del Rey, the house of the king, where the guest may imagine himself a cowled monk, a fashionable "vacationist," a seaman or a wood nymph, and never encounter a discord in his fancies.



Chinese artillery in action.



Headquarters staff of the Northern army during recent maneuvers near Peking.

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WHAT COULD CHINA'S ARMIES DO IN CASE OF WAR?

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

PERSISTENT rumors are floating around Peking that war between China and Japan is imminent. No one knows exactly what their foundation is; some say the prognostications of an antiquated astrologer; others, a secret telegram, whose contents were deciphered from the scraps in a Legation waste paper basket.

But well informed Chinese account for the gossip by the tenseness of a situation briefly explained as follows: Japan's tariff is about to be reformed, and according to the new regulations, her ally, Great Britain, will pay increased import duties of from 400 to 600 per cent on her manufactures. Though at first sight it would seem that this has nothing to do with China, as a matter of fact it will concern her closely, because the natural sequence to this prohibitive treatment will be a protest on the part of Great Britain. Japan's answer under these circumstances is easy to guess. "Give me a free hand in Manchuria," she will say, "and your goods shall find a free market into my country." No doubt Great Britain will agree, and Japan, once sure her ally cannot interfere, will proceed in Manchuria much as she has

done in Korea, her first move being the transfer of her center of operations from Dairen (Dalny) to Mukden. Poor China, the sufferer as usual, will then have only two courses open to her—move her capital, as Peking, under those circumstances, would be much too near the Japanese sphere of influence, or fight—perhaps both.

Now, what could China's armies do in case of war? That is the question which the present political situation renders important. Furthermore, seeing that China has suddenly become unified as never before, and that so great an authority as Lord Curzon declares we must some day surely face a Yellow Peril—either China alone or China united with her present enemy, Japan—it behooves us to consider the tremendous possibilities of an army drawn from a nation of 400,000,000 people, and to know something beforehand about the ability of China's soldiers as well as the development of their patriotism—on which so much depends.

The history of the army in China has never been a very glorious one. The military caste in ancient times was despised by a peace loving people who preferred to devote themselves to lit-

erature, trade and husbandry. When it "went forth to war" with fire-crackers and flaming triangular satin banners, it was generally beaten—though that did not prevent its commanders, "whose eyes were larger than their stomachs," to use the children's expression, from engaging the whole world at once in 1900.

How ignominiously they lost fight after fight, how dearly they paid, is a matter of common knowledge. Chinese statesmen have been moaning over their country's weakness ever since, while censor after censor has sent in pathetic memorials to the Throne, naively inquiring, "Why are we invariably beaten by our enemies?"—a question left unanswered till Yuan Shih Kai appeared on the scene.

Yuan Shih Kai is the real father of the modern Chinese army. Like Warren Hastings, his faults "were neither few nor small," but he had sufficient ideas and energy to atone for them, and with the help of Jung Lu (who, until the recent publication of some secret State papers, was always thought to be an obstinate, narrow conservative), he evolved his scheme for

the modern battalions on whom the life of the empire, and incidentally the continuance of the Manchu Dynasty, depends.

This scheme was spread over a number of years, but he did not remain in power long enough to carry it out, unfortunately. The late Emperor Kwang Hsu, who hated him for his share in frustrating the *coup d'etat* of 1898, died vowing vengeance upon Yuan; consequently when the present Regent, Kwang Hsu's brother, came into power the once powerful statesman was banished in disgrace to grow cabbages on his ancestral estate, and "eat the bitter bread of destiny."

He did not disappear, however, before he had done some good work. Many a crying abuse he swept away, abolishing, among others, the pernicious system of hiring men to fill gaps in the ranks before an inspection and discharging them immediately afterwards. Unlike Li Hung Chang, who inspected the garrison of the Southern Taku fort, and failed to recognize the same soldiers when they appeared as the garrison of the Northern Taku fort, after being smuggled through a sub-



Field artillery in a sham fight. The pieces are French Creusot guns.



Infantrymen in trenches, awaiting order to fire.

terrestrial passage from one to the other, Yuan's memory was too good for such impositions. He seems to have been the first Chinese General to recognize the necessity of paying troops regularly; the first, too, to insist that for every private's salary issued to a commanding officer, there should be a flesh-and-blood soldier available all day and every day—not merely a name on paper and a cheap, temporary, hireling on important parades.

Thanks to him, though the post of colonel is not so lucrative as it was in the good old times, the armies of China to-day number 500,000 live men. It is true, many of these soldiers are still utterly ineffective except for suppressing risings of unarmed people. Certain of the Provincial organizations, for instance, such as the Guards of the Mandarins, the Manchu Army of the Eight Banners, and the Mongolian horsemen, would be quite useless in any serious campaign, as the majority are still armed with jingals, which it requires two men to fire and half an hour to load. They are, in fact, not

intended for warfare with foreign nations, but are enlisted to assist viceroys and governors to keep their provinces quiet—in a word, to police the Chinese Empire.

The best authorities, however, admit that there are 150,000 Chinese soldiers effectively armed with modern rifles and modern heavy guns of French and German pattern. The rank and file of these battalions are at least partly educated, while their officers have either been trained abroad or under more or less competent foreign instructors in their own country.

If the original program is carried out, this modern army should increase to the number of 500,000 in 1913, and 1,150,000 in 1920, but whether it will fulfill these very sanguine expectations is doubtful. The Board of War itself is in no great hurry to see it reach the latter figure, because its ministers well know that this huge horde of 1,000,000 men would be a useless white elephant on the hands of its commanders until the Chinese Government has constructed a system of railways to move it



Mounted infantry scouting.

from place to place. As railways are expensive luxuries not to be built without the help of foreign loans, and as the temper of the Chinese people at present is against assuming any more financial liabilities, this is not likely to happen very soon.

Neither is the court party very anxious to see the modern army, or Lou Kuin, as it is called, reach its maximum strength immediately, its present numbers being quite sufficient to protect the Manchu Dynasty in Peking against a possible revolution of the Chinese people—always provided, of course, that the troops remain loyal. In order to strengthen it for this purpose, the Throne, pursuing a selfish policy, has been careful to compose one entire division of Manchu troops, to scatter Manchus plentifully through the other divisions, and to appoint Manchus to the posts of most of the higher officers. These nominees attempt to counteract the anti-dynastic tendencies now spreading over the empire and unconsciously fostered by the pride and obstinacy of the Manchus

who refuse to merge themselves with the people they once conquered and who deliberately keep alive the hostility towards themselves among their Chinese subjects by paying a monthly pension to every Manchu—a pension varying according to the recipient's station in life.

To further insure that patriotic disaffection among the troops shall not spread, the Government of late has postponed all large manoeuvres, giving court mourning as the excuse. The mutiny of several regiments at the last manoeuvres in the autumn of 1905 doubtless taught the Throne a lesson, and no opportunity has since been given to these advanced thinkers of the Yangtze Valley provinces to spread their dangerous doctrines.

Equally, no public opportunity has been given to foreigners, i. e., non-Chinese, to observe the actual state of efficiency of the Chinese army. Small manoeuvres, however, are necessarily still taking place, and to some of these informal field exercises where, by the way, the true state of affairs is easier

to judge than in the larger official reviews—I was able to obtain permission to be present.

My "ticket of admission" entitled me to enter the Nan Hai Tzu, or Southern Hunting Park, some five miles from Peking, where the picked troops chosen to defend the capital were encamped. From the gate of the outer city, I must cover the intervening miles on horseback, and according to arrangement two troopers met me there with a shaggy Manchurian pony gaudily caparisoned and bearing a high, wooden saddle covered with a strip of native woven carpet.

We rode along the sunken roads characteristic of North China at an ambling trot, while the two troopers entertained me with comments on their new uniforms and accoutrements. "Only think," one remarked, simply, looking down with pride at his laced, leather boots, "that ten years ago those foolish Boxers burned some of the richest shops in the city because such things come from the West."

Is it only ten years ago? I could hardly believe it when, on reaching the gate of the Hunting Park, I was met by courteous officers, who spoke English, French or Japanese, and who

all looked exceedingly business-like in their uniforms copied from the West. Most of them were tall, well-made men, and wore their clothes with style and elegance—in fact, they struck me at once as infinitely superior—at least in appearance—to their models, the Japanese officers. Their queues, of course, are anachronisms which the liberal minded hope may soon be done away with by Imperial edict. Until permission to cut their long hair is given, however, officers are forbidden to wear their queues twisted in a knot under their military caps. This mode of coiffure is only worn by the privates, who follow the custom of the coolie or working-man's class, while officers must pay the penalty of their station and leave their pig-tails hanging with the tasselled end stuck in approved fashion into the right-hand pocket.

Before being taken over the barracks or out on to the parade grounds, I was shown into a bare, whitewashed room, furnished with a plain table and chairs, where tea, the inevitable prelude to everything in China from funerals to manœuvres, was served. A charming old General, who did the honors, carefully explained in excel-



Part of a Kansuh division in the field.



Scaling a mud bank at manoeuvres.

lent German that he had finished his education in Heidelberg. Contrary to custom in China, I noticed that his subordinate officers removed their caps on sitting down, thus giving evidence of having grafted certain foreign customs on their own, which only a few years ago they were much too conceited to do.

When the social proprieties were adequately fulfilled, we commenced the business of the day by going a round of the barracks. Mud built and surrounded by mud walls, they were furnished inside with all the latest improvements such as mosquito-netted windows, patent cots, aluminum wash basins, etc.—all, of course, borrowed from Germany via Japan. Up to date sanitary conditions were everywhere noticeable, a glowing contrast to the prevailing methods of the early nineties when the cook-house refuse of a camp was blithely dumped at the front door.

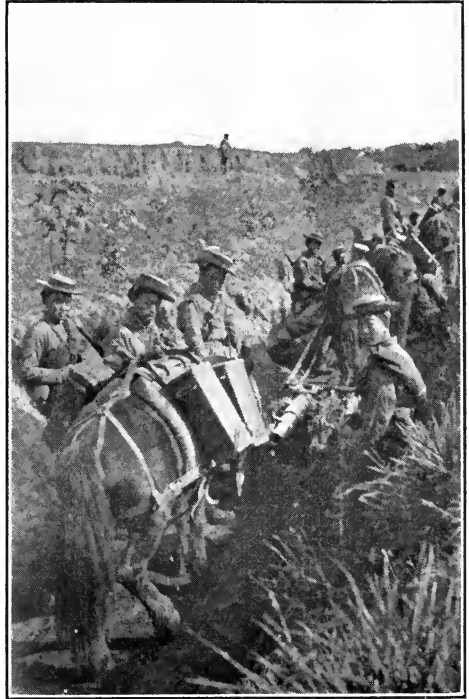
After the tour of inspection, several crack companies of infantry and artillery were put through their evolutions on the large parade ground for my benefit. I was immediately struck

at the precise manner in which commands were obeyed as these model divisions went through the manual of arms. Uncle Sam's own troops would certainly be hard pressed to change positions in closer uniformity. Moreover, this result reflects the highest credit upon the Chinese officers, for the character of their men is naturally the reverse of precise, drill is repugnant to them, discipline irksome, and the importance of keeping arms and accoutrements in good condition difficult to force into their comprehension.

Next I saw a company of infantry develop an attack on an imaginary position, assailing it in open order, which is, after all, the chief drill for which infantry is trained. They also performed the whole manœuvre in excellent style, and but for the hanging pig-tails of the officers, at a little distance the whole khaki-clad company might have been mistaken for a body of American or European troops. At the same time, the cavalry and mounted infantry gave an exhibition of charging and of scouting, showing in both manœuvres an admirable mastery of those tactics which can be learned

from books. Finally, the General ordered a battery of artillery to develop a turning movement at full gallop, which they did perfectly, always keeping the muzzles of the guns in exact alignment, an uncommon performance made doubly difficult by the rough ground.

I have often heard military attaches at Peking, though agreeing that the new Chinese battalions drill admirably, unite in criticising the shooting of the infantry. My own observation confirmed me in the belief that the percentage of good shots in a Chinese regiment is small. A few men with a natural talent for sharp-shooting certainly stand out, but I noticed that about one-third of the infantrymen shut both eyes when they fire. No doubt these defects will be remedied in time. Prizes to encourage marksmanship cannot fail to improve matters, for there is every reason why the Chinese soldier, with his steady hand, calm nerves and accurate eye—



Dragging artillery along a dried-up watercourse.



Regimental flag.

so long as he keeps it open—should become a fine shot.

Chinese artillerymen already show a natural talent for all that pertains to the laying and firing of guns—and they shoot well, even though their half-trained officers are unable to advise their men accurately as to range, allowance for wind, etc.

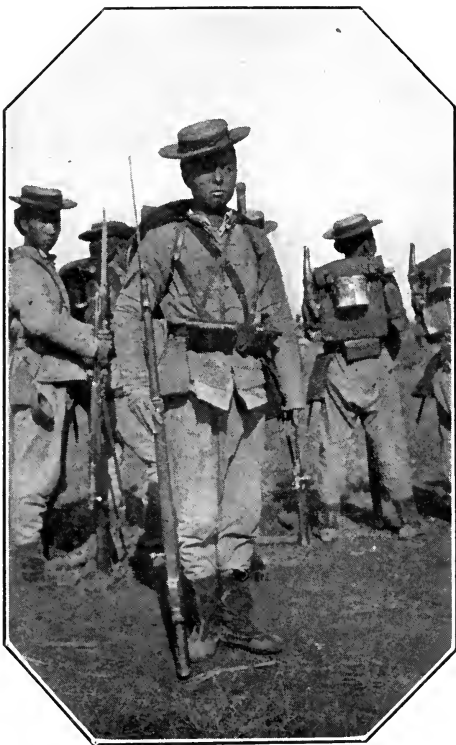
The all-important question regarding every branch of the new Chinese army is how would it behave under fire? The lack of initiative inherent in the Chinese character is certainly a fault to be overcome. It is interesting to note that military critics from the time of "Chinese Gordon" (who subdued the Taiping Rebellion) all assume the Chinese will adopt a defensive policy in an attack, lacking the dash to pursue the offensive. Yet the same critics admit that this quality is not unsuited to a country with numberless waterways and sunken roads seemingly created to harry an enemy.

A more serious charge against them is that of the timidity of the officers.

In 1900 those of us who were behind the defenses of the besieged Legations heard Chinese officers loudly ordering the troops to charge and wipe out the foreigners, and heard the men reply, "We will charge if you will lead us." If they never did, it was because the officers refused to come out from behind their barricades and head the attack.

To my mind the Chinese army *can* fight and *will* fight once pay is assured for the ranks and patriotism increases among the leaders. A proof of both surmises is found in the success of the Chinese regiment organized by the British in Wei-hai-wei, a regiment which, being well paid and well led, fought in 1900 even against its own countrymen, and showed itself thoroughly dependable as well as courageous in every way.

The outlook on these two points, which might hold back success, is now hopeful. The pay question, thanks to Yuan Shih Kai, is settled once and for all. As for the growth of patriotism, that is a continual source of astonishment even to those who know China best. Like a fine yeast, it is leavening the nation. One sees it in the school children, who assemble to sing patriotic songs; one sees it in the delegates to the new National Assembly. I saw it, politely veiled, in the old General educated at Heidelberg and in his junior officers. While ardently advocating peace, I gathered he is drilling his troops with one eye on the Japanese,



*Infantryman of the Southern army
in field uniform.*

who, in giving China a humiliating beating in 1894, drove her to adopt Western tactics. But that defeat is no more forgotten than the defeat of 1870 is forgotten by the French, and some day these new battalions would like the chance to wipe it out—if the Government will let them.



WINTER HOME OF THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

ALL ENTOMOLOGISTS and butterfly collectors are familiar with the Monarch butterfly. The upper surface of its wings is reddish-brown, with veins and broad borders of black. Along the outer edges of the wings are two rows of white spots, and at the apex of the fore wings is a double row of pale spots. The fore wings are long and produced greatly at the tips, the third wings being well rounded. Monarchs are very common in the United States and Southern Canada. It is well known that they travel long distances. Recently chrysalids of Monarch butterflies have been carried across the Pacific Ocean in bales of hay, and the Monarch is now domiciled in Australia, New Zealand, the Philippine and Cape Verde Islands. From Australia it has journeyed to Java, Sumatra, etc., and has been found in England, whence it is expected that it will spread through Europe. The Monarch is polygoneutic—that is, it produces many broods each year. It is believed by entomological authorities that at the approach of cold weather the Monarchs migrate to warmer regions, and that, when they reappear in their old haunts in summer these are now immigrants from the South, the chrysalids and undeveloped caterpillars having been killed by the frosts.

People who have resided for the last fifteen years or so at the little seaside resort on the coast of Monterey, Cal., known as Pacific Grove, if they are at all interested in natural history, know that there is a large winter colony of Monarch butterflies there. Behind the quiet town is an extensive pine-forest,

where a sight of almost unique interest awaits the careful observer. About October of each year, immense numbers of Monarch butterflies begin to appear in the gardens of Pacific Grove, alighting upon flowers, bushes and vegetation of almost any kind. After making various excursions, they settle on certain of the pine-trees that line the road leading to the light-house at Point Pinos, and remain there until early in March of the following year. Though many varieties of butterflies are seen at Pacific Grove during the summer, very few Monarchs are among them. The other varieties disappear towards the end of September; and early in October, when the fogs and chilly winds that prevail during summer have ceased, and the weather has become calm and clear, great numbers of Monarchs begin to arrive. At first, they rove about the whole district, wandering into all the gardens and sipping all the flowers. They come in such countless swarms that it is said to be possible on a perfectly still day, when a cloud of them takes flight at once, to hear the rustling of their wings. This sounds "fishy," but is said to be a true butterfly story. By the middle of November the butterflies have become quieter and more sedate; instead of flitting from flower to flower, roaming hither and yon, they settle permanently in the upper branches of a few favorite pines of large size. On these they hang in great clusters, clinging together so closely that at a little distance they look like dead leaves pendant from the boughs. But, if anything disturbs them, they open their wings and fly



Monarch butterflies on a spray of pine at Pacific Grove, their winter home in California.

high into the air. The boughs of which they are fondest are so high up and the color of the Monarch's wings resembles so nearly that of the trees that it is almost impossible to get a good photograph of the butterflies in their winter home. The best that can be done is to make a picture soon after their arrival in October of a single branch upon which they have alighted.

During their stay in Pacific Grove the Monarchs set out daily at an early hour, often before sunrise, to gather honey; they also stay out later than most other specimens, frequently not flying homewards till some time after sundown. But they return each night to their chosen homes in the tall pines. Being hardy, they are not hurt by the light frosts that occur occasionally during the winter; and during high winds and rain-storms they keep themselves unharmed by moving from the ends of the pine-boughs nearer up to the trunks of the trees. As they are provided by nature with acrid secretions that are distasteful to birds and insects of prey, they are not molested

by them, even the blue jays letting them alone.

They are not disturbed by the noise of wagons or motor-cars passing on the neighboring roads; though they were driven away one season by the noise of heavy blasts of dynamite exploded by men who were constructing new roadways through the forest. Then they fled from the scene and were not observed again till the following fall.

Early in March, when the weather gets warmer, they begin to depart, and few remain at the end of the month. Close observation will show that many broods of young butterflies are raised each year. Some of the Monarchs have wings that look faded in hue and frayed at the edges—these are the older generations; while the wings of the young butterflies are bright in color and unbroken at the edges. It is not quite certain where the butterflies come from, but probably from the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains, whence, as soon as the cold of winter comes on, their instinct warns them to fly to warmer regions.

SUNDOWN

BY HERBERT ARTHUR STOUT

Long slants of gold
Where pearls unfold
To let tired day
Slip in the dusk away;
Dark of night and blue of sea,
And flame of gold where gold should be,
Upon the West a lurid light,
Dim luring for the weary night
To sink and rest in
Like a mother to be blest in
Love of peace of peaceful flight.
And in the dusk of night to be
Shines out a star full radiantly,
A vestal lamp upon the rim
Of worlds and winds and shadows dim.
Now is the hour of Day's release.
When human spirits seek their peace
In rest that only is of Him.

THE NATIONAL FORESTS

As They Appear to the People Who Live in Them

BY GUY LA FOLLETTE

WHEN BY AN act of Congress in 1891, the President was authorized to create forest reserves, and a little later in that same year created the original Yellowstone reserve that now lies in three States, and has an area of something more than eight million and a quarter acres, little was thought of the conditions that had made some action in this regard necessary, or what would be the ultimate result sixteen years later.

To-day we find the National Forests, as these reserves have been termed by Forester Gifford Pinchot, in fifteen States west of the Mississippi, and in Alaska and Porto Rico, a total area of over 200,000 square miles.

Fifty years ago almost the entire section that is now included in patrolled forests that are under the constant care of paid officers of the Government was the undisputed hunting ground of the American Indians. No grazing herds were there to molest their game, and when by chance a spark from their campfires or a bolt of lightning caused a forest fire, nothing was done to check its progress, and the result was a great destruction of valuable timber, stopped only by fall rains or the consumption of the entire forest.

As the conquest of the great Oregon country progressed, however, and the pioneer established his crude home far from law and Government, he by instinct appropriated all the natural resources that the country offered, which were his by right of conquest. His herds were grazed without question wherever they were safe from destruction, and cabins and all required im-

provements were constructed from the easiest available timber. They did not realize the value of these forest trees, and in many instances, timber that to-day would be worth \$40 per acre or more was "deadened" by cutting a ring around their butts, and afterward burned to clear lands that will never be worth more than \$10 per acre.

As their number increased, however, disputes arose among these people over the division of the ranges for their respective herds, and in not a few cases shooting of stock occurred, out of which grew the so-called range war, which was no more or less than the banding together of ten or twenty sheep men who would go, usually at night, and shoot into and kill a number of cattle in their corral, or a like number of cattle men who would surround and destroy numbers of, if not the entire band of sheep for a helpless herder. Beside the destruction of all kinds of property, a murder of the "mysterious" variety would occur occasionally.

All efforts of the local officers of the various counties in which this disorder occurred to quell the strife was of no avail, and the conditions promised to grow to alarming proportions. In some instances, organizations of stockmen were formed, but these often promoted strife instead of retarding it.

The total elimination of this condition and the complete control of the grazing question is the greatest immediate benefit the West has received from the forest service.

The stockmen find that under the present system of allotments by the forest service, there is pasture for a

great many more stock on the same territory than was formerly to be had—as all ranges have definite lines, and each owner's territory is reserved for him alone, and all intruders thereon are fined for trespass. For these privileges, however, the people pay a fee of from five cents to sixty cents annually, the prices being regulated by the kinds and ages of the stock admitted and the length of time they are allowed to remain on the reserves, also the number admitted that belong to one owner, the discrimination being in favor of the owners of small herds, the common people.

Before this arrangement, the grass was on Government soil, and belonged to him who was on the ground first, maneuvering about from one advantageous point to another, the mountain ranges resembling one great chess game, the best player having fat stock, the weaker one suffering by the strong man's gain.

The first six years the forest service was in operation, no funds were available for the work. The improvement and protection of the forests were naturally neglected and in many cases conditions were worse than before its creation. The work of granting allotments and privileges was not satisfactory to the people for the reason that few officers were employed by the service, and that part of the system had not been so nearly perfected as it is to-day. This wrong was corrected, however, in 1897, when a law was passed making all the resources of the forests available for their protection.

Soon after the year 1897, much more care was exercised concerning the boundaries of the reserves, and in many cases surveys were run and careful examinations were made in order to determine what were forest lands. The men employed in this work, as are the greater part of those in the service to-day, were Western-born men, acquainted with the conditions, and adapted to the unusually hard work demanded of one in this branch of the Government service.

Before the creation of a reserve, a

tract of land was selected that was open for entry under the timber and stone law, and in most cases they were fast being filed upon under that act, whereby they would soon become under the control of private interests, and would of course be used to the best interests of the individual owner, which would in many cases be against the interests of a great mass of people, those who are in some way dependent upon the water supply of some stream with its source in the timber-covered mountains, where its reserve is held in the form of snow banks, and is meted out to the water users in the valleys and on the low lands as it is required, so to speak.

Another Government work that is next akin to that of the forest service is the reclamation of the "arid West." Appropriations for this work have already exceeded \$50,000,000, and no doubt the amount will be increased and even doubled if it is necessary to complete the work that has been mapped out by the reclamation bureau. This work would greatly depreciate in value to the American people if the forests were not protected.

To prevent the accumulation and waste that would otherwise result the Government has provided for the sale of dead timber and "ripe" or mature trees to any one that will buy them at a reasonable price. This work of clearing the ground of dead trees will in effect make the National Forest an immense park, beside providing a tidy income for its protection and betterment. In the year 1906, nine-tenths of these sales went to the small buyer in lots of less than \$500. In that year 75,000,000 board feet were given away and 7,000,000,000 board feet sold.

When the deeding of these lands was stopped or greatly curtailed by the creation of the National Forests, a protest was at once heard from the counties of the various States. These counties were in many cases in need of funds as much of the land was at that time not assessable, and they were pleased to see the timber lands converted into taxable property. To meet

this objection, which was not without foundation, a provision was made whereby ten per cent of the receipts of the Government from the sales of timber is paid to the county in which the land is located; the income from this source not to exceed 40 per cent of the county's taxes, thus providing a steady income. In 1906 the amount paid to the road and school funds from this source reached \$75,000. This amount will, of course, increase rapidly, as the demand for timber of all kinds is greater over the West.

The National Forest has become not only a preserve for timber, but also a protection for game and fish. They offer a great camping ground where all are welcome, and wood, water and pasture are to be had for the asking. Remember, for the asking, for if you do not ask, you are openly a trespasser, and may be treated accordingly.

For the reason that forest guards are very careful about camping places and the conduct of campers while in the reserve limits, forest fires have become much less frequent, and very few have been reported the present season. All forest officers are warned especially about permitting these to gain a start, and when they cannot be extinguished by them alone, they have the power to summon as many citizens as are wanted, to which those summoned must respond as to any other officer of the Government who has such power. For these services, all who are employed are allowed Government pay. The exercise of this power is seldom resorted to, but is remarkably effective when used.

The organization of this new branch of the Government service is unique, simple in operation and very effective. The original act created the bureau, as it was then called, under the Department of the Interior. There was very little progress made, however, until it was placed under the Department of Agriculture. This was in the year 1904, and since that time no part of the Government work has progressed as has the forest service.

Credit for the organization and per-

fection of this great work is due to no one but Gifford Pinchot, Forester. Mr. Pinchot is a small, energetic, nervous man, who works untiringly in the interests of his cause, not for the paltry \$4,000 per year salary, for he is a wealthy man, but for the pure love of the work, and the great system he has created. There is not an abler branch of the United States Government, and nowhere is there a private business that employs more systematic methods and better appliances than are to be found in the forest service, from Pinchot's office to the crude office of the forest ranger in a tent on the mountain side. From one part of the service to any other part, communication is rapid and perfect. Telephone lines have already been constructed throughout many reserves, and soon there will not be a forest in the system that has not wire connection with Washington, D. C.

The field force with which the people come in contact, consists of a supervisor, who is located at some convenient point, rangers and guards. The salaries of these officers are from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per annum for supervisors, \$900 to \$1,500 for rangers, and \$720 to \$900 for guards. Although opportunities for promotion in the service are numerous, it is impossible to get men to fill the places.

The greatest areas of the National Forests lie in four States, and are divided as follows: California, 21,849,171 acres; Montana, 20,528,263 acres; Idaho, 20,336,427 acres; and Oregon, 16,463,535 acres. The total number of acres in reserves in all is about 150,000,000.

The number of sheep and goats permitted to graze in the National Forests in the year 1906 was 6,657,063, and horses and cattle, 1,200,158.

To obtain any of the many privileges offered by this department one should apply to the nearest officer who, if he cannot close the business himself, will at once refer it to the proper officer, who will give speedy and just treatment and attention to every one's wants.

DENJIRO KOTOKU, REVOLUTIONIST

BY LOUIS J. STELLMAN

IN THE EXECUTION by the Japanese Government of Denjiro Kotoku and his eleven compatriots last January, the world sees two different conditions—according to the point of view. To many, this drastic action seems an unfortunate but necessary counter-irritant to dangerous terrorist plots. To others Kotoku and his fellow-victims are martyrs to a noble cause.

In each of these contrasting viewpoints there is more truth than one would imagine possible. It is doubtless true that Kotoku's followers, goaded by police-spies, overstepped

the boundaries of peaceable and legitimate operation. And it is equally certain that the Japanese Government, alarmed and somewhat demoralized by the growth of Kotoku's anti-administration doctrines, were feverishly eager to make an example of the revolutionist chief.

What the public does not guess, however, is the intense human drama behind the series of historical events which ended in the execution of Kotoku, Miss Suga Kanno and ten others—all educated and cultured Japanese of the higher class. Not hitherto has the story been told of Kotoku's long and bitter political duel with his sworn foe, Marquis Katsura, called "The Iron Chancellor" of Japan. Nor has the romantic tragedy been told of his divorce from Kanno Chiyo, whom he loved and who loved him, for the sole purpose of furthering "The Cause."

This and many other things have come to light through friends of Kotoku in San Francisco, where he resided for a time previous to the fire of 1906. In brief, they are as follows:

Denjiro Kotoku was born of Samurai stock in the province of Shitoku about forty years ago. His father died during Denjiro's infancy, leaving a fortune too meagre to afford the classical education which young Kotoku soon showed signs of craving. So Denjiro's mother undertook the task of his early tuition, and it is believed that she instilled into his juvenile mind the first seeds of that revolutionary doctrine which afterward became his ruling passion and the cause of his death. When quite a young man, Kotoku attracted the favorable attention of a savant and litterateur named Nakae,



Suga Kanno, who was executed with Kotoku.



Top—Toshiko Sakai, who takes Kotoku's place. Bottom—Denjiro Kotoku and his wife, Chiyo.

whose protege he became, learning from Nakae philosophy, languages and political science. Nakae died before Kotoku had reached his thirtieth year, but not until he had seen his protege one of the rising young writers and thinkers of Japan and married to a beautiful young woman of his class, who was also a noted artist.

Up to that time Kotoku had attracted only favorable attention from both classes and masses, and was editor of Japan's leading daily, the *Manchio Shimbun* of Tokio. It was when the Russo-Japanese war was first threatened that he got out of tune with the rulers of his native land and ran afoul of Marquis Katsura. The latter was the head of the belligerent element that cried "Russian oppressor." Kotoku fought them tooth and nail with sensational editorials advocating peace and an amicable settlement of international differences. Katsura won, and in declaring war upon Russia, included Kotoku in the declaration. The latter was not slow to pick up the gauge, and his paper became more and more a thorn in the side of the "Japanese Bismarck," as he had come to be called.

Katsura was strongly intrenched in royal favor. His patron was former Field Marshal Yamakata, now a prince of the realm and head of the Secret Tribunal. So, though he was once ousted from the premiership, largely through Kotoku's efforts, Katsura regained the office at the close of the successful campaign against Russia, and, having grown in power, succeeded in having Kotoku removed from the management of the *Manchio Shimbun*.

After that his victories were rapid and assured. He formed a department of secret police, very similar to that maintained by Russia, and hounded the revolutionists from pillar to post. He connected a companion and friend of Kotoku's with the attempt on the life of Crown Prince Harunomuya. He showed that Kotoku was evidently in sympathy with the assassin of Marquis Ito, because the editor's misguided compassion for what

he considered an act of patriotism had led him into writing a classic about Ito's slayer.

Passionate and intense in his beliefs, though never vicious, Kotoku was made to pose as a terrorist and would-be regicide, though most Japanese saw in him only a martyr to a lost or premature cause. At any rate, Kotoku is dead, and Premier Katsura is famous chiefly because of the successful fight he made against revolutionism.

It was a fight that lasted almost a decade, and at times seemed to go strongly against the "Iron Chancellor," for Kotoku was a magnetic, forceful and eloquent speaker, whose memory a large portion of the masses still revere. But, in the end, grim, stolid determination and alliance with established forces won the day. Yet there are those who assert, perhaps with truth, that Denjiro Kotoku's soul, like that of Francisco Ferrer, will give his enemies much more trouble than his body ever did. This, of course, re-



Premier Katsura, the implacable foe of the revolutionists.

mains to be seen, but it is already evident that Katsura is serving his last term as premier. The popular party, under the leadership of Prince Saionji, is making great gains, and this cause has doubtless been helped by the agitation against Katsura by Kotoku's many friends.

One episode in the life of Kotoku remains to be explained. This was his apparently tangled domestic relations with two of the most beautiful and talented women in Japan. It is generally supposed that he divorced his wife because he had found an "affinity" in Suga Kanno, a young writer and lecturer, whom, however, he never married.

According to Albert Johnson, of San Francisco, once his teacher and a close friend of both Kotoku and Miss Kanno, the Japanese revolutionist leader indulged in no vulgar amour. His separation from his wife is described as perhaps the greatest tragedy in his life, for he loved her as fervently as she was devoted to him. Mrs. Chiyo, it seems, was a girl of delicate health who could not stand the strain of the life to which political prosecution subjected her husband during more recent years. Moreover, she was forced to choose between her parents, who offered her a comfortable home, and Kotoku, whose devotion to his cause had reduced him almost to penury. As a result, both decided upon a sacrifice which each was loth to accept. Kotoku, knowing that his sick wife would soon die if exposed to the rigors of his police-hounded existence, decided to give her up. Chiyo, knowing that she must be a burden to her husband, and fearing that he might renounce, for her comfort, the cause, which meant so much to them, resolved to return to her parents. The parting was a pathetic one. It occurred about two years ago, and since that time until Kotoku's death each manifested the most affectionate interest in

the other.

Kotoku's relationship with Suga Kanno involved no violation of his marriage vow. On this point all those who knew him well are emphatic. Neither Miss Kanno nor Kotoku, they say, had a thought for anything but their conception of "liberty." They worked for it together as comrades, shoulder to shoulder, and died for it in the end. No question of sex or physical attraction entered into their relationship, it is asserted.

One could find it hard to condemn either Katsura or Kotoku for perhaps ruthless devotion to his respective idea. That each was sincere and guided by honorable motives there can be little question. Katsura's lance was for the Government, and he doubtless believed that the end justified the means in all his acts. Kotoku devoted himself to a cause, perhaps visionary to the world at large, but very real to him and thousands of his followers. It is not generally believed that he sanctioned violence in any form, and those who know him say that it would have been totally impossible for one of his temperament to plot the death of any one.

That the plots against the life of the royal family were made by some of his followers without his knowledge or consent it seems reasonable to believe. Many assert that there were no such plots, and that Katsura instituted charges of attempted regicide only because he could not secure the execution of the man he considered dangerous to Japan's future by any other means. However, the undoubted attempt to dynamite Crown Prince Harunomuya tends to disprove the latter theory.

Be the facts what they may, Japan has been deeply stirred by Kotoku's agitation and ignominious death. It is not impossible that, as in the case of John Brown, "his soul goes marching on."



Billie Burke.

LOCKING UP ALASKA

BY HON. DUNCAN MCKINLAY

Hon. Duncan McKinlay, Surveyor of Customs of the Port of San Francisco, and formerly representative in Congress of the Second Congressional District of California, has devoted much time and labor to the study of conservation, particularly in its bearing upon conditions in the West. His opinions on the virtual hoarding of the much needed resources of Alaska; expressed in the following admirable article, should be given careful heed by all who have the welfare of California, as well as of Alaska, at heart.—EDITOR.)

WILLIAM Allen White, editor of the leading paper of Emporia, Kansas, attracted the attention of not only Kansas, but the whole United States, a few years ago, by the query: "What's the matter with Kansas?" Then, in answering that query, went on to point out in a powerfully written article many of the methods of spoliation and means of aggression employed by the great corporations by means of which a system of unlawful corporate taxation was levied upon the people by the so-called trusts.

Mr. White's article was like the ringing of an alarm bell in the silence of midnight. It startled and angered the people by its statement of facts as to the iniquities which the various manufacturing, financial and transportation systems of the country were practicing as against the public. The alarm spread like wildfire, and was in itself more than half the cure of the evils complained of. Knowledge is a saving feature of the American governmental and social structure. To point out clearly to the citizens of the United States evils of either a Governmental or a social nature is almost to eradicate them. It does not need a Roosevelt, a Taft, a Pinchot, or a La Follette to lead the American people

to a great reform. All the reformer has to do is to throw the searchlight of truth upon the evil and the people will do the rest. So it comes about that the American people have never had great leaders of thought or policy for any great length of time. It is true, in cases of crises, leaders have arisen who have seemed to inspire the people with their leadership, but their leadership has been transitory. The American public are not given to long-continued idol-worship; hence our country has never had such leaders as Laurier, of Canada; Gladstone, of England; Bismarck, of Germany; or Diaz, of Mexico, whom the people follow for a life-time, right or wrong, and whose leadership shape a nation's policy and determine a people's welfare. Here in America we have a McKinley, a Roosevelt, a Taft, and perchance to a few, a La Follette; but the leadership of these men depends entirely upon how closely they square their leadership with popular thought—that is, with the ideas of the masses of the people along a certain line of conduct. Therefore, in the United States, in the last analysis, it is the people themselves who determine both governmental policy and business and social conduct.

White's article was a powerful fac-



Hon. Duncan McKinlay, U. S. Surveyor of Customs, San Francisco.

tor in arousing the people of Kansas to action, and it had undoubtedly a great influence in the inauguration of the system of laws and amendments to the constitution of Kansas which, in the working out, brought much relief to that State from the aggressions of the great corporations. But White's article was not the whole of the influence that brought about the reforms which have been effected in Kansas since he began to write upon these subjects. The fact is, that in every State in the Union the people had begun to feel the oppression of the corporations—had begun in a blind way to understand that by some subtle means, some underhanded process, the channels of distribution of the common commodities of life were being obstructed and controlled by combinations of capital who levied a tax upon every commodity that passed through their hands, and the trusts in this way became a taxing power to the injury of the public. The leadership of Roosevelt towards reform was merely an expression of the feeling of the people of the nation, in a larger sphere. The splendid work he accomplished in directing and leading Congress in the passage of the interstate commerce laws, laws for the regulation of the railroads and great corporations doing interstate business; laws authorizing the establishing of a commerce court; a pure food law, and many other beneficial measures, was nothing but the expression of the people, through him as the natural head of the nation.

Let us paraphrase William Allen White, of Kansas, and inquire: "What's the matter with California?" Why is it that this great State, with its unbounded natural wealth, with its salubrious climate, with its 1200 miles of seashore following the indentations of the coast, with its wonderful harbors, giving opportunity for world-wide commerce, and great San Francisco Bay, the world's greatest natural harbor, facing the continent of Asia, whose various nations contain eight hundred millions (more than half) of the world's population?—California,

with her territorial area of one hundred millions of acres of productive and fertile soil, with all the wonderful advantages she has to offer—why is it that our State is still in a backward and semi-torpid condition as to its development and its possibilities?

As we travel up and down the State, on every hand we hear complaints as to the condition of business. It is a fact that hardly anywhere are the business men meeting expenses and paying a fair rate of interest on the capital invested in their enterprises. The farmers, even those owning their own lands, are complaining that they are hardly able to meet the expenses of their farms. And worse than all that, we see great numbers of our young men growing up with very little prospect before them but that of a life of idleness. We have two of the largest and best universities in America within the confines of our State. We have a public educational system second to none. We are rearing a body of as fine young men and women as are being raised in any part of the world. But the opportunities for these young men and women to establish themselves in life with a fair prospect for success and happiness, as their fathers and mothers have done, are growing daily more limited. I believe the hardest problem a citizen of California, who has sons growing up to manhood, has to face, is how to direct his boys into some avenue of useful employment whereby they may be able to sustain themselves, marry the girl of their choice, and to establish an American home; or to pick out the right kind of manly man who has a reasonable chance to give home, protection, and comfort to his cultured and educated daughter. These conditions, pressing upon the average citizen of California, he must give serious thought to the question as to what is the matter with industrial, business and commercial conditions of to-day.

More than a century ago, Alexander Hamilton, in a discussion of the proposed Constitution of the United States, advanced the theory that no

country could be prosperous unless it contained certain fundamental elements of prosperity. One country might have a fertile soil and become measurably prosperous out of the production and sale of soil products. Another country, having an agreeable climate, might be reasonably prosperous by becoming a pleasure resort. And another, by being advantageously located on the avenues of the world's trade and commerce—the more advantageously located in relation to other nations, the better. And good government might bring a degree of prosperity to still another country. But no country must be devoted exclusively to one line of production, or one line of action, if real greatness and enduring prosperity were to be achieved. And so Hamilton pointed out that those nations in the world which were best organized and best fitted to encourage manufacturing, agriculture and commerce in about equal proportions, were the nations which attained permanent development and true greatness, and that such conditions gave the steadiest employment to labor, the greatest encouragement to business, and at the same time the best markets for the products of the agriculturist. He pointed out and proved beyond refutation that that country which was most evenly balanced in the three elements—commerce, agriculture and manufactures, was the country which in the end was most prosperous and gave the greatest opportunity for the development of the highest standard of civilization by its people.

Applying the rule to California, the only wonder is that this wonderful section of the earth's surface is not crowded with population, even though the State has been a part of the American union only sixty-two years. There are within the border lines of California many favorable natural elements calculated to create and maintain the highest degree of prosperity—fertile soil, wonderfully agreeable and varied climate, almost inexhaustible and greatly varied natural wealth of timber, stone, clays and minerals. So

much has bountiful nature done for California that we are amazed that this State is not the most prosperous place in all the world. And yet it is not. What is the reason? Is it that we are not developing properly, not growing and expanding in conformity with the natural laws suggested by Hamilton? Up to date we have developed in a somewhat lop-sided manner. We have developed too greatly on the agricultural side in proportion to our development on the commercial and manufacturing sides. Or perhaps it would be better to say our State's development along manufacturing and commercial lines has not been in due proportion to its agricultural progress. Last year the total output of the earth's products of California amounted to nearly five hundred millions of dollars. Of course this included oil, timber and the minerals, as well as the food products of the State. It would seem as if this great output of natural products ought to bring prosperity to the entire commonwealth, but this has not been the case. Of course, some few producers have made large sums of money, but only a small proportion in relation to the whole population of the State have been made even reasonably prosperous by the agricultural products, large though the volume was. Perhaps there never were as many idle men in California as there are to-day. We hear complaints from every town throughout the interior, and certainly Los Angeles, San Francisco and the cities around the bay are crowded with men seeking employment. The trouble with employment in agriculture is that for two or three months in the year the demand for labor is very great, but when the harvests are taken in, a great percentage of the labor employed is discharged and becomes part of the unemployed masses. If the State of California were developing commercially and industrially as rapidly as it is in an agricultural way, it would mean steady employment to a greater percentage of men the year round, and thus the slack of the unemployed masses would be taken up. Besides

the fact of the unevenness of agricultural employment, there is a large proportion of the population of America that seems so adverse to that kind of labor that it is almost impossible to induce them to work upon land, even to save themselves from semi-starvation. Pennsylvania, Alabama, Georgia and Ohio are great manufacturing States of iron and steel products, and in this class of manufactures, steady employment is found for labor in great quantities, which continues the entire circle of the year. These States may be said to be of the type indicated by Hamilton, the kind which are developing along the three lines—agriculture, commerce and industry. I quote these particular States because the most extensive industries therein are those of the manufacture of steel and iron products, and iron is the king of all the manufactures. So it may be said, in analyzing their industrial conditions that they are made prosperous principally by their iron and steel manufactures, and still those States have no natural advantages superior to that of California. The reason why Pittsburg has become a great iron manufacturing center is because of the juxtaposition of iron, coal and limestone, the necessary elements in iron manufacture, and water transportation to large and populous regions of the United States. Coal is placed in the coke furnaces in the vicinity of Pittsburg as low as 50 cents per ton, and iron for many years has been mined at a low cost in the neighborhood; but the iron deposits in the vicinity of Pittsburg are now becoming exhausted, and iron must be brought from long distances, a great deal being brought from Cuba, some from Alabama, and a large quantity from the Canadian territory north of Lake Superior. But yet with this importation of iron into Pittsburg from distant places, the supremacy of that city in iron manufacture continues. In Birmingham, Ala., iron of a peculiarly fine quality is smelted at as low a rate as \$8 per ton. This is the lowest cost of pig-iron in the United States as it comes from the smelter, and this low

cost is obtained because of the fact of coal and iron of fine quality lying side by side, and the cost of transportation of raw material saved. This low cost makes it possible to send Birmingham pig-iron to Scotland, where it is manufactured into products, and probably a great many of those same products are sent to the United States for consumption. At Pulaski, Virginia, pig-iron is smelted at a cost of \$9.00 per ton, and at the smelters in the vicinity of Wytheville at about \$9.50. Now, it is this low cost of production of pig-iron throughout the central region of the United States that has practically given these great manufacturing States the prosperity they are enjoying today, and cheap coal is the great factor of the low cost of production, because iron and steel cannot be manufactured without coal, and the manufacture of iron and steel draws in its train a long list of smaller manufactures.

Now, California is as favorably situated for the manufacture of iron and steel as is either Pennsylvania or Alabama. We have as fine deposits of hematite iron in the mountains of California as can be found anywhere in the world. Last spring I had this brought forcibly to my attention. I was employed, in connection with ex-Governor Gillett, to represent some Pittsburg capitalists who were desirous of establishing iron manufactures on the Pacific Coast, preferably on the bay of San Francisco. They had sent their experts out over California to locate iron deposits. The reports of these experts were to me absolutely astounding. One of them had located and secured options on over one hundred different locations of fine hematite iron. These locations were scattered up and down the coast of California, Oregon and Washington. The samples secured were of the very finest quality, and were so pronounced by Julian Kennedy, the great iron expert of Pittsburg. I heard Mr. Kennedy say that the samples of iron submitted to him by the men sent out to secure the options were as fine as any he had ever handled; and the surveyors sent

out to survey the options reported that in some places the iron deposits were so rich that the ore could be placed on the car by a steam shovel for a few cents per ton. Limestone, also a necessary element in iron manufacture, is found everywhere on the Pacific Coast and especially close to San Francisco.

That leaves the other element, coal, to be considered. After giving this question great study, extending over a period of years, I have come to the conclusion that if coal can be secured at any point on San Francisco Bay for \$5 per ton or less, iron and steel can be manufactured at that point as cheaply as it could be in Pittsburg; for while coal would cost more here than in Pittsburg, iron and stone should cost less, and water transportation for coal, iron and stone should cheapen the cost. Now, any business man considering this proposition must, at a glance, see the wonderful power such manufactures would have in the development of the State of California, and especially the city of San Francisco and vicinity. It costs \$15 or \$16 per ton freight on the structural iron and steel that is being brought in to rebuild San Francisco, and this \$16 per ton freight does not add one inch to the length of a girder or a brace. It simply adds to the cost of the building, and the higher cost of the building prevents more extensive buildings, and consequently lessens the opportunity for the employment of labor. It is not only the iron and steel that is being used in San Francisco, but the consumption in all the cities of the coast—Los Angeles, Stockton, Sacramento, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle. All these points could be reached favorably from San Francisco at a much less cost of freight than is now being paid to import iron and steel from the Eastern States. Therefore, to my mind, the greatest good thing that could be secured for California is cheap coal. Now this is not impossible. We are beginning now to learn that God Almighty, when He made this world, concealed beneath the glaciers and ice mountains of Alaska the

greatest deposits of coal in the world. Nor is it confined to Alaska. These natural deposits extend across the whole northern part of North America, and engineers of the Canadian Northern Railroad, which is being projected across Canada, and is the most northerly railroad on the continent, in surveying a spur of that road up towards Hudson's Bay, have crossed coal fields which they estimate contain over six billions of tons of fine anthracite coal, practically in sight.

So Alaska is not the only great storehouse of coal on the North American continent left for the use of present and succeeding generations. The people of the West, particularly about the Pacific Slope, have been greatly misled by false prophets of extreme conservation, especially in regard to coal. Now, all reasonable men are in favor of conservation of the proper kind; that is, conservation in use. All reasonable men are opposed to spoliation and the fraudulent entry upon the public domain, either of timber or mineral lands. The exposures recently made of the iniquities of various corporations and individuals who have secured large tracts of timber lands and deposits of minerals by fraudulent entries, and by conspiracies against the Government, have undoubtedly too greatly alarmed the people of the West, and they have hearkened too readily to the extreme views of Eastern conservationists. Of course, it is a very alluring idea to preach to the average man that in some way the public domain can be held for the benefit of all the people, and that by some process this average person will receive some portion of the public domain that he is now being robbed of, and our people have fallen very readily into the notion that the way to prosperity lies in locking up the natural resources of the great West. But I want to point out that the people of the Pacific Coast have been paying famine prices for coal ever since its settlement by white men, and they are still paying these prices to the coal barons of the East; and these prices are a heavy

tax upon every man, woman and child in the State of California; because high-priced coal means higher prices for manufactured commodities. It means higher-priced fuel, and it means that a great many of the advantages of trade and commerce that might come to us are kept away from our ports because of the coal scarcity. If coal could be sold in San Francisco for \$5 a ton or less, it would mean the establishing of many industries that would give employment to thousands of men. It would mean the coaling of the American fleet, or the greater part of it, on the Pacific side, instead of the Atlantic. The fleet is paying \$7 a ton to-day for coal of very inferior quality at Pacific Coast ports. If Alaska were unlocked, the fleet could be coaled for \$3 a ton at Alaskan harbors. If cheap coal could be obtained in San Francisco and other parts of California, it would mean the coming of a fleet of merchant vessels to our shores. It would mean the extension of commerce and the establishment and building up of a manufacturing system in our State that in time would rival those of Pennsylvania or Alabama. What would bring prosperity to California would do the same for all of the Pacific Coast west of the Rocky Mountains. Now there is no reason why the coal measures of Alaska should not be made available for the use of the people of the Pacific Coast, and the present coal monopoly broken. Alaska contains 368,000 square miles of territory, more or less. Of course, a great part of Alaska has not yet been even explored, much less surveyed, but enough of Alaska has been explored to give evidence of the fact that over sixty thousand square miles of the territory is coal bearing. That

means over forty millions of acres of the land of Alaska is known to be coal bearing land, and only an infinitesimal portion of this has been surveyed. I have read the report of the Geological Survey of Carbon Mountain. Carbon Mountain is an area of about 25 square miles, and covers the famous Cunningham group of claims, along with several others that have not yet been brought in question by the Interior Department. This report shows about one hundred exposures of veins running from one foot in thickness to forty-seven feet, and some of them miles in length. The coal is of the finest anthracite quality. Now anthracite is not found all over Alaska, but it is found in many places. It is in spots here and there, and this coal is found by experts to be as fine as any in the world. But in addition to anthracite there is an abundance of bituminous and lignite coal almost everywhere that man has penetrated in Alaska up to this time. Some of these coal deposits are away in the interior, but many of them are close to the coast and contiguous to deep-water harbors, and with very little development would be available to the people of the Pacific Coast to use. The controversy over the Cunningham claims, of course, has caused a great deal of antagonism to the corporate development of the coal measures of Alaska, but yet these claims all told amount to only 5,840 acres. There have been 900 entries made in Alaska under the various laws which have been passed since 1900, and these 900 entries, good, bad and indifferent, contain only 144,000 acres of land out of a total of forty millions of acres that are known to be coal lands, and as yet Alaska has not been half explored.

(To be concluded in November.)

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

The old "Bar B" outfit, endeared to all lovers of the free range life of the West, has "gone into sheep." Horrifying as this news may seem at the first announcement, it is tempered by the fact that Edwin L. Sabin has taken our old friends of the cattle country in charge, and in "The Circle K"—the new name of the "Bar B"—he tells a tale as fascinating as any of its predecessors. Irrigation and the fencing in of the old range having ended the cattle business, the "Bar B" boys, now the "Circle K's," have mastered the ins and outs of sheepherding, and have time to give to such things as the pursuit and capture of some bad men, the shooting of coyotes and other pests, and the defense of the sheep by force against the cattle men who have posted "dead line" notices. After a variety of thrilling experiences they bring the flock through in safety to the grazing grounds on Ptarmigan Flats, where Phil is rescued from a bear's clutches by a new acquaintance, a certain Grizzly Dan. About this veteran hunter and trapper, who seems running over with promising material, much has to be left untold, and every boy will hope that Phil will come to know him better in the next book. Also that the next book will not be long delayed.

Clarence Rowe has illustrated the text with a number of spirited and well executed drawings.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Rainier of the Last Frontier" is a stirring and interesting tale of a roving American youth, whose adventures on an Army transport, in the Philippines and about the Pacific Ocean generally make an exciting narrative. It is by John Marvin Dean, and breathes throughout the spirit of adventure that impels so many young Americans to wander afar and spread out national ways in strange lands.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

A book of rare interest and positive value is "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," in which a woman pioneer describes her varied and often exciting experience in traveling and path-finding across mountains and plains, from the Missouri to the Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico during a period of thirty years. It is by Carrie Adell Strahorn.

It is handsomely printed and illustrated, and extremely well written. It gives one a keen appreciation of the deeds of the nation makers, the men and women who blazed trails, opened up new lands and won an empire from beast, savage and Nature herself. It is always interesting and at times thrilling.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4 net.

John Muir has again placed us in his debt by presenting a splendid work, "My First Summer in the Sierra," illustrated from drawings by the author himself and photographs by Herbert G. Gleason. It is written as a diary, and for that very reason the narrative, couched in the author's effective language, the book is peculiarly striking, as it makes a deeper and more realistic impression on the reader than most books of travel. It presents the Sierras as John Muir sees them—as they are.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York and Boston. \$2.50 net.

In "The Bible and Modern Life," Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, international secretary for Bible study of the Young Men's Christian Association, presents a type of Bible study fitted for the requirements of modern times. It shows how up-to-date Bible study may be organized and developed in different communities, under different conditions, to meet the current needs of men, and shows how Bible teaching may supplement the varied social propaganda now in progress.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Walter Winans, the world-famous marksman, has issued a new edition, revised and enlarged, of his admirable work, "The Art of Revolver Shooting." It is a handsome volume, beautifully printed and copiously illustrated from etchings and photographs. The book is the last word in the history, the use and the value of pistol shooting, from the earliest days of its invention to the present. Full descriptions are given of noted shooting matches with revolver and pistol, and chapters are devoted to dueling, stage shooting, trick shooting, team shooting and coaching, pistol shooting for ladies, and other subjects of great interest to people who appreciate the usefulness of familiarity with firearms, for self-defense and national safety. The author is perhaps the world's greatest authority on revolver shooting, and what he says is trustworthy.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A handsome volume has been produced, under the title "The Pan-American Union," by the organization the name of which it bears. It is admirably written by John Barrett, Director-General of the Union, and describes fully the history and aims of the Pan-American Union. The chief features of the various republics represented in the union are summarized; the commercial and other resources of each are set forth, and the handsome building of the Union in Washington, D. C., is fully described. The volume is profusely illustrated from photographs.

The Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.

"A Reversion of Form, and Other Horse Stories," by George W. Harrington—this is a most entertaining volume, which will surely be enjoyed to the utmost by all horse lovers. It contains a number of excellent stories about horses, well written and full of the spirit of the man who loves his charger.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

One of the best histories of California is "California Under Spain and Mexico, 1535-1847," by Irving Berdine Richman, who has compiled in this well written book a mass of data concerning the early history of the State, and presented them in most effective manner. Hitherto unpublished facts are given concerning the early galleon trade of the California coast, the expeditions of Eusebio Francisco Kino, Jose de Galvez and Juan Bautista de Anza. The work is a complete one, well illustrated, with excellent maps.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston, \$4 net.

"The Log of the North Shore Club" is an interesting, well-written account by Kirkland B. Alexander, of the experiences of a party of enthusiastic fishermen and "outers" in the picturesque lake and trout region of Lake Superior. It is fully illustrated, and gives one a keen enjoyment, teeming, as it does, with the atmosphere of woods, river, stream, camp and canoe.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

In "The House of Love," Lucien V. Rule presents a sequel to his "Shrine of Love," which won merited praise. Like the latter, the new book contains some delightful verses, laden with the sentiment of gentleness and affection for things both animate and inanimate. Peace, happiness, friendship, home and other soft comforts of life are put in appealing poetic form.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains" is the descriptive title of an instructive and interesting book by J. Smeaton Chase, who fully describes in it, in language suitable for both scientist and layman, the many varieties of cone-bearing trees found in this State. It is well and copiously illustrated.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 75c. net.

MOTHER AND I

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

I.

In the land of the Shamrock, far over the sea,
In a rose-covered cottage she's waiting for me.

Always comes to the door when a stranger goes by
And her mother heart throbs in the hope it is I.

When I left her she kissed me a hundred times o'er,
Till you'd think that my face wouldn't hold any more.

She supposed they would last me until I returned;
Oh, the love a boy gets that he never has earned.

What the poor cannot lose and the rich cannot buy
Is the love of two sweethearts like mother and I.

II.

I'll be home in old Erin the very first ship,
I wrote and told her to not let it slip.

I must not tell her all till she's used to her joy,
Then I'll just give a hint of the wealth of her boy.

When she knows there's a-plenty to have what she will—
After long self-denial—her heart might stop still.

I am lucky, they say, but it's all mother's prayers,
When the Lord lends a hand in a poor boy's affairs.

What the poor cannot lose and the rich cannot buy,
Is the love of two sweethearts like mother and I.



2780

One hundred and sixty acre field, with brooder coops, on the American Game Association Pheasantry.

NOVEMBER 1911

No. 5

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San Francisco

PHEASANTS ON THE FARMS

BY JOHN L. COWAN

QUAIL ON TOAST is worth but a few cents, but quail on the farm is worth many dollars," is an epigram credited to a professor of the University of Illinois that ought to be brought home to the understanding of every farmer in America. Not that the farmers are addicted to quail on toast, but that they are indifferent to the fate of quail and other insectivorous birds that would save them many dollars if they were permitted to live and perform the role for which they were designed in the economy of nature.

Seven hundred million dollars each year is the estimated annual toll levied by the destroying myriads of the insect world upon the agricultural interests of the United States. How many millions are expended annually in efforts to combat these insect hordes it would be difficult to say. Fortunes have been expended fighting the cotton boll weevil; and the State of Massachusetts, in conjunction with the United States Department of agriculture, has expended fortunes waging unsuccessful war against the gypsy moth. Millions are spent in California every year enclosing orange and lemon trees in gas-tight tents and ex-

poring them to the poisonous fumes of cyanide; and in every State in the Union spraying, dipping, dusting and sprinkling orchards and gardens are resorted to—not in the expectation of exterminating the insect pests, but in the endeavor to prevent them from devouring all before them. Last year a plague of grasshoppers devoured every green thing in parts of Colorado. For several years the "green bug" has annually invaded the grain fields of the Southwest. This season the Cicada (or seventeen-year locust) is due in several counties of Pennsylvania. And visitations of the Hessian fly, the army worm, the San Jose scale, the Argentine ant, the chinch bug, the codling moth and scores of other pests, occur in some part of this big country every year.

It might be thought from such facts as these that nature had made a serious and irreparable blunder in permitting the multiplication of these insect pests to a point where they become a menace to man's welfare. However, the blunder is not of nature's commission, but of man's. One of nature's checks upon the multiplication of insect life is the birds. Civilized man has interfered with the natu-



Kendrick with one of his finest birds.

sects. Every one else pays in the increased cost of living.

Of insectivorous birds, none are more valuable than quail and pheasants. Their appetite for almost every species of insect is insatiable; and young field mice and gophers are esteemed by them as particularly choice tid-bits, so that the multiplication of the numbers of quail and pheasants would be accompanied by a diminution of the loss to agricultural interests from both insects and mammals.

Most of the States now have more or less adequate game laws; but the extermination of native game birds has progressed so far that protection alone will not suffice. New York, Massachusetts, Texas, Illinois, Oklahoma and a few other States have appropriated money for the purchase of game birds for liberation; and California has established a State bird farm, where pheasants and other insectivorous birds are being reared for distribution throughout the State, where the depredations of insect pests are most serious. However, the movement for the propagation of birds has not yet assumed proportions at all commensurate with the needs of the situation. Public spirited individuals and game associations are doing something; but not until every farm in America becomes a true bird refuge,

ral scheme of things by exterminating many varieties of birds, and by decimating the numbers of all varieties. We are now paying the penalty. The farmer pays in the toll levied upon his crops, and in the unceasing labor and expense of fighting injurious in-

with every farmer interested in seeing his feathered friends and allies increase in numbers, will conditions as regards bird life in its relation to insect pests be wholly satisfactory. If every farmer, gardener, fruit grower and land owner could be made to real-

ize that he could make no better investment than the purchase of one or more pairs of pheasants for liberation on his land, or the purchase of a setting of eggs for hatching, in order to liberate the birds when sufficiently matured, it would not be long until the depredations of injurious insects would be materially lessened. The expense to the farmers would be repaid many times every year in crops saved from insects, field mice and gophers, and in the destruction of the seeds of weeds, which are an important article of food for game birds in the fall and winter months.

Then there are considerations of a nature not strictly utilitarian that are entitled to some weight. Few birds are more beautiful than some of these friends of the farmer. Even the native bobwhite is a creature of beauty and a joy forever; and species that have been introduced from China, Japan and other Oriental countries have truly gorgeous plumage that serves to make them delightful additions to any landscape.

Of the many varieties of pheasants, the Chinese ring-neck is best adapted to every variety of climatic conditions found in the United States. It is native to the mountains of China, and is therefore perfectly hardy. Birds of this species are doing well in Colorado, at an altitude of 9,000 feet; and their preference for Arctic conditions was convincingly shown in Denver, when a large number were found sleeping upon or huddled closely around a cake of ice that had been inadvertently left in their enclosure. Yet they do equally well in Southern California and in the Gulf Coast country of



Rhenish pheasant. As yet a very rare bird in captivity.

Texas. Pheasantries have been established in both of these States. In Texas the pheasant is particularly valued as a foe to the cotton boll weevil.

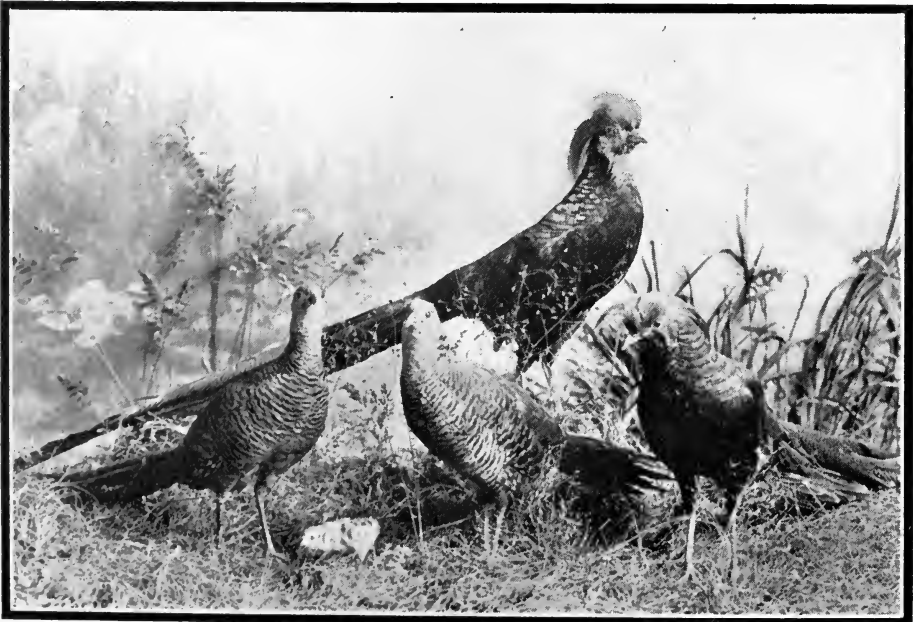
The case of Oregon well illustrates the possibilities of the Chinese ring-neck pheasant. In 1884, eighteen of

these were imported and liberated in that State, and were given protection for a number of years. An open season for hunting them is now granted annually, and many thousands are killed each year. Yet they have so well adapted themselves to conditions in Oregon that it is said there are now probably more Chinese ringnecks in that State than in the whole empire of China.

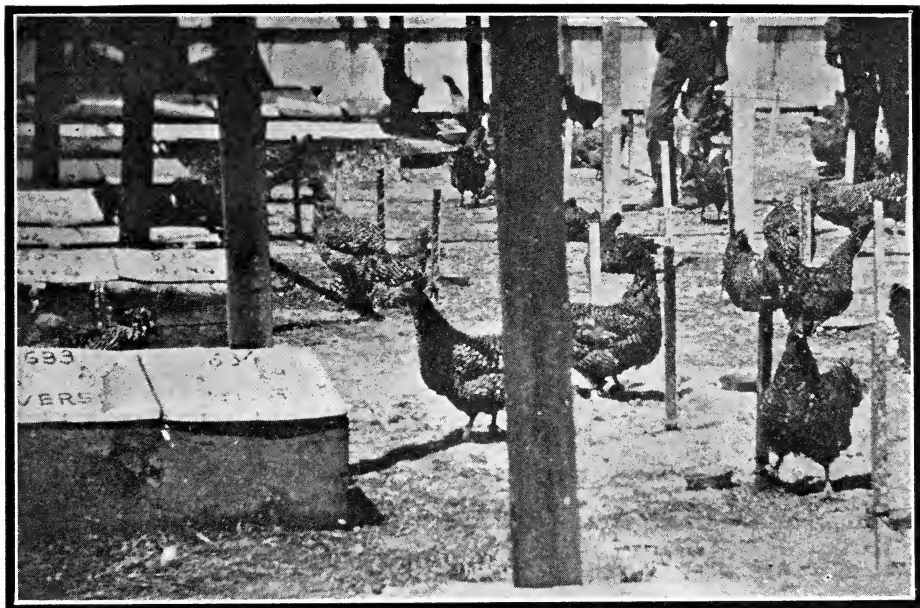
The most magnificent public display of pheasants to be seen anywhere in the world is in the City Park of Denver, where there are hundreds of enclosures, with many thousands of Chinese ringnecks, Goldens, Silvers, Lady Amhersts, Reeves', Versicolors and other varieties. This exhibit is viewed annually by tens of thousands of tourists, and has done more than anything else to spread the name and fame of the Chinese ringneck from one end of the Union to the other. The birds belong to the American Game Association, which conducts the largest pheasantries in the Western Hemisphere, at Littleton, Colo., nine miles

from the State Capitol in Denver. The pheasantries were established and are actively managed by Mr. W. F. Kendrick, a Colorado mining man, who makes of pheasant farming his pet hobby and recreation. He has liberated tens of thousands of pheasants in the State, so that they are now plentiful in many parts of Colorado.

Although pheasant farming has made wonderful advances in this country within the past few years, it is still in its infancy in comparison with the extent to which it is carried on in England and other countries of Europe. As public opinion grows in favor of stocking the farms, ranches, forest reserves and unoccupied lands of America with these beautiful and useful game birds, there will be a demand for millions of them. Should the demand for liberation for stocking game preserves, and for breeding purposes ever fail, it is impossible that there ever will be enough reared to overstock the market for table use, in hotels, restaurants and private families. Even for this purpose, the dead birds find a ready sale



Golden pheasants.



Hatching boxes, showing hens picketed for feeding on a pheasant farm.

at \$30 a dozen. It seems, therefore, that pheasant breeding is an occupation that should be given greater attention, either as an exclusive means of making a living, or as a resource for supplementing a too-scanty income. It is an occupation that is particularly recommended for women, on account of the light and pleasant nature of the work, and the fascination that all who have tried it find in caring for the graceful and beautiful birds, as well as for the sake of the eminently satisfactory financial returns.

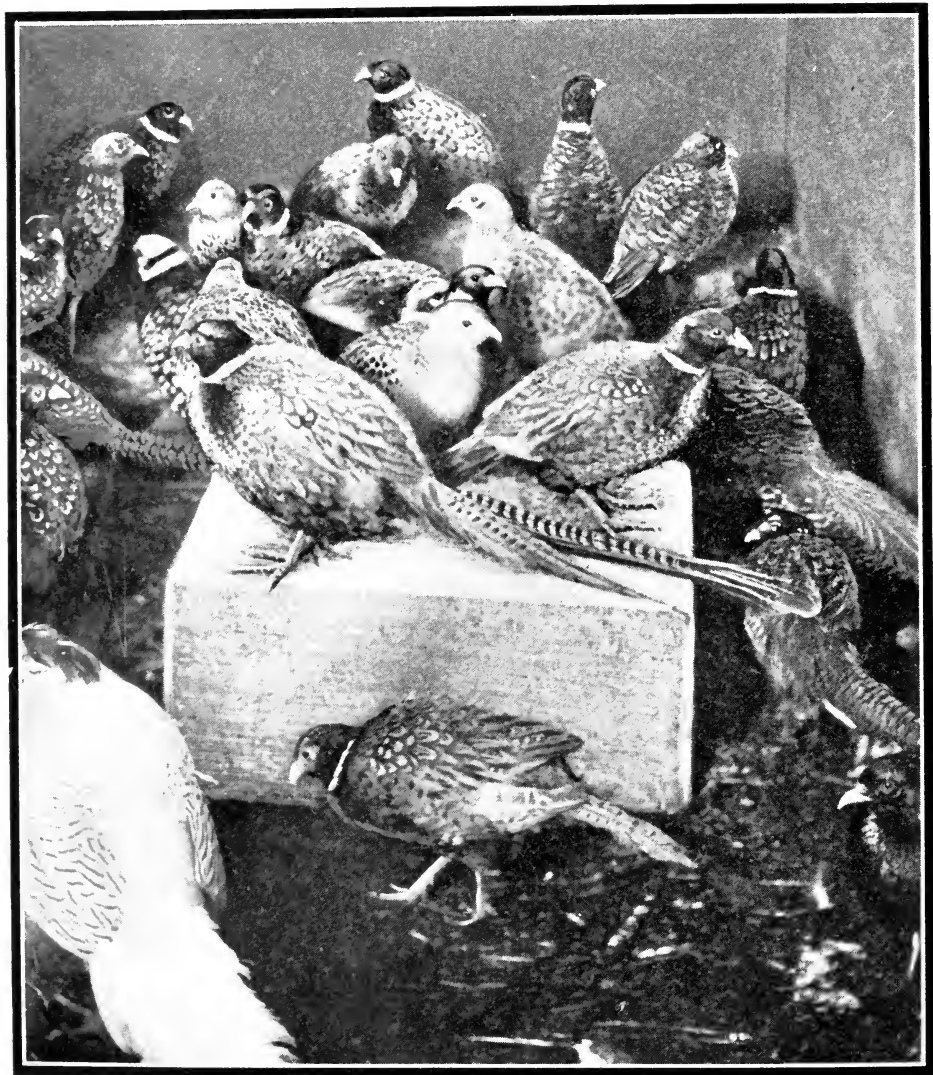
At the American Game Association's pheasantries, both incubators and barnyard hens are used for hatching the pheasant eggs; but the chickens are preferred, and are always employed when they can be obtained. The hens are set in boxes measuring 12 x 14 inches, inside measurement. The nest is made on level ground, with two or three inches of moist earth in the bottom, covered with an inch thickness of straw. The warmth of the hen's body draws the moisture from the ground, preventing the eggs from becoming too

dry. In the extremely dessicating atmosphere of Colorado, it is necessary to sprinkle the eggs with warm water daily during the week immediately preceding hatching. The period of incubation is 24 days for the eggs of the Chinese ringnecks, 26 days for those of the Reeves pheasant, and 21 for those of the Golden, Lady Amherst and most other varieties. Several hens are kept on trial nests, with glass eggs, so that if a hen dies or becomes neglectful of her duties, another is ready to take her place at a moment's notice.

The reason for setting the hens in boxes is to prevent the young pheasants from running away, and also to keep the hens from leaving the nests too often, or remaining off too long. It is an old saying that a pheasant will run with the eggshell on its back. That may not be literally true; but any one setting a hen on pheasant eggs without having her tightly enclosed is sure to lose all of the little birds. The hens are taken off the nests daily to be fed and watered. Experienced pheasant breeders always picket the hens when

feeding them, having a short stake in front of each box, with a short string attached, which is looped around the hen's leg. Bidly is given twenty minutes in which to eat and drink, and then is put back to continue her duties. A lid on the box keeps her strictly to

placed in a brooder coop, to the front of which is attached a close runway. When the birds are four or five days old, and have learned to answer the hen's call, the runway is removed, giving the young pheasants the liberty of the field. At the American Game As-

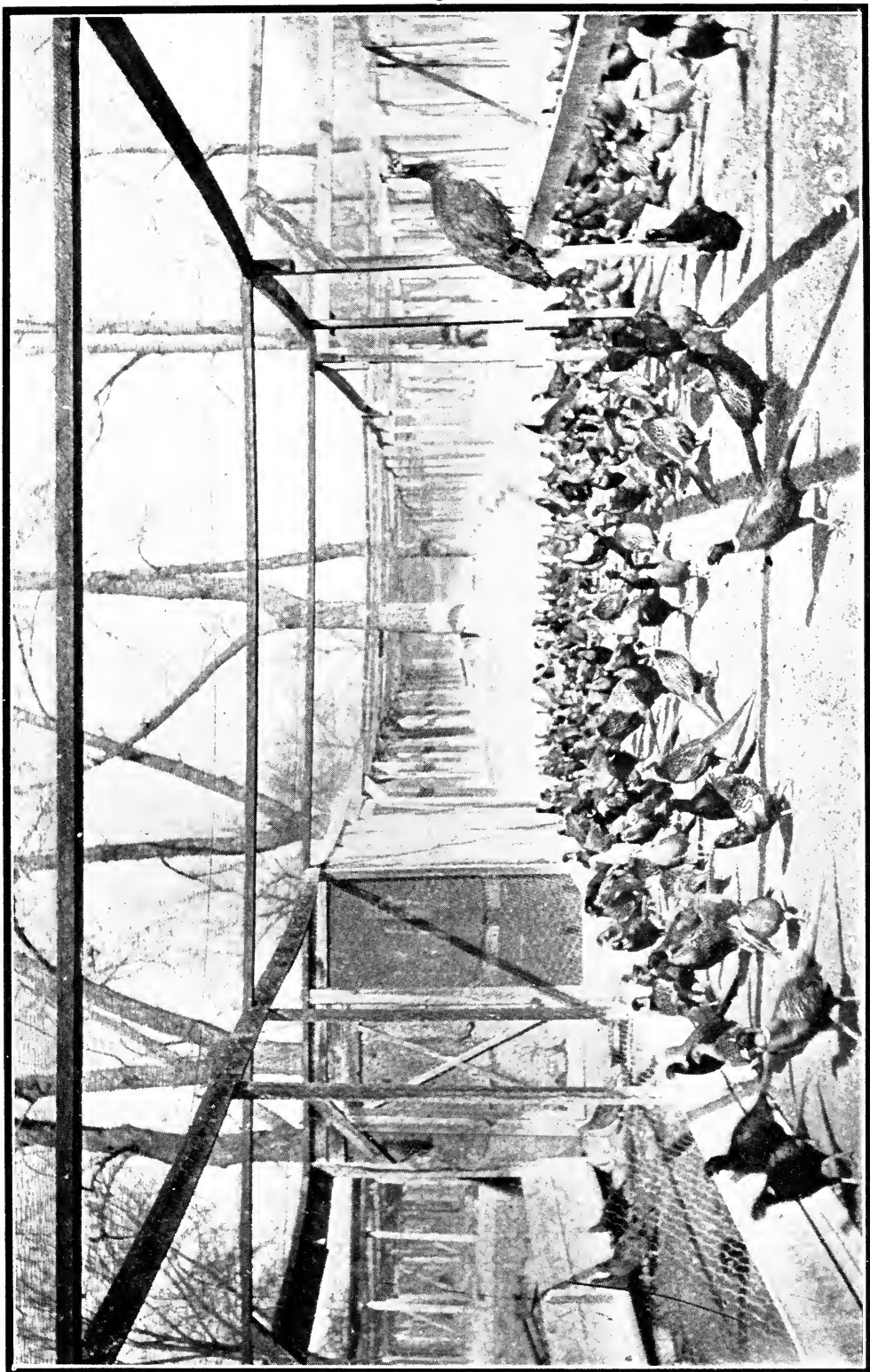


Pheasants sleeping on ice.

business, but air holes are provided to insure perfect ventilation.

After the eggs have been hatched, the hen, with the little pheasants, is

sociation's pheasantries may be seen a 160-acre field, dotted with many hundreds of these coops, populated with thousands of young pheasants. No



One of the two hundred enclosures of the Kendrick pheasantry, Denver, Colorado.

dogs are allowed near the field, which is enclosed by a high wire fence, and no strangers are permitted to enter it. The attendants always wear the same kind of clothing, so that the birds become accustomed to their appearance and pay little attention to their movements.

When the birds are seven weeks old, the eight flight feathers are clipped from one wing, to prevent them from flying away. Care must be taken not to cut the immature feathers so close as to cause them to bleed. The clipping is repeated three times, at intervals of two weeks, and the birds are then left alone until after molting the second season.

Pheasant raising for profit is said to be no more difficult than raising ducks, chickens or any other kind of poultry. However, it is different, and the success of the beginner depends upon the thoroughness with which the essential first principles are mastered. The novice must be willing to learn. As a compensation for the extra care that is necessary, well-bred birds command high prices. Chinese ring-necks sell readily at \$7.50 per pair; Goldenes at from \$11 to \$18; Silvers at from \$12 to \$15, Lady Amhersts and Reeves at \$25, Versicolors at \$20; Swinhoes at \$35, and Mongolians at \$40. As there are about fifty distinct varieties, the breeder has an opportunity to diversify his operations as much as he may desire. Then there are rare varieties,

only an occasional specimen or pair of which are caught in the wilds of Asia, that sometimes sell to zoological gardens or private collectors for several hundred dollars. However, the comparatively cheap Chinese ring-necks are the most hardy, the most easily reared, the most in demand for game preserves, and the best suited for liberation in any part of the United States. They are also the most valuable to the agricultural interests of the country, being the most indefatigable insect destroyers known to ornithologists.

The pheasant receives its name from the river Phasis, a stream of Colchis, where the Argonauts are said to have found them in great numbers, introducing them thence into Greece. Although there are several species of the large and important pheasant family indigenous to North America, yet it is in Asia that the number of species is greatest, and that birds of the most beautiful plumage are found. The monarch of all is the peacock, probably the most resplendently plumaged bird in the world. These royal birds are still found wild in some parts of India and Siam, and are held sacred by certain of the castes. In Europe and America the bird is now raised only for ornamental purposes, although in flavor to those of any other member in flavor to those of any other members of the pheasant family.



Feeding pheasants on the American Game Association's pheasantries, Littleton, Colorado.

MUSIC

BY SAMUEL SUMNER

There's music in the winds:
Whether they whisper gently thro' the trees,
Or sweep tempestuous across the seas,
Or waft balm perfumes in the evening breeze;
There's music in the winds.

There's music in the streams:
That break their waters down the craggy steep,
Or o'er the shining pebbles gaily leap,
Or seaward roll, in channels, broad and deep;—
There's music in the streams.

There's music in the fields:
The verdant meads that stretch across the plain,
The sloping hillside, orchard, pasture, lane,
The crop of yellow corn and waving grain;
There's music in the fields.

There's music in the woods:
The wilderness where the fleet hind roves,
The sighing pine cliffs and the vocal groves,
Where bird-choirs hymn their praises, plaints, in rose;
There's music in the woods.

There's music in the sea:
The diapason of old Ocean's roar,
Whose wild waves in perpetual encore
Rehearse their glad Te Deum evermore;
There's music in the sea.

There's music in the storms:
That run their courses over heaven's highway,
And turn the day to night—the night to day;
Whose thunders' rattle, and whose lightnings' play:
There's music in the storms.

There's music in the stars:
That fair Astarte's queenly robes adorn;
That sang together at creation's morn,
When, at Jehovah's mandate, the Earth was born;
There's music in the stars.

UNCLE SAM'S LIFE-SAVERS AT SAN FRANCISCO

BY EUGENE B. BLOCK

WITH EARS and eyes strained for signals of distress, United States life-savers, ever ready to risk their lives to save human souls, patrol the ocean beach at San Francisco by day and by night. Working faithfully, but without ostentation, these brave servants of Uncle Sam are thought of seldom by their busy fellowmen except in times of peril and need, when the life-savers forget the value of their own lives in the performance of duty.

It is to a distinct class of men that these life-savers belong, for their calling secludes them far from the scene of the city's activities. They are blind to the gay whirl of society, and they are deaf to the great bustle of the city's commercial life, for their eyes ever are gazing out to sea, and their ears are attuned to the calls of the imperiled for succor.

San Francisco's ocean beach is patrolled by crews from three Government life-saving stations, each equipped with the latest apparatus for the saving of life and property. Of these, the Golden Gate station, situated on the boulevard one mile south of the Cliff House, and opposite the entrance to Golden Gate Park, is the oldest and largest on the Pacific Coast. Three miles to the north, and directly inside "The Heads," lies the Fort Point station. The South Side Division, the station furthest south on the Western coast, is situated five miles south of the Cliff House.

The crews from these three stations have done meritorious work in saving lives along the coast. Whenever put

to the test, they have shown themselves skilled and imbued with a deep sense of duty. In spite of impenetrable fogs, which often hang over the sea outside San Francisco harbor, these men frequently brave the dangers of a rough surf and make out in small boats to aid the imperiled passengers of a distressed vessel. Scores of such acts, performed by the life-savers at San Francisco have given the three crews an enviable position among the nineteen stations along the Pacific from Cape Nome to San Francisco.

The patrolling of the beach as done by the Government life-savers at San Francisco is arduous even at times when lives need not be risked in aiding the distressed, for the task of keeping in wait for calls for help often is as laborious as rendering aid. In the coldest and severest weather, even in spite of the fiercest gales, a surfman from each of the three stations walks the beach every hour of the day and night.

Heavy fogs and stormy nights make no difference to the life-saver in the performance of his routine duties. Though the fog be too thick even to permit him to look out to sea, the surfman walks the beach, straining his ears to catch a distress signal which might be rendered inaudible by the heavy rolling of the billows upon the shore.

At the most unexpected moment of the night, the life-saver may hear the blast of a distress signal sounded from—somewhere out at sea. Fog may make it impossible even to see the stranded steamer's lights, and the gale

may be blowing fiercely, yet the tempest must be braved at all hazards to aid those in distress. In an instant, word is flashed by the surfman to his station. The apparatus, always ready for use, is rushed to the beach, and a crew of life-savers starts out to sea in a life-boat, their course guided often only by the sound of the distress siren.

But it is not only on the stormy night that the life-saver must risk his life. On a sunny summer afternoon he may be walking the beach leisurely amid crowds of pleasure-seekers, and

these short "watches," so that the beach included in his particular station is patrolled by a surfman every hour of the day and night.

Because of its size, together with its proximity to that section of the beach most frequented by pleasure-seekers and tourists, the Golden Gate station no doubt is the best known division in California. It comprises four unpretentious red buildings and carries a crew of ten men, under the command of Captain Norman Nelson, a veteran United States life-saver.



Manning a life boat at San Francisco's beach.

witness, of a sudden, the struggles of some swimmer caught in the dangerous undertow. Then no time can be wasted: the surfman plunges into the seething sea, considering nothing but the saving of the life that is in danger.

An entire night's rest is a luxury for the Government life-saver. He works but four hours at a time, and must alternate with his fellows on

Surfmen from this station must cover four miles of beach twice during their four hour "watches." To the south, the life-saver must patrol for two miles, where he meets another surfman from the South Side station at the half-way point. The meeting must occur every two hours. North of the station, his beat extends for two miles.

It is with the regularity of clock-

work that the patrolling of the beach is maintained. That there may be no doubt or question as to whether the surfman from the Golden Gate station has met his fellow life-saver from the southern station, each man exchanges a brass check, bearing his own number. The checks, thus exchanged, are returned by the patrolmen to their respective captains as proof that they have done their duty. And to make certain that their meetings have occurred at the scheduled time, each man must call his captain on the hour from the beach telephone and assure him that all is well.

On the high bluff known as Point Lobos, overlooking the entire stretch of sea outside the harbor, the Golden Gate division maintains a look-out station. Here a man is detailed day and night, with a direct telephone line with the captain's quarters at his service. Lookouts, like the surfmen, work only on four hour shifts.

This established system of alternating the "watches" requires each man to work two shifts every twenty-four hours. The life-saver has but one undisturbed night's rest each week. Once every nine days he is allowed a complete day off, when he is at liberty to leave the beach station.

In accordance with the needs of the locations, the stations are equipped with different apparatus, but all are fitted in accord with the most recent advances of science.

At the Golden Gate station, where lending aid to distressed steamers is as important a part of the work as protecting the lives of surf bathers, life boats are an important part of the station's equipment. Two boats of the most modern type are kept at the station. They are a Monomoy surf boat, used in a moderate sea, and a Dobbin life boat, intended for a heavier surf and for reaching to greater distances.

The boats are extraordinary in appearance and equipped to overcome the dangers of a rough sea, so far as man's genius will permit. On either end of the life boat, the larger of the

two craft, are air tanks, which can be hermetically sealed, and thus increase the buoyancy of the boat. On the sides of this Dobbin boat are fitted peculiar plates, technically known as self-baling tubes. Their function is easily understood when it is noticed, on inspection, that they open outwardly only, and cannot be forced into the inside of the boat.

By means of these tubes, water dashing into the boat forces an outlet through the panels in the craft's sides, while the pressure of water against the outside of the plates as the life-boat plies through the sea, keeps the panels closed. In the boats are cork life preservers of all styles.

A peculiar accessory to the life boats is a small metallic craft, known as a life car. It is shaped not unlike a small rowboat, holds six persons, and can be closed over the top by an airtight hatch. This car is so equipped that it can be run on a line from a steamer at sea to the beach, thus making it invaluable in the handling of women and children.

Lyle guns, small cannon from which rope can be shot to vessels far out at sea, comprise the beach apparatus. Lines can be shot as far as 600 yards.

That every life-saver shall attain the highest degree of efficiency in the use of all the apparatus at his respective station, several hours are devoted to practice each morning. In their drills, the men follow a schedule of work prepared by the heads of the service at Washington, who require the commanders of the various stations to drill their crews in every branch of life-saving.

Life-savers in their daily practice engage in mimic rescues, man their life boats over the heaviest seas and put out to imaginary wrecks. Each drill is conducted with as much seriousness as though hundreds of lives then were depending upon the quickness and efficiency of the men.

Members of the Golden Gate crew follow a particularly arranged system of practice, for their location requires especial fitness and skill both in sav-

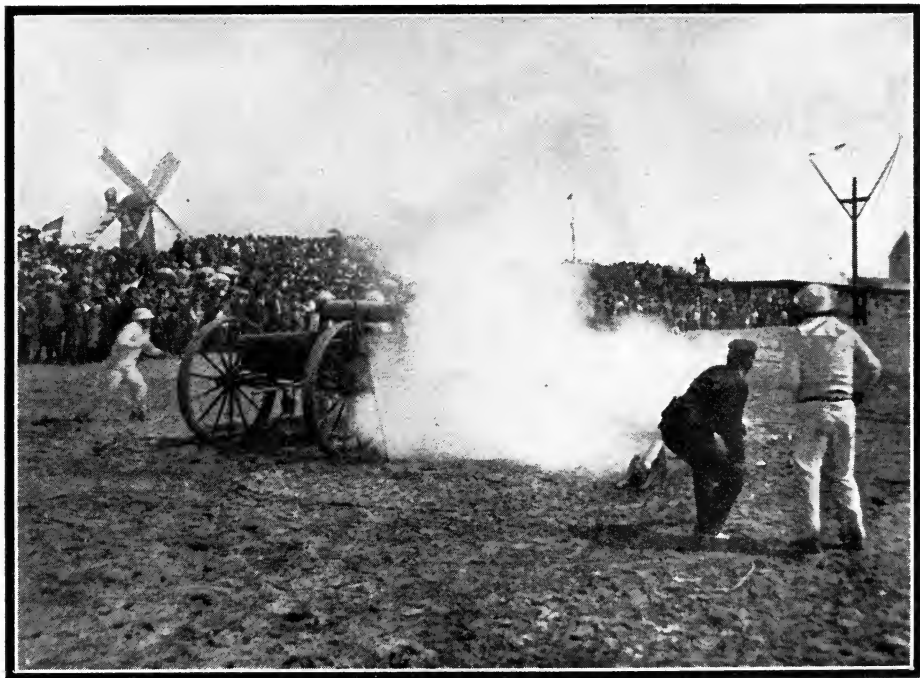
ing lives of endangered swimmers and assisting distressed craft far out at sea.

Under the guidance of Captain Nelson, their commander, these surfmen, except the men on actual patrol and lookout duty, assemble at the station promptly at 8 o'clock each morning for muster. Then for an hour they busy themselves cleaning the station and apparatus.

At 9 o'clock, all is in readiness for the morning's practice. The practice

the beach. Over the slacked rope is slung a ring-shaped life buoy to which have been fastened canvas breeches. This latter piece of apparatus is known to the life-savers as a breeches buoy, and is invaluable in bringing passengers of a stranded vessel ashore when the sea is too rough to permit the carrying of passengers in a boat. The passenger simply sits in the buoy and slides across the slacked rope to shore.

Several hours are devoted to this drill, the life-savers being trained



Shooting a line over a supposed mast.

schedule is so arranged that each morning the men are drilled in an entirely different branch of their work. The week's drilling starts on Monday morning with practice in the use of the beach apparatus. Poles are fixed in the ground to represent a ship's masts, and with the gun fixed a considerable distance away, the men are required to shoot lines over the supposed masts. The ropes thus shot are fastened to the poles, and then made steady to some distant point on

thoroughly in the equipping and use of the breeches buoy.

Tuesday morning is devoted to a drill in the use of the life boats. The men are made to practice for speed in manning the boats, for every second counts when aid must be sent to a sinking ship. The life boats, fastened to trucks, are hauled to the water's edge. There they are allowed to slide easily in the surf by the simple process of pulling the wheeled truck from under the craft. The life-savers drill

for hours, manning and rowing the boats, always striving to lessen the time required to take the life boat from the station and launch it.

Practice in the uses of the International Code of Signals and the United Wigwag Signal Codes, comprise the work for Wednesday morning. The use of these signal codes is obviously an important and essential factor in life-saving.

On Thursday, beach apparatus is again made the subject for the drill, while Friday morning is devoted to resuscitation of the drowned. On this important phase of life-saving the crewmen are instructed along scientific lines, and the strictest tests are given to make certain that each man is as skilled as necessary in the methods for reviving the drowned.

Saturday is devoted to general work about the station, and Sunday to muster and study.

Thus this systematized practice, so essential to the efficiency and usefulness of the life-savers, is engaged in each day, for at the most unexpected moment the entire crew may be put to the severest test where the slightest error on the part of one man may mean the loss of hundreds of lives.

Captain Nelson, who for three years has had command of the Golden Gate station, is a practical life-saver. Twenty of the best years of his life he has devoted to the United States service. Much of this time he has served on the northern shores of the Pacific, where he has participated in many notable rescues. From choice, the sea has been his home, and he holds a queer fascination for the dangers that lie in the kingdom of Neptune.

The veteran captain believes in practical training as well as theoretical instruction in the work of life-saving, and so he works personally with his men, seeing that they adapt themselves to the needs of their district.

"We are paid by Uncle Sam to be life-savers," says Captain Nelson. "That means that we must save lives.

I have taught the men of the Golden Gate station that the first thing to consider in all cases is the saving of life. The safety of property is a secondary consideration."

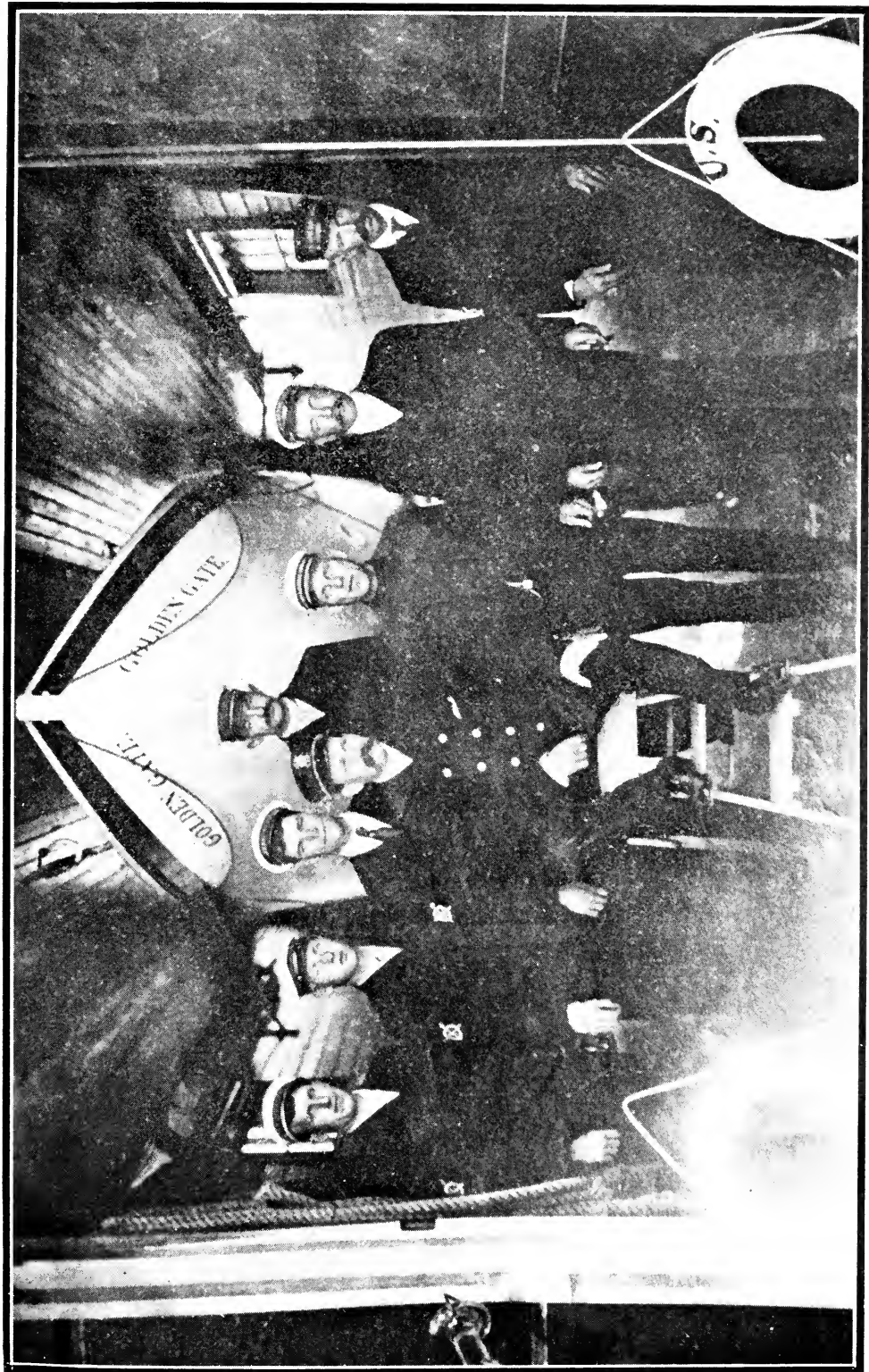
It is with this idea ever borne in mind that the Golden Gate crew has effected innumerable rescues. One of the most recent tests to which these life-savers were put—and to which they proved themselves more than equal—was the rescue of the crew of the grounded steam schooner "Signal" on the night of June 27th last.

The story of how the surfmen manned their life boat, braved the stormy sea to reach the distressed vessel, and then were forced to battle with a drink-crazed man on board, gives a vivid conception of the trials of the Government life-savers. The account of this harrowing experience perhaps is best told by Captain Nelson himself. Said he:

"A northwest gale was blowing about 10 o'clock on the night of June 27th, when the surfman patrolling the beach heard the distress signals of a vessel about three miles off shore, and drifting toward Point Lobos. The station was notified at once, and immediately a life boat was manned. The sea was heavy, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to put out. Soon we reached the schooner and found it stranded in a cluster of rocks just below Point Lobos, and known to us as Camel's Back.

"The life boat was drawn up alongside the grounded schooner, and the seamen on board were asked to come in our boat. There were eight men on the schooner. All of them declared that they would prefer to land on the rocks, rather than take chances of being rowed ashore, because of the heavy sea which was tossing our boat about like a shell.

"Consequently, as we could not force the crew of the schooner to come into our craft, we started back for beach apparatus to assist them in coming ashore from the rocks. We reached shore with the greatest of



The Golden Gate Life Saving Crew.

difficulty, and started out again in a team for the rocks, taking with us an ample supply of lines and the breeches buoy.

"When we finally reached the stranded schooner, which by this time was pounding heavily, we found that all of the crew save one man had climbed over to the rocks. This man, crazed with drink, declared that he was in command of the vessel, and defied us to come aboard." The schooner was in danger of breaking to pieces, and we understood that the sailor would be drowned if we did not take him off without delay. So three members of our crew started to climb aboard the schooner from the rocks. They had barely set foot on the vessel when the lone seaman drew a revolver without warning, and fired three shots at his rescuers, the bullets narrowly missing their mark.

"Once aboard the vessel, our men were forced to engage in a desperate struggle with the enraged man. They fought and wrestled on the deck while the schooner was rolling and pounding against the rocks. Finally the seaman's gun was wrested from him and he was bound hand and foot. A breeches buoy was equipped on a line that already had been fixed from the schooner to the rocks, and the crazy sailor was taken ashore and carried to the station. Other members of the crew were brought ashore in a breeches buoy."

Golden Gate life-savers have endured thrilling experiences in going to the rescue of fishermen and swimmers who often have met with serious accidents along the beach. Frequently despondent persons seek to end their lives by leaping from the precipices overlooking the sea, and the surfmen risk their own lives in the seething surf below the cliffs to reach the unfortunates before they are dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Recently the surfmen were called out to save the life of a fisherman who had fallen from a high cliff into the sea beneath. The work of rescuing the dying man and then restoring him to

consciousness, is typical of the tasks to which the life-savers are put.

"The lookout at Land's End saw great excitement about him," said Captain Nelson, in telling of this rescue, "and he found that a boy, who had been fishing from the cliff had fallen over while swinging his line. He had dropped sixty feet, landing in deep water below the precipice. Word of the accident was telephoned to the station over our private line.

"Within ten minutes the life boat was on its way to the base of the cliff. But before the boat had reached there a heavy swell had tossed the unfortunate youth high on the rocks. He landed with such terrific force that my men thought him dead.

"When the boat reached the rocks, a man was sent ashore with a rope. He ascended the steep bluff, and fastened a line about the unconscious boy's body. He was lowered to the boat and hurried ashore. On the way, artificial respiration was given, and the youth was on his way to recovery shortly afterward. At the station he was given dry clothes, which are provided for such cases by the Women's National Relief Association. Within a few hours he went his way."

Such acts of heroism are but ordinary tasks to the life-savers, who look to the risking of their lives as a matter of business. On any errand, a life-saver may be injured and permanently disabled so as to incapacitate him for further service. To the surfman injured in the performance of his duty, Uncle Sam gives medical attention for eighteen months. If, after that period, he has not recovered, he must quit the government service, without hope of further assistance from Uncle Sam, for the United States does not give pensions to either disabled or aged life-savers.

Entrance to the service is governed by civil service regulations. The applicant must be not less than eighteen nor more than forty-five years of age. The surfman's salary is \$65 a month and rations. Each year the life-saver must pass a physician's examination.



Life saving boat riding the breakers.

Failure to pass satisfactorily, means dismissal from the service. So long as the life-saver keeps his health and escapes injury in his harrowing occupation, the position is his. But once maimed or too aged to work, he leaves the service forever, and must face the cold world without aid from the power to whom he has given the best years of his life.

To last year's Congress, Uncle Sam's life-savers looked for assistance, but the nation's representatives

turned down a pension bill that aimed to help those who had spent their lives in helping others. Yet the life-saver, undaunted, toils on, ever ready to risk his life to assist some one in peril.

His is a life of uncertainty and danger. His youth and his manhood he gives to the service, and when old age or injury render him unfit for duty then the door of the station swings open for him, and he must look outside for his sustenance.

THE LAST TRAIL

BY GEORGE B. STAFF

With fearless heart he faced the trail,
With dauntless nerve, and courage high.
And where the stinging winds assail
With strength that made the huskies quail,
He urged them with his ringing cry:
"Mush on! Mush on!"

And when he faced the great unknown,
The trail that's hidden in a pall,
He bore his pain without a groan,
And as he sought the trail alone,
With fearless voice he gave his call:
"Mush on! Mush on!"



PROMISES

BY ALEXANDER GARDINER

JOE BRIEN came slowly up the logging railroad and into the little mill town of many small, unpainted houses and one great, busy sawmill. His head was bowed, and his shoulders drooped forward as befitted his mood, which was quite in harmony with all that he saw. It was a wet and dreary afternoon of that "after-the-Fourth" spell of rain that on the western slope of the Cascades is almost regular in its coming as the national birthday itself; and the little town was frankly unattractive. If the farther view was no less magnificent for its gloom—dark-forested, steep hills all banded and festooned across with leaden clouds—yet nothing of its sombre beauty was manifest to Joe Brien, and all of its dreariness. Figuratively and most literally, in his mouth was the aftertaste of transgression; and he found it vile.

Joe was twenty-six; and for ten years now, on range, in mine or lumber camp, in this State or that territory, as fancy led or circumstance dictated, he had made his money "hard," and spent it "easy;" so that part of the taste that was direct of an outraged stomach was not new to him. But this time his returning "broke" after a holiday spree had more to it of bitterness than was just physical.

There was a reason—the same reason why he returned at all to this particular camp—the same reason why he had already worked steadily there for some months until it was closed for the Fourth.

This reason of his for some correct conduct and so much remorse came out from one of the small dwellings just in time to cross his way as he turned down the embankment toward

the mill office. Her name was Nellie Miller, and a man hampered with more wisdom than was Joe Brien would have seen that she was pretty. Also she was slight and dainty and dark, while Joe was large and fair.

Joe had only turned that way after a glance at closed doors and curtained windows and a quick decision that he would probably slip by unnoticed. He wanted to see her, of course, but not just yet. As for Nellie, she carried a basket and an umbrella; the basket explained her errand. Still it is fair to state that from her mother's kitchen window one could see far down the track by which Joe had approached.

Anyway, she smiled a quick, involuntary smile that was all flash of big brown eyes and little white teeth and that vanished as quickly, to give place to an appraising glance indicative of more shrewdness than is quite right for so little and pretty a girl to possess.

Joe's wet, sagging shoulders had gone back at first sight of her; now they were squared defiantly to their utmost breadth, often estimated by admiring male friends at one axehandle.

"Hello, Nellie!" he said. "Happy New Year!"

"You look about as happy as the year is new," she answered, surrendering her burdens, after a moment's hesitation, to his out-reached hands.

"Oh, I don't know," he challenged.

No answer was obvious to this. A moment they paused awkwardly; then—"Goin' to the store?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; and they moved on together, neither speaking for the brief space until they were opposite

the commissary. There again they faced each other, still in awkward silence. Joe set the basket upon a stump and let down the umbrella. It had ceased to rain. By common, unexpressed consent they walked on.

Since they had thus met there was that between them, it seemed to Joe, that must be talked out. Yet he found no room for an entering wedge. Whatever Nellie thought, she found words.

"You're kind of late getting back," she said at length.

"Late for what?" asked Joe. "I guess I can get a job. They've only been runnin' two days."

He stopped and leaned his back against the railing of a little plank bridge they were crossing. Brush screened them from the village. She stopped also, and gazed down into the stream, a little yellow from the showers.

"The crews are made up," she said. "Mr. Rook's got a new hook tender."

"Oh, I guess I can get a job," he repeated. "Sam'll give me some kind of a job."

"And is that all you care?" she asked, apparently of the swift water. Then she looked straight at him—forced herself to do it. "I don't see why you came back here at all, after the promise you made and the way you've done. You could get *some kind* of a job most anywhere, I suppose. Not that I care——"

"You know why I came, Nellie," he blurted, stung to speech. "I like the outfit, and my plunder was all left here, but that ain't why. The company paid off, and—I always had a little time oncet in a while. I only meant to take a drink or two down at Gravel that night. Oh, I guess you know." He broke off, self-condemnation making his explanations sound futile to himself.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"Well, I been a fool; but when it was over I had to come back. And you know why. I love you, Nellie. I ain't never said so, but you must o' known it, or I wouldn't 'a' made that promise—if I did bust it. I love you,

Nellie. Just say the word, and I'll make it over again and keep it this time. I can do it. It ain't like I *had* to drink, like it is with some."

There was appeal in his voice, too, as he stepped forward in the masterful way that had always drawn her; and the late dissipation, at this stage of recovery, had made the young rascal the handsomer. She drooped toward him, seeming about to yield herself utterly to his embrace. But she was a sensible little girl, who had made up her mind at great cost. As his arms almost enclosed her, she sprang back, and for the moment of weakness, anger flamed hot in her eyes.

"I love you, Nellie," he repeated. "I——"

"Love?" she echoed scornfully. "You love a good time, and nothing else but your own big, lazy self. Goodness knows I didn't ask you to promise to stay sober this Fourth; but you did, and broke it. And—oh, you don't care! You needn't think I like you, Joe Brien, just because every one else does. I like men that do things—hold their jobs and get better ones." The rush of words ended in briefest pause, then she dropped out her closing ones, one at a time, with angry emphasis: "And—you—just—don't—care—about—anything!"

She flashed a final scathing glance of tear-bright eyes upon him, standing dumbly now before her, snatched her umbrella from his slack grasp, and fled by the way they had come, leaving him standing there—as he himself would have expressed it—"like a boob."

Rain came smartly down again, and roused him. He followed slowly, his mazed wits groping vainly for any hold on what had passed. He had been rather sure of Nellie.

His courtship of her—their "going together"—had been much of a piece with the rest of his boyish, irresponsible life—taking all for granted. Begun casually, their intimacy had grown swiftly and steadily. As knowledge of his own love had grown surely

upon him, he had felt as surely that she loved him in return; and no elaborate process was required for him to know this, for a situation entailing, since it concerned such a girl as Nellie, marriage and the settling down of Joe Brien.

Several times he had intended speaking—right out; but he never had until this morning, when he had not intended to. And so she had just been fooling!

Joe could observe shrewdly enough on occasion, but this scornful dismissal had touched him too nearly for him to weigh or even remember words—much less subtleties of manner. It did not occur to him that Nellie had proclaimed her indifference far too emphatically for one who was indifferent. He could not know what her words had cost her—what they were costing her now. He only knew that she had looked love and acted love, and then “turned him down”—knew that he had been unworthy, and thought that he had humbled himself and she had scorned him. No less than love rejected did that rankle. His big boy’s pride was doubly wounded.

Avoiding the town, he followed the wagon road until it crossed the railroad above the mill. But here the company’s locomotive snorted up the grade with a string of trucks and overtook him as it slowed for the spur.

“Oh, you Joe!” sang out the brakeman; cheerily, as he ran past; and Joe smiled a sour smile and waved his hand. He could control his hand.

“We’re goin’ right up to D,” added the brakeman, over his shoulder. Camp D was the logging camp then running, and where Joe had recently been employed. He would have preferred walking and his own company; but to elect it would appear strange to the train crew. He swung aboard and sat down on a coil of steel line, paying no heed to the red rust marks it left on his black clothes.

She had been fooling with him—with him, Joe Brien. There came memories, dwelt upon, of a girl or two that he had “just fooled with”—memories

that promoted no sense of a just retribution, but served to intensify the blow to his vanity. He, Joe Brien!

Well, he would show her!

He rose from his cramped position and stood upright on the bumping flat-car.

With the caprice characteristic of that Puget Sound country, where when raining it seems that it must always have rained and will never cease, and ceasing, denies calmly and convincingly that it ever has rained or ever will, now the drizzle dwindled swiftly to nothing, the low-hung gray dome of cloud was rent apart, and through the rent the summer sun beamed down from a patch of bluest summer sky that broadened and broadened. And on the slopes the heavy bands and light frills of gray flashed silver, writhed and lifted, and vanished, leaving the timbered hills all unrelieved and so close at hand in the rain-cleared atmosphere that the eye might pick out to their farthest ridges, from the dark uniformity of fir and hemlock tops, the occasional more tender green of the cedar.

And whether or not he was entirely appreciative of this rapid transition from April unto in truth July, Joe at least responded to the warmth and light. With the fog on the hillsides the sun seemed also to dispel from his mind its troubling mists.

Why, he was free! What was the use of “grouching” over a girl who had “turned him down,” and thereby set him free—free to work a little while here or there, and go on, always seeing new faces and viewing strange scenes, to lead the nomadic life that until so lately had alone seemed good to him. Somehow it did not now seem quite so good.

But he rolled a cigarette, and strode forward over the jolting trucks to talk with the train crew of far places.

And he was thinking about them when, dry-clad again in his working clothes of calked, high-laced shoes, overalls “stagged” off to meet them, and “stag-tail” logger’s shirt, he presented his thus emphasized stalwart

figure before the woods foreman. What he said was: "How about it, Sam?"

"Why the blazes don't you come around?" demanded Sam Rooks. And after running a disapproving eye over the candidate, he added, grudgingly: "You've got a constitution like a horse."

Joe grinned, taking the remark as a compliment, but Rooks had not intended it so. However, it was his business to log as efficiently as possible with such material as came to his hand, and from a strictly industrial standpoint, with a time limit, Joe Brien was a "good man."

Rooks continued to stare sourly at him. "I got your place filled now," he said at last. "I can put you fallin' in."

"Fallin's good," said Joe, and escaped.

"Damn fool!" confided Rooks to his time-book. "He don't give a damn. Well, he'd 'a' been better off with less money comin' to him this last time. But if the new guy don't do better I'll have to put him tendin' hook again. Damn fool!"

He would have sent an immediate call to the employment office for a hook tender had it been given him to hear a conversation but a little later between the "fool" and the "guy" thus doomed to do better or go—an old associate of Joe's in other camps.

"One dollar," confessed Joe. "Soaked my watch to get here on. Guess I'll dig as soon as I've got enough in the office to dig on a little ways."

"That's me," said the other. "Say, I seen a lad in Seattle that's been up in B. C. He got three and a half for chasin'; and he says wages run four bits a day better for all jobs than they do right now on this side. What yuh say we go up there?"

"What's four bits a day one way or another to you boys?" demanded an older man, good-naturedly, as he joined them.

"Same as you, Scotty," said the hook-tender. "We like to spend it."

"Different here," said Scotty. "I got to spend it. I'm married."

"So is most saloon keepers," came the light answer. "A guy ought to give 'em a show."

Joe turned away, jarred somewhat from his equanimity. Yes, Scotty was married. And Scotty moved from one camp to another, only to better himself; his services were always in demand. As a skillful rigging slinger, he made money for the company by his knowledge and experience, and they paid him well for that—and because he was there when wanted. He was steady.

With an effort, Joe shook himself free from the unwelcome train of suggestion. He had settled that—decided that he was glad she had been only fooling. He didn't want to be married. He wanted to drift around British Columbia till fall, and then go south to California—or Old Mexico. He had never been there.

He entered the bunkhouse, stifling with the reek of drying garments, filled with bunks and men. Three-fourths of the crew were new since the shut-down; but he had known many of the new-comers in other camps or in the resorts of "The Sound" or "The Harbor" cities.

Into such pastime as there was he entered. It was not much—a black-jack game, where such small sums as "after-the-Fourth" poverty afforded, were on the table, and where by dimes and quarters he staked his dollar and lost it—joke and argument with this one and the other—another card game, for fun, this time. But he played badly. He could not keep his mind on the cards. A man came over from the other bunkhouse and passed around a bottle of whisky.

Fortunately for Joe, in his present mood, his share was small. But soon the liquor and the close air together made him sleepy. He sought his bunk and immediately was wide eyed.

By ones and twos the others went to their beds also, and to sleep. The fire died, and the night air coming in

through wide cracks of the barn-like building was sweet and refreshing. When all had become quite still, a Swede across the bunkhouse began to snore. It irritated Joe beyond reason, yet it was not the Swede that kept him awake. Over and over again, as he tossed or lay still on his narrow bunk, he repeated in thought his conclusion—that he did not care—that he was glad he was free—and willed that he would sleep; and always he remained feverishly wakeful, and thought of Nellie and pictured her.

At last he did admit that he did care—that freedom to roam foot-loose was no less dear, but that she was dearer—that he wanted her—wanted her! But that did not alter the fact that she would have none of him. Anyway he was free; but he was not glad.

Came and persisted the thought: Stay and save your money again; show her you can be steady. Maybe she'll come around. But no, he would not humble himself to her—stubbornly he maintained that much. No doubt she would be glad of a chance to keep him dangling and then turn him down again. Girls were like that.

"Forget it," he said to himself. "When you get tired o' rambling, there's lots o' girls!" And on that valiant decision he tried vainly as ever to sleep. It was far into the morning hours that the rain, so triumphantly banished that afternoon, sneaked back in the darkness, and with soft patter on the roof, lulled him at last to rest, the first problem of his life still far from any definite solution by him.

Then sleep claimed him utterly, and he was pounded into consciousness by one of his fellows only on the sounding of the last gong—the breakfast gong.

Mechanically he dressed and washed, and hurried to his place at the long table in the cook-house. According to custom prevailing at such tables, others ate prodigiously of the varied and plentiful foods, and at prodigious speed. Joe had but little appetite, but the strong coffee revived him, cleared away the sleep-fog from

his brain, and immediately flooded back all the haunting thoughts of the night.

He was able to put them away as he listened to instructions from Rooks, and as he went out with his falling partner, in the rain—for it still rained by showers; but as they fell to work, mechanically pulling back and forth the long, slim saw, came again the old mental round, leading always to the same conclusion, but always recurring and occupying his mind, which should have been on his work, for he was head faller. Concerning the efforts of himself and his assistant, his was the responsibility for results.

But this tree put little strain upon his judgment. Not of unusual size, it was yet a splendid stick of fir timber, tall and straight, running with scarcely perceptible taper and without bulge or limb from its six-foot butt to its almost tassel-like top, that began a good two hundred feet from the ground. It had been undercut the night before, and it leaned heavily in the direction desired that it should fall. No wedging was necessary.

True, his companion, a Finn—a Swede, Joe considered him, and therefore entitled to more respect as a logger than were most foreigners—had raised a point.

"You tenk she need oondercut some more?" he had suggested, diffidently.

"Think so?" Joe countered. "Why didn't yuh take her deeper, then, yesterday, while yuh was at it?"

"Yones, he is het faller then; ant jesterday ent no vind."

"Oh, she leans heavy," said Joe, mounting his board. "She'll go."

There was a good deal of wind, coming in gusts, but it was quite unlikely that a gust would come heavy enough and at the right time to make trouble. In a normal state of mind, he might have taken the safe course as a matter of policy; as it was, preoccupied, he scarcely heeded the Finn's opinion, and that worthy, justifying it only with a mumbled: "Ay bin dis coontree five yar now; vork all tam by loomber camp," climbed up on his

side. Soon they made the long saw sing its rhythmic note.

It was barely in to the heart, but already the cut was opening slightly, when suddenly came another and stronger blast—overhead wind from the great Pacific, but twisted and broken among the foothills. The tops of sound trees whipped and rocked to the blow it dealt; and that upon which they worked gave an ominous pop and opened at the back to more than an inch. Both men looked quickly upward, but the wind had ceased blowing as suddenly as it began.

"She ent oondercut enough," droned the Finn, with conviction. "Five yar ay bin dis coontree now; work all tam by loomber ca——"

"How much've yur got?" asked Joe.

"About a foot,"—meaning that that much of the tree's thickness remained uncut on his side.

"Saw more on your side. Give her hell."

Again they bent to the work, with quick strokes now, that they might get deep as possible before another gust should come.

But Nature had decreed to show her power. Scarce a dozen strokes, and it came, stronger than before. Again the first bent reed-like before it; again the lofty tree between them cracked, this time loud as a pistol shot, and instantly a fissure appeared, running up perpendicular to the track of the saw.

"Timber!" shrieked both fallers in unison. Not the usual perfunctory call to buckers sawing up the trunks already down near at hand, but a shriller note, discordant, fraught with fear and warning of danger extraordinary.

And as they shrieked they ran, for their lives; not by the line of retreat each had marked for use when the tree should go, but each straight out on his side. For, quick as they were, far quicker than they, the great tree, instead of breaking across to the under-cut, split up from the line of their last stroke—split with a rending crash far up the trunk, and broke out there to

the bark. The top ground in swift descent through those of its neighbors, and the butt shot up and back. The whole tree shot back from the tall, wedge-like stump left standing, rammed and uprooted and shattered a two-foot hemlock, and rolling in air from its own high stump, struck full-length its earth-shaking blow, well out on Joe's side.

Thus, though the Finn had the uphill side, his was the lesser danger. Joe leaped from his board to a trunk that was down and sped along it, straining for the haven of the nearest big, standing tree past which it led. He knew the peril of such a pathway if he failed to leave it in time; but the ground was buried in brush and fallen tops. Once behind the shield of that big trunk ahead! He was poised for the leap.

The descending trunk smashed down across the log that had served him just too long; to Joe it was, in sensation, as if it had struck him on the top of the head; and the scrambling Finn, safe as he could make himself, turned in time to see his partner's body thrown high in air amid a whirl of up-flung debris and flying limbs from the hemlock, to fall on and rebound from another recumbent tree-top, and then lie still on the hillside with limbs grotesquely sprawled or unnaturally doubled under.

* * * *

Gently as they might, they bore him down to the camp; and they lifted him to a spring cot on a flat-car, Rooks and old Scotty, with whom the boy had worked but a few days before. There was blood upon his face; and the Finn, still white with the fear, assisted by holding up one leg that otherwise would have dangled from below the knee.

The locomotive steamed out with the single car; and for a few moments men gathered about the Finn, questioning in low tones, wondering a little at Joe Brien's getting caught so, and if it were possible that his spine could be unbroken after the terrible jar it had received. Then the donkeys toot-

ed, and the work went on. Accidents must be occasionally where men wrought with things and forces so many, many times stronger than they.

Down at the mill, Rooks' telephone message had been received at the office, which was also store and post-office to the families of married employees. Messengers were not lacking quite sufficiently swift to spread bad news; and so when the one-car train drew in at the dock a little crowd was assembled there in the drizzling rain; and from their midst a girl wrenched free from an older woman's hand, and speeding across the space between, sprang from dock to car platform, and dropped to her knees beside the cot, with a queer, strangling sound in her throat.

"Oh, Joe! My dear! Not dead?" she sobbed. "Not dead?"

The old doctor, who cared for the wounded of this industrial army mounted stiffly to the car; and he patted Nelly's dark head with one

hand as he put her firmly aside with the other. "No, honey," he said. "Don't maul him, and he'll live to marry you and make you a good husband."

And at that moment once again the summer sun broke through his misty veil, and shining bright and warm upon the mountain's leaden cloud girdle, revealed that it was really silver. The old doctor must have seen and believed, for from all that he knew thus far of the accident, and all he had seen of the man, he might have feared himself doubly a liar; yet he was smiling a kindly, untroubled smile.

And indeed between the three of them they proved him a skillful surgeon and an able prophet, too. When Joe did wake, it was to knowledge of a formidable list of broken bones, but a list that did not include his back; and to knowledge that plenty of work and full measure of life's experience lay for him much closer at hand than old Mexico, or even British Columbia.

THE GIFT

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

Dawn slipped over the rim of the night,
And pallid she was, but not so white,
As the sweet young face that gleaming lay
With anguished eyes wide to the day.

Dawn caught up a rose and its petals shed,
All splashed with pink, o'er a little head.
But the mute, still face it never smiled:
Dawn broke the stem—but she gave a child.

CARMELITA AND THE TOURIST

BY B. P. ABRAHAMSON

EDWARD CLAYTON wandered along the beach at Monterey. Petulantly he threw a pebble into the surf and watched it disappear, then another, and another.

California was beautiful. He had explored the country at his leisure, from the old missions at Santa Barbara to Coronado Beach; from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Plenty of novelty, picturesque scenery, good hotels, sunshine and flowers everywhere. Surely California was not to blame. Amidst new scenes a man should not remember what he had traveled thousands of miles to forget.

He sighed. Another month of California, and then, what next? Japan? The Orient? Or perchance Alaska? Well, there was time enough to decide when the "Wanderlust" would be stronger.

Behind him lay Del Monte, with its wondrous groves and velvet lawns. Before him beckoned the ocean. It was a heavenly morning for a swim. But alone? His eyes traveled down the glistening, sandy beach. Was it? Yes, surely it must be Carmelita, the pretty child who yesterday had coaxed him into buying the opalescent seashells which now lay discarded amongst his traps.

He quickened his steps.

"Good-morning, Carmelita." He raised his hat.

She had just stepped from the sea, and stood, dripping and unconcerned, in her dark-blue bathing suit, her rippling blue-black hair escaping from the confines of the rubber cap. Her slender, black-stockinged feet were firmly planted in the white sand. With one slim, brown hand she shaded the

deep-set, laughing, dark eyes.

"So," she drawled in the low, soft voice with the slight burr which proclaimed her Spanish ancestry, "you've come back, sir, for more curios? Over there, you see, under the large white umbrella, is my stand." She flashed a wet smile at him which showed a glimpse of dazzling white teeth.

"Don't you want to come in again for another dip?" answered Clayton, disregarding her question. "I'll just go and get into my togs and be back in a moment." Then, as she stood hesitatingly: "I'll be so glad to have company, and we can swim out to the raft together," he coaxed.

A little later they were skimming side by side, lightly over the lazy, warm waves that reflected the glorious late spring.

Carmelita swam with careless grace. The sea to her was home; part of her life; of Monterey.

Clayton watched her with delight. To him she was part of the morning; an added perfection to the exquisite scene about them.

"Don't go," he protested, breaking the dreamy silence, as she lightly stepped from the raft and turned her face shoreward.

Smiling, she shook her head. "I must go and watch my stand this morning. Last night," she nodded sagely, "many Eastern tourists came in on the train from the South. Perhaps some will come this morning for curios." The low, musical laughter bubbled from her rosy-red lips. "Such funny questions as some of those tourists ask!"

Clayton, resting on the raft, lay watching her, charmed.

"Come in with me," she called back

over her shoulder, "and sit in the sand and dry while you talk to me."

"How will you entertain me, Carmelita?" he questioned, as he walked along the sunny beach by her side. "Will you tell me all about yourself?"

"Yes," she answered naively, "when I am not busy."

"I can help you keep shop. It's some time since I've done any business. I haven't felt like it since——" His face changed. "Let me see: what have you got? I can take care of the stand for you while you go home and dress."

"There is not so much," she answered simply, "but you may stay. Here you see, in this corner, are the Indian things. Grandmother buys only a few of them now. They are getting scarce and cost so much. We don't see many Indians any more. Over on this end are the shells. Are they not beautiful? I gathered and polished them all, myself. And here is the Mexican pottery and these sombreros. Now," she turned to him, "if you will stay and watch, I will go and dress," and with a wave of the hand, she was gone.

Clayton smiled whimsically. What an odd situation! How they would stare on Wall street if they could see him now, tending shop for Carmelita on the beach of Monterey! Then his smile was succeeded by a quick frown of pain, as his brain again busied itself with the ever-recurrent thought.

What was Eleanor doing now? What were her plans for the summer? Why did no one, in the letters, give him a bit of information regarding her? It was foolishly sentimental of them to suppose that he could not bear the mention of her name.

He sighed impatiently. What a foolish quarrel it had been, in the beginning, after all. Just because he had clung to his old-fashioned ideals regarding women. He had required of her a little less artificiality; less craving for the myriads of bubbles of froth and foam that go to make up an existence built solely upon a round of pleasure. He had expected more reach-

ing out for the real things of life, and had told her gently of his disappointment.

And then, when his heart had found a thousand excuses for her conduct, when he had smilingly pictured, with a lover's fond indulgence, his own humbleness and her gracious acquiescence, in the coming scene of their reconciliation and completer understanding, her letter had come like a thunderbolt.

She had told him simply that they were not suited to each other; that it was better to break their engagement and end it all now, than to face a future filled with vain regrets. With her careless hand she had shaken the foundation of his life. The ground had seemed to slip from beneath his feet. He had not given his love lightly. First he had striven for success, for worldly power, for distinction; all to lay with blind adoration at the feet of the one woman who had come into his busy, well-filled life. A sickening wave of desperate rebellion, of loneliness, rolled over him. She had been so dainty and sweet, so fine——

"It was good of you, sir, to wait," and Carmelita stood before him. Even the ugly pink cotton dress, home-made, which clumsily hid the superb lines of her figure, could not take away her grace. Tall and straight she stood before him.

Clayton rose, stretched himself in the warm sunshine. Irresolutely he looked back toward Del Monte. It would be dull there now, upon the veranda. He looked again at Carmelita. Here was companionship, at any rate, even if primitive, and novelty as well.

He seated himself again in the hot sand beneath the inviting big white umbrella.

"I'll wait, Carmelita, until your first customer appears, if you'll keep your promise and tell me your story."

"But there is not much to tell." She smiled back at him with the unabashed friendliness of a child. "You will not care to hear." Then as he leaned upon his elbow and nodded encouragingly at her, her face grew serious; she

looked away from him, dreamily out into the endless blue.

"I do not remember my father and mother," she began. "They both died when I was little, and my grandmother took me: my father's mother. You have seen her about the town, in old Monterey?" She turned to Clayton. "No?" as he shook his head. "She is the old woman who sells the tamales." She nodded. "You shall have one when you come again—they are fine. She is very old, my grandmother, and if you stop and speak with her, she will tell you that she is a Castro, one of the Castros. That is my name," her dark eyes looked gravely at him, "Carmelita Castro. The tourists nearly all stop my grandmother and speak with her, even if they don't want tamales. What is it they call her?" She paused and frowned in a puzzled effort to recollect. "Oh, yes, a landmark. They call her an interesting landmark." She paused abruptly, then sighed, and her mouth drooped. "She is getting very tired now, my grandmother, and the basket is heavy for her to carry."

"But about yourself, Carmelita?" Clayton gently recalled her.

"Oh, yes," she resumed, the swift smile chasing the sombre shadows from her face, "about myself. She sent me to school, my grandmother, to the Sisters," she pointed toward the old town, "in the convent at Monterey, until I was fifteen past. Then the good Sisters who had taught me told me that it was time for me to stay at home and help the grandmother. That was more than two years ago." She drew herself up. "I am eighteen now, but I still go often to see the good Sisters. I love them," she added, simply.

"And has there been no lover yet?" idly asked Clayton, as she paused.

Gravely she shook her head. "The padre who hears my confessions at the church does not wish me to listen to any love tales. He says I am still too young. I must help the grandmother all I can, because she is old and weak. Perhaps later, when I am far more wise——"

Clayton rose. "I see some of your

tourists coming. Thank you, Carmelita, for a charming morning. May I come back to-morrow, and will you go in with me for another glorious swim?"

The tourists were upon them. She smiled and nodded. "And I will save you a tamale," she promised.

Next morning it gave him a distinct thrill of pleasure when Carmelita waved to him from the beach, and later, when they came in, dripping and exhilarated, from the sea, he pledged a temporary truce of peace toward himself and the beautiful world about him.

Carmelita, too, was in a joyous mood. The pensive air of yesterday was gone entirely.

"I'll bring you the tamale, fine and hot, when I come back, and show you how to eat it; so be good and watch the stand."

"You can afford to entertain me, Carmelita, this morning," he announced upon her return. "I've sold two shells and a Mexican hat."

Carmelita dimpled. "This season begins well for me. Perhaps it need not be so hard any more for the grandmother. Now, you shall have your reward." She opened a tin box and brought out a smoking tamale. "There," she untied the strings, "begin this way, and when you are through, you, too, will love my grandmother."

Contentedly he pulled apart the tamale and nibbled at the contents. "To-morrow we shall vary the programme, and I'll call for you with a row-boat. You may be the better swimmer, but," he stretched his muscular arm straight out before her, "wait and see if you can beat me with the oars."

As she sat bathed in the early sunshine, in the stern of the tiny boat, Carmelita fairly sparkled with the sheer joy of living. One hand trailed caressingly in the waves that she loved. The linen sailor suit, turned in at the neck, became her perfectly. She hummed snatches of song in a low, sweet contralto. Suddenly she became

grave. A look, almost frightened, shone out of the deep brown eyes.

"It's not wrong, is it, to be so happy?" She looked at him, suddenly startled, and her sensitive face paled under its olive glow. "Do you think the padre would be angry with me?"

Clayton smiled enthusiastically. His eyes were shining with the renewed intoxication of the sport. He thrilled with the returning zest of life. Bare-headed, he had thrown off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, while the breeze stirred the dark hair upon his forehead, damp with the stress of the un wonted exertion.

"What is it you're saying, Carmelita? The padre angry at you and I?" He laughed gaily. What an amusing, satisfactory child she was, in spite of her unconscious look of maturity! "And why, pray?" he continued.

She did not answer. Steadily he looked into her eyes until they dropped. The rich dark blood suffused her face. She tried to look up, and her eyes again fell until the lashes swept her cheeks in guilty confusion. Her mouth quivered.

"Why, child, what is it?" His face became grave. "What is troubling you! Is the grandmother ill? Can I do anything for you? Tell me!"

The words seemed to embolden her. Resolutely she looked up and met his kind, inquiring eyes.

"If I should ask something of you—a great favor——"

"Why, yes, Carmelita; it's granted already," he quickly interrupted. "You have been very good and have cheered me up a lot. You and all this." He waved his hand at the glorious still life about them. "I am truly grateful, so go ahead." He bent encouragingly towards her, and the oars drifted.

There was a new, expectant look in her eyes. "It's about Del Monte," she hesitatingly began. "I——" she took a deep breath, and then quickly continued, as if in fear of losing her newly acquired courage. "The people who walk in there all seem so grand and happy, and free from want or care. I have been in there, too, in the ground,

but," she shrugged, "alone. They—I mean all the tourists are always together, two or three, mostly two." She paused, while, from his seat in the prow he regarded her wonderingly. "No one," she looked wistfully back at him, "has ever asked me to go walking," she pointed back toward Del Monte, "in there. I want to walk past the big hotel, to stop, perhaps, on the big porch; to sit down, if I wish, on those big, easy chairs. To be, just for a little while, one of them. I have met many tourists here, and they have talked to me, and some of them have been very kind, but," she shook her head mournfully, "it is all so beautiful for them, and," she looked at him out of large, reproachful eyes, "it's so lonely to wander about there all alone, and no one to talk to."

Clayton nodded back with grave understanding.

"I see, Carmelita, exactly. You shall not feel like a lonely outsider any more." He was infinitely touched. "Now, let me see. Suppose that tomorrow morning I call for you here, and we'll explore Del Monte together from start to finish. Can you get away for the forenoon? Perhaps——" He looked at her and hesitated for the first time, but, pshaw! not a soul knew him here, and it had been such a pathetic appeal. Why not make the child happy for once? "You might arrange to be my guest at luncheon as well, and we shall have a little table in a corner by the window, where there is such a view——"

"Yes," eagerly she interrupted him, her face beaming, her heart heaving with delight and excitement, "I will get Miguel—that's the little boy in the next cottage to us—to come and watch the stand for me. He is good and will be very careful; he has his vacation now, so I can stay for three whole hours, and," she added in an awed afterthought, "I will wear my white dress with the white sash and the white slippers, the one from my confirmation. I have never worn it since." Her voice trembled with anticipation. Her hands clasped and un-

clasped nervously. "Oh, it will be grand!"

The next day Clayton, guiding his charge through the broad speckless paths that wind their interminable way from the wide-open gates at the entrance to Del Monte, up to the big hotel, looked dubiously out of the corner of his eye at the transformed Carmelita.

The old-fashioned white dress of her confirmation, laid away with sacred care four years ago, hung upon the girl in shapeless ugliness. The short, white gloves were strained to bursting, and the slippers were too small and made her wince with every step as she hobbled along beside him. To crown the grotesqueness of her appearance, she had covered the shining masses of her blue-black hair with a fantastic hat which she had trimmed in triumphant ecstasy the evening before, in imitation of an artistic creation which she had silently admired.

Carmelita held her head high. Her cheeks burned. The glances, half-wondering, half-amused, of the passing pedestrians, did not escape her. She hardly spoke. Clayton's unaccustomed aloofness disconcerted her. Her nerves were at high tension. The picturesque green lovelines about them did not put her at her ease.

"I would like to go and sit down," she faltered at last.

Clayton squared his shoulders. "Are you tired, Carmelita?" he asked kindly. "Should you like to rest here?" He pointed to the shady seats about them.

"Yes, on the big porch," answered the girl, with firm determination. Now when her dream was to be realized, she must not become faint-hearted. Besides, up there on the great porch, where she could rest her aching feet and watch the people from her vantage ground, she would become herself again.

Grimly Clayton took himself in hand. He had been mad to bring her here. He should have guessed, but how was a man to think? And as a sea-nymph she had been so charming.

"Very well, Carmelita," he answered, in stern self-reproach. He would see it through. This childish mortification here, where he was quite unknown, was absurd. "Let's take this short cut," he added.

In another moment, the hotel burst into view. Clayton glanced toward the broad veranda, dazzling with life and color in the morning sunshine, and then, with a thump, his heart seemed to stop beating, and as suddenly began again, stifling him almost to suffocation. Was it—it must be—yet how on earth—Surely, unless he were dreaming, his own eyes could not deceive him. With a bound he reached the veranda.

The laughing, gesticulating group closed about him in happy abandonment.

"Yes, it's really me, Clayton!" A broad-shouldered chap clapped him delightedly on the shoulder. "We motored down from San Francisco. Left town at 6 a. m. Knew we'd find you here. Maybe you think we're not ready for luncheon. Yes," as Clayton had begun to stammer something unintelligible, "we'll tell you all about New York and Wall street at the table." He turned to the others. "Let us get in and register, and make ourselves presentable." Still laughing, they disappeared toward the hall.

Meanwhile Clayton had made his way to the girl with the shimmering hair, whose blue veil floated softly about her. Silently he took her arm and led her away, out of reach of spectators.

"Eleanor!" His lips framed the name lingeringly, as if he loved the sound upon them. He looked hungrily at her. He was still too dazed to go on.

"Yes," she nodded brightly, although the hand upon his arm trembled; "I followed you—I admit it—to tell you that you were right and I was wrong. I've thought it all out for myself. Brother Harry knew when he brought us all down this morning, and——"

A little later she began: "But who

on earth was that you had with you, Edward?"

He looked at her in dawning dismay. "Oh—I forgot—completely." He turned and hurried along the veranda, and down the broad stairs, but the girl had vanished.

* * * *

"Carmelita, Carmelita!" anxiously called the old woman from the kitchen door. There was no answer. What ailed the child? She had flung herself wearily into the house in her half-soiled finery, with no word of explanation. The grandmother puckered her brows. She must investigate. Grop-

ingly she made her way along the dark little hall until she reached the girl's door. She turned the knob. There on the bed lay Carmelita, still in the discolored white dress, her hair falling about her in a disheveled mass, her body shaking. The old woman crossed herself.

"Sacre Maria," she murmured. Then she groped her way to the bed and laid her palsied hand upon the girl's heaving shoulder.

"Carmelita, mia," she pleaded.

But Carmelita only buried her face deeper in the pillows, while the scalding tears came straight from the flood gates of her awakened woman's soul.

THE DESERT LARK

BY M. A. B. CONINE

League upon league towards the rising sun

The desolate plain appears,

Where He sinks to rest when His day is done,

The mountain crest uprears.

The glory of June no more abides

With the cactus gray and sere,

And the curling beard of the bunch-grass hides

'Neath the yucca's bristling spear.

The swirling snow-flake far and near

Is tossed like a tortured thing.

O drear and desolate seemeth the Year

And Winter alone is King.

But the soul of the dead and gone summer-day

Seems still to be lingering near;

As forth from a gnarled sage-brush gray

Peals a song that is wondrous clear.

Like a musical shower it comes rippling down,

And seemeth the place to fill

In waves of sweet Harmony, Discord to drown

And the turbulent elements still.

In modest robe of gray and brown,

Sweetly the singer trills,

Nor heedeth she the Storm King's frown.

Her song with gladness thrills.

From tempest or night, no shelter she knows,

Save the tent of her outspread wings,

Yet dreadeth she not, nor wind nor snows,

But joyously still she sings.

Like the Voice of Truth in the inmost heart

Which speaks in the silence—clear,

So this Voice of the Plains, in the desert apart

Sings sweetly—and only here.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY IN THE LOTTERY OF LIFE

BY A. SCHINZ

THERE IS a belief that beauty is the most desirable gift that Nature can bestow upon a woman, more desirable especially than wealth, and than social rank, because it can replace them both.

A good deal of what we know of life in the past and in the present seems to confirm this view.

In two great historical events men went as far as publicly to worship a woman as the symbol of deity. The first time it was in Greece. Herodotus tells us that when Pisistratus, the tyrant, re-entered Athens, after his exile, he had, seated by his side, on his chariot, a woman of superhuman beauty, Phrya. She was wearing the helmet and the armor of Minerva, the protecting divinity of Athens. The people, dazzled by the extraordinary apparition, thought that they saw the goddess herself coming amongst them, and cheered Pisistratus as their master. Phrya, before, had been selling flowers in the streets.

The second time was at the epoch of the French Revolution. The people of Paris, carried away by their victory over the classes in power which had so long crushed them, consecrated the Church of Notre Dame to the "Goddess Reason," and on a throne erected there they placed a beautiful woman, Mademoiselle Aubry, a singer of the opera.

There are several examples of women of very humble origin who, owing to their beauty, were made queens of great nations. From the story of Ahasuerus, King of Persia, as reported in the Bible, we must infer that it was

customary for those powerful monarchs to choose as queen the fairest maiden of their kingdom. Ahasuerus, as we all remember, had repudiated his first wife, Vashti; then he had ordered that a great many girls be brought before him, and from among them he selected the young Jewish slave, the orphan Esther.

Before the reform of the Russian Empire by Peter the Great, in the 17th century, there existed there a custom similar to that prevailing in many Oriental courts: when the Czar wished to marry, the Governors picked out the most beautiful girls in their provinces, a few particularly beautiful were picked out, and from those the monarch chose the one who was most agreeable to his taste.

One must admit that, as new conditions developed, men have come to adopt a less ideal course; and, not counting marriages due to all sorts of different causes, we see perhaps as many women to-day wedded for their money as we see who are for their beauty. But it cannot be said that men have ever given up altogether their preference for beauty at the expense of everything else in women. In all times, even since the beginning of the Christian era, some great monarchs, marrying for beauty and not for political considerations, have shown a noble example to their people. The Empress Theodora, in the sixth century, was the daughter of a bear-keeper in the hippodrome of Constantinople; she herself had become an actress—at that time a very disgraceful profession—when Justinian asked her to share the throne with him. Peter the

Great, one of the most remarkable monarchs that ever lived, wedded Martha Rabe, a very beautiful peasant girl from Livonia, who is now known in history by the name of Catherine I. Madame de Maintenon had been a poor orphan girl, then the wife of a second-class poet, before Louis XIV asked her to share with him the royal power.

Madame de Pompadour, the daughter of the roturiere, Antoinette Poisson, although she never actually became the wife of Louis XV, was more the queen of France than many in this world who enjoyed this coveted title. A still more remarkable example of the power of beauty is that of Madame Recamier, the daughter of a little banker of Lyon, Bernard, and the wife of a former hat manufacturer. "La Belle Juliette" was not a queen, either; she lived at the time when the Revolution had done away with them, but she was courted assiduously and adored by more people of royal blood than any beauty that was born can ever boast of.

That humankind is far yet from being untrue to the worship of beauty in woman, is best seen in occasions when men try, for relief, to forget the requirements of practical life, and allow themselves to be inspired by purely ideal motives. In modern times, just as in ancient times, for the celebration of public festivities, people like to elect a "queen of beauty." Everybody has heard of the English May-day queen. In Paris, it is a sight which is not missed by any visitor who happens to be there on the third Tuesday of Lent, to watch the procession of the "queen," accompanied by masks of all sorts. Not later than this spring one of the members of the dignified French Academy did not hesitate to take a hand in the election of the queen—which illustrates how popular the idea still is with every one.

In some communities in France they have also, it is true, a custom to elect every year a queen of Virtue, who is called "rosiere," on account of a wreath of roses placed on her head in

the ceremony of the coronation. This custom was established in the sixth century by the Bishop of Nozon, who offered, besides the wreath, a prize of twenty-five pounds to the girl elected. But who is it does not feel satisfied that not one out of a thousand women would prefer the 25 pounds to the prize of beauty, although the latter yields not a cent?

* * * *

We owe it to justice, however, to say that by far the greater number of beautiful women raised by destiny to positions of high responsibilities made the worst possible use of their good fortune. Is it because a woman cannot stand the temptations of wealth and rank, and delights in power so much that she would rather do harm around her than to give up the enjoyment of constantly having people obey her abjectly, or is it because they have more craving demands for happiness at any cost, and less moral sense anyway than men, as some moralists have maintained. This discussion the writer wishes to waive here. This fact remains: it is amazing how few famous women have left a reputation of kindness. Of those who sat on a throne or enjoyed the privileges of a queen, and who at the same time left a reputation of great beauty, the writer can remember only two who really used their power for good. The first is Sainte Clothilde, the queen of the Franks, in the 5th century of our era; and in her case, kindness would not strike us as it did her contemporaries; she encouraged war more than once, and did not object to the massacre of her foes; her reputation of excellence is due chiefly to the fact that she converted her husband, the great Clovis, to Christianity. For this she was canonized by the Church. The other is Luise, Queen of Prussia, and here nothing can diminish our admiration and respect; kind, yet not weak, animated with a noble and generous patriotism, she acted both heroically and womanly during the period of the

Napoleonic wars so fatal to her country: she was really the ideal queen.

But how many names in history occur to one's mind of women who brought down harm and misery upon those associated with them, and whose happiness they held in their hands?

What about Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, who brought about the colossal Trojan war, and must be held responsible for the disappearance from the surface of the globe of a whole nation of splendid warriors?

What about Aspasia, in Athens, who had so much control over the glorious Pericles that she could force him to undertake the wars of Samos, of Megara, and the Peloponnesian war, all so fatal to Athens?

What about the famous Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra, who so lightly played with the fate of great nations that some one could say of her: "Had the nose of Cleopatra been shorter, the destinies of humankind might have been very different;" whose beauty was powerful enough to have Julius Caesar himself, and then Antonius, abdicate their wills in her hands?

What about Lyria, the beautiful and terrible wife of Augustus, who succeeded by endless criminal intrigues to get rid of no less than five pretenders to the imperial throne in favor of her own horrid son, Tiberius?

And a short while later, what about Poppea, the inspirer of the blood-thirsty Nero, and of whom Tacitus said: "She was a woman who lacked no advantage except that of virtue; or rather she lacked not one of the vices that make up a monster, nor one of the charms which render this monster more fatal by hiding his deeds under fascinating manners?"

What about Lucretia Borgia, whose horrid reputation recent historians have shown to be somewhat exaggerated, it is true, but who had still more than enough of the gift and liking for intrigues which have made the sad celebrity of her family?

What about the Duchess of Estampes, a favorite with King Francis I,

and who betrayed State secrets to England and Spain, and forced France to sign the humiliating treaty of Crespy, all this for absolutely no other purpose except to harm another beautiful woman of whom she was jealous, Diane de Poitiers, and a favorite with Henri II?

What about "la belle Bertrade," about Isabeau of Bavaria, about Marguerite of Burgundy? What about the haughty Montespan, the bigot Maintenon, the spendthrift Pompadour, the Austrian Marie Antoinette, the Spanish Empress Eugenie? If we did not limit ourselves to beautiful women who were queens, or at least were allowed to act as such in interfering for the worst in State affairs, how many more names would not be added to the list, such as that of Fausta, the shameful daughter of the Roman dictator Scylla, of Madame du Barry, of Lady Hamilton.

* * * *

But for all their beauty, for all their power, and for all their wickedness, most of these women were supremely unhappy. At least there is such unanimity in the testimonials for those about whom we know, that we may safely enough infer that it was so, too, for those about whom we do not know. Cleopatra, disappointed in her great ambitions, killed herself by the bite of a venomous serpent. Lyria, who had burdened her conscience with many deliberate murders in Tiberius' behalf, was disdainfully abandoned by this ungrateful son and died in gloomy loneliness. Marie Stuart will remain an impersonation of misfortune and unhappiness. Madame de Montespan, forsaken by the King, Louis XIV, died forgotten and resentful in her castle of Archambault. Madame de Pompadour's whole glorious career was only a long martyrdom, as she lived in unceasing fear lest the King should withdraw from her his favors. Marie Antoinette, whether she deserved it or not, having incurred by her haughtiness the hatred of the French people, paid bitterly for it by her imprison-

ment and her tragic end on the scaffold.

* * * *

A word here about ugliness in women. If beauty very seldom brings happiness, even when conditions seem to be very favorable, certainly ugliness is always a curse for representatives of what is called the fair sex. A good deal may be forgiven to an ugly woman—except if she decidedly “abuses the privilege of being ugly,” as a lady of the court of Louis XIV expressed it in speaking of the writer, Pellisson. Many celebrated men are famous for their ugliness, just as women are for their beauty (Socrates); but it did not harm their career, even when they were warriors, the class of men preferred by women. Agesilaos was small and lame; Tamerlane had one leg shorter than the other; Colbert was very unpleasant to look at; and Du Guesclin, the brave among braves, looked like a bandit; Turenne, the greatest general of the Sun-King, was known as being the opposite of handsome. With a woman, the lack of beauty is by no means so immaterial as several illustrious examples show. Let us recall only the hard fate of Jeanne de Valois, who was repudiated by King Louis XII of France, merely and solely on account of her ugliness; she was, besides, an excellent woman, almost a saint; she withdrew to Bourges and founded a convent. Sometimes women suffer so terribly of their lack of beauty that they will commit crimes in order, so to speak, to avenge themselves on the cruelty of their destiny. Sempronia, the sister of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, strangled her husband in his bed because she thought that he resented her unpleasant face. There are cases when a very intelligent but particularly ugly woman will rise to a very high position in life; but even then, it seems as if the curse of ugliness was pursuing her. The story of Leonore de Galigai, an Italian, offers a striking illustration of this statement. She was the daughter of a carpenter and of a washerwoman, and married a Concini, the son of a

notary public. She succeeded in winning the favors of Marie de Medicis, Queen of France; thanks to her *savoir faire*, her husband was made a Marshall of France, and later Prime Minister. But one day the people revolted—Concini was killed by the mob, and she was condemned to a terrible death, as they could not believe that so ugly a woman could, by ordinary means, have acquired such an influence over the Queen; and they inferred that she must be a sorceress.

* * * *

Let us end these few remarks upon the part played by beauty in the history of the world with this interesting observation, namely, that the proportion of beautiful women found in the higher stations of life, among queens and princesses, is surprisingly large. It has been stated somewhere—the writer does not remember where—that about sixty per cent among women of royal blood were beautiful. This is an enormous proportion, as compared with what one sees in other classes. Of course, such figures must not be taken too seriously, because outside of a few irresistible cases like those mentioned in this article, people do not always agree on beauty, and also because a person making such a statement must rely for the great majority of cases upon portraits, a thing particularly dangerous for the many centuries that elapsed before photography was invented. Nevertheless, although preposterous as it may at first sight appear, it is not improbable that the percentage of beautiful women of royal blood should be particularly high. The natural reason for it is this: Every one will agree that it is not enough to be born beautiful, but that unless beauty is taken care of it may be spoiled and lost very early in life. Now, of course, a royal child is always well taken care of, and beauty, if it is there, is likely to bloom. It is not, therefore, that more royal children are born beautiful, but that circumstances allow a larger proportion to cultivate their beauty. In this class of people no valuable product runs the risk of being lost. Fur-

thermore, there are many women who may not be beauties all round, but be possessed with sporadic features of beauty; in taking good care of a child, these features can be cultivated and developed, brought to the foreground at the expense of less desirable features. Two among the world's most celebrated beauties, and who were most successful in life, thanks chiefly to their womanly charms, have been deliberately brought up with this end in view; to rest their fame on their beauty. Their own mothers have told us so. They are Madame de Pompadour and Madame Recamier. Such an education may be a very risky undertaking, but those two cases show that the idea is not absolutely impossible, and is worthy of attention.

The idea that beauty is only a natural gift has long prevailed; but our opinion in this regard is slowly undergoing a very decided change. If we do not recognize it in theory as yet, we show by our actions that we believe that beauty can be cultivated. A very significant article has appeared recently in a French magazine on this very subject. It was written by the able pen of Paola Lombroso, the daughter of the world-famous criminologist. According to her, for one hundred girls in the poorer classes and one hundred in the well-to-do classes, the probabilities of beauty are respectively of four and six. That is, for six pretty girls in the rich class, there are only four in the others. This is at twenty years of age. In reaching thirty, owing to the different kind of life they have to live, things become worse still, and the difference in proportion still increases: of the four poor girls, only one will retain her beauty; of the rich girls, four. At forty, only rich women can remain beautiful. This is interesting as representing the idea

of a woman on the subject. The figures she quotes—whatever value they may be credited with—are for Italy. But they may be different elsewhere. In fact, they would be different certainly, if our reasoning is correct, in a country like America, where circumstances are so much more favorable for the development of beauty. The country is wealthier, and women are never worked so hard. The proportion between the well-to-do classes and the other classes may possibly not be much altered; but the per cent of beautiful girls in both classes would be probably much larger. It will still be increased by the fact that, besides enjoying much more leisure than in Europe, women in America seem to be determined to do whatever they can in cultivating their physical appearance. There is no doubt but that they have succeeded; they have gained for America the reputation of being the country of beautiful women.

And it must undoubtedly be due to the *cultivation* of beauty, for certainly the climate, rough in the winter and intolerably hot in the summer, does not seem to be particularly favorable. There are climates which are more favorable than others: the Circassian women probably owe their centuries' old fame for beauty to that advantage of their country; the women of the British Isles, thanks to the dampness of the air, have enjoyed and still enjoy on the European Continent the reputation of a faultless complexion. But certainly the American climate did not render the Indian women beautiful, and in being beautiful in spite of the climate, American women have thus given a living demonstration that there is an art to cultivate beauty, and that the fair sex needs not rely altogether upon Nature for the acquisition of that most valuable gift.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

BY GRACE EVELYN SPENCER

ORVILLE GRANT looked out from his cabin door, far over the plain, stretching in level monotony before his eyes, blending into the blue horizon, leagues and leagues away.

There was nothing to break the continuity of clear open space as far as the eye could reach, and the fierce rays of an August sun flooded the vast floor of dried grass and low brush that dotted the surface intermittently.

He turned, with a sigh of relief, toward the view on the opposite side of the house, for it was upon a gradual rise in the land, land that was rich in many kinds of timber, back of which rose more hills, higher and higher, and contained sweet springs where the timid game of the country loved to drink.

The spot on which the cabin stood was a small elevation, the beginning of the series of hills beyond, which was the scene of Grant's daily (and oftentimes nightly) occupation, his being the post of Assistant Forest Ranger for this section.

It was undoubtedly a lonely life for a man used to far different environment, but there were compensations in this, as in other walks in life, Grant thought, if one looked at it right.

Standing at the rear door of his one-room cabin, Orville Grant presented a pleasing appearance. He was stalwart, not more than twenty-eight years of age, with graceful movements, denoting a free outdoor life, healthy complexion, firm features, eyes gray and set well apart, and with a general expression of seriousness, almost sadness, which did not set well on his youthful countenance, as it seemed particularly formed for merriment and

happiness.

Shaking off his temporary fit of abstraction, Grant went about his domestic duties in a methodical manner, indicating long familiarity with the use of cooking utensils.

The supper preparations being completed, before sitting down to his simple fare, Grant turned once more to the front door, and uttered a startled exclamation as, shading his eyes with his hand, he discerned a lone horseman not half a mile distant, making his way toward the house. The horse was evidently fagged out and loped wearily along.

Grant was not over-pleased with this invasion, for some undefinable reason, nevertheless he hastily put some more coffee in the pot, added an extra rasher of bacon to the pan, and then waited for the stranger.

Grant could not explain why this man should be unwelcome at this time, for he had just been mentally complaining of his lonely lot.

The only visitors he was accustomed to receive were his fellow rangers at intervals, who dropped in to stop over night, as he himself often found it necessary to do when far from his own home; besides an occasional call from his Chief, who made periodical rounds of the posts.

As the habitat could not be observed from the highway, owing to the clump of trees half-concealing it (though the trees themselves had attracted the traveler from a distance, where it appeared as an oasis of coolness and rest to the sun-baked man), he was within a few yards when he perceived the signs of human life, and in the next instant the man was at the door.

"Hello," shouted the stranger. "Can

"I find rest for man and beast here?" Without waiting for a reply, he sprang lightly to the ground, disclosing a medium sized man, of good appearance, with every indication of city breeding writ large all over him, and very tired and travel stained.

As Grant stepped forward to greet his visitor, he met his eye, and his expression of courtesy changed to surprised recognition as he exclaimed: "Well, Fred, is it really you?"

Equally surprised, Fred Carter replied: "Yes, Grant, it is; but I certainly did not expect to meet you here."

An unbidden question rose to Grant's lips, but he refrained for the moment from giving it voice; his brain was confused and alarmed, and painful memories swarmed into his mind. What brought this man here, of all others?

"Come in, Fred," shaking hands and leading the way into the house; "let your horse feed around, he looks tired. You have come a long way."

"Yes, from Starkville, some thirty miles from here, I should say."

"All of that," said Grant, wondering why he rode from that point on horseback, when the railroad ran at least twenty miles nearer.

"What are you doing in this part of the world, Grant?" asked Carter, as they shoved their chairs away from the table and lighted their pipes. "Aren't you lonesome, living this hermit life?"

"Lonesome, indeed, but what other life is there for me, a fugitive?" Carter had the grace to blush at his tactlessness, and dropped his eyes.

"How is the world using you, Fred? I hope you have prospered since—my defalcation."

"My God, Orville, don't you know I never would have accepted your sacrifice had it not been for Lucile?"

Grant paled and made an impatient gesture. "I trust she is well, and I suppose you are both happily united, and my sacrifice not wasted? You know I never see the papers here, and know nothing of the news of the outside world."

Carter hesitated, as his shifting eyes

met the steady gaze of his quondam friend; then: "Oh, yes, yes, indeed, we are very happy."

"I am glad to hear that, Fred, and to know that you have been steady. Such a fate as threatened you would have killed her, for it was the knowledge of her love for you that saved you, and my love for her was so great that my life itself were nothing to offer, though I laid down my reputation, which was far dearer."

"I know, Orville, I know; I can assure you that I am—we are—grateful, and the sting of it all is that I can do nothing but accept passively; and now knowing what your former life contained, to see you living in this way," with a half-contemptuous glance around the room, "it makes me more fully realize what it all cost you."

"Say no more, Fred; I am content, if I have made her happy; my life's interests are not wide, but there is a certain charm in living close to Nature, and the advantages which offer in the way of my work bring compensation; besides, I am not without congenial companionship among my fellow rangers."

Carter made an ineffectual effort to conceal a yawn, which Grant noticing, with a start, bade him go to bed at once, giving up his only bed and continuing to sit, pipe in mouth, musing, long after his friend had turned in.

Observing more closely the sleeping man whom he had not met for three years, he saw in the rather femininely fresh countenance the traces of care, or perhaps dissipation; and recalled that Carter had not appeared entirely at his ease during the evening, and seemed to be nervous and restless, his cordiality seemingly forced.

He wondered more and more what had brought him to this lonely part of the world, and thought it strange he had not stated his reasons for coming, and where he was bound for or what his future intentions were.

This unexpected meeting could not fail to bring back the most torturing memories of the past, their boyhood days, when he and Fred had attended

the same school, and he, the stronger, had ever protected the weaker.

And Fred's mother, dear old soul, how ready she had always been to sympathize with the friend of her son, who never knew the care and love of a mother; the vision of the dear old lady brought a sad smile to his face.

Then the picture moved to the neighboring town of Bolton, where both boys, now young men, occupied positions of trust in the same bank; both continued to be friends, almost brothers, the weaker even then leaning on the stronger.

As was inevitable, both moving in the same social circle, they loved the same girl, and for awhile it was uncertain which was more favored; but one day Fred's beaming face announced the glad tidings that he had been accepted.

Grant bore the blow sensibly, since he was not of the sentimental kind, but succeeded in hiding his disappointment very creditably.

About a month after the engagement, Carter, of whom Grant had seen very little in the interval, called at his room in the evening in great tribulation, and with white, trembling lips, begged Grant to save him; that he had embezzled funds from the bank and had gambled them away; the old story—hoped to refund his thefts when he had gained at play, but of course he failed to gain.

Grant was shocked, and showed his disgust; he knew Fred had been running with a pretty fast crowd, young men with wealthy fathers back of them, and had warned him in a friendly way against them, but that had been some time ago, and Grant had forgotten all about it.

"What can I do, Fred: I am only an employee like yourself?"

"My God, Orville, what will mother say?"

"Why didn't you think of her before?"

"Oh, Orville, how can I bear to face disgrace and prison, and lose Lucile, how can I?"

The remembrance of that meeting

even now turned Grant sick; he rapidly went over the rest; how he promised to help him somehow, sending his friend away with a hopeful heart.

He had walked the floor, and walked; and thought and thought; all for Lucile. Since she loved Fred, he must be saved, and he must save him.

He smiled grimly as he remembered how he had packed his grip in the early morning hours, how he had written a note to the bank president, acknowledging his own guilt, and enclosing a check for the defalcation, his savings of years, then taking a train coming West, with no definite destination in view, only to get away as far as possible.

When he looked out on the station at Hazelton, he recollected that he had previously made a vacation trip somewhere out this way, so he left the train at this point, and after a day or two spent at the local hotel, decided to look up an acquaintance whom he had met at that time, who was connected with the Forest Rangers.

The acquaintance was pleased to meet and remember him, and when he learned that he would like to stay in the country, and wanted an occupation, had him appointed ranger with the rest of the Guard, since which time he had been promoted to this present position as Assistant to the Chief.

Since the morning he left Bolton, three years ago, leaving a stained name behind, a name that would be a by-word for contempt, he had heard nothing, for naturally he had no inclination to put himself forward in any way, so he stayed away from neighboring towns, where he could occasionally see a newspaper, if he so cared; but the risk appeared too great.

And now here was Fred, opening up the old wound. What did he want—had he more demands to make? But, of course not. He did not know where he was hiding; he was certain of that. And equally, of course, Lucile knew nothing of the truth of the matter.

To think he was thought a common thief, that she must think it—the agony of it had burned into his soul

all these years, and left its inevitable trace in his sad face.

Slowly he emptied his pipe, rolled into a blanket on the floor, and slipped into troubled sleep.

Carter awoke with the noise of rattling pans and moving chairs, to find Grant busy with the breakfast.

"Hello, Orville, I am a lazy beggar; why didn't you call me?"

"Oh, there's no particular hurry, Fred. Thought you must be tired out and needed rest. However, since you are awake, better get a hustle on, if you want the honor of breakfasting with me. I'll have to hike over the hills presently."

After washing the dishes and neatly putting the place to rights, sweeping the hearth and floor as scientifically as a veteran housemaid, Grant lighted his morning pipe, and looking at Carter, said: "Well, Fred, where are you bound, and what are your plans, if I may know?"

Carter colored, and with visible effort at nonchalance replied:

"The fact is, Grant, ridiculous as it seems to say it, my health is on the down grade, and a doctor down at Bolton ordered me away from city life and the desk for a month or two, all summer if possible, that I might live in the open air all the time. I laughed it off for awhile, until a hemorrhage struck me, and that settled it. I had to pack up forthwith. I had no particular place in view, but the station of Starkville, thirty miles east, looked good to me, so I stopped off at the hotel one night; they told me there that I might be able to secure an empty shack out in these forests, if I could stand roughing it; but failed to say that I could take the train and move along some twenty miles farther in order to reach these hills more expeditiously, so I fell in for an unnecessarily tedious and insufferably hot journey over the prairie.

"Now, since I have so luckily run into you, matters are simplified, for I know you can help me find a location suitable for a convalescing one-lunger."

The familiarity of the other one falling into the old way of shifting his troubles on him made Grant smile, but he only said:

"And the wife?"

Fred started. "Oh, yes, when I am settled I intend sending for her, and by the end of summer I expect to be able to go back to my work again, and we can both return together."

Grant breathed more freely, a great pity swelled within him, and the old protective instinct sprang up in his heart. He thought he understood Fred's nervousness; he hated to speak of his physical breakdown—he might be that way himself.

"Well, Fred, if you think you can stand the loneliness for a while, you are welcome to stay here until you make arrangements to have Lucile with you, as I have in mind a cabin that will be vacant in a few weeks. A ranger has left the service, and I think another will not take his place for some time yet.

"Meanwhile, though I am obliged to be away on duty most of the time, you will find plenty of books in the shack; also, the fishing and the shooting are good, and you may be able to endure it until you are rested, and you will not be alone long, you know."

There was a silent grip of the hand, and Grant hastily left the room and saddled his mare, preparatory to starting out to his patrol duties, leaving parting instructions to Fred as to commissary matters.

Four weeks passed; the prospective cabin was empty, and still no signs from Carter as to moving, or having Lucile come.

Carter's manner was more settled, and something like the old relations were resumed; only at times an odd feeling of distrust would assail Grant; there were things he could not understand: Fred never mentioned Lucile, but of course that might be understood, but although the nearest town was only ten miles away, Fred apparently never rode in for mail; never received mail from her.

However, he dismissed these dis-

quieting thoughts as unworthy, and gave himself up to the unusual pleasure of having company to distract him from his own troubles.

Occasionally he took Carter with him on his rounds, and sometimes, with a gun, brought in some game, and at other times the rod supplied the table.

Carter grew stouter and more healthy in looks; there were no signs of lung disease, and Grant began to dread the time of parting, for painful as it had been to see this man, who had wronged him unspeakably, his companionship was diverting.

Carter had urged half-heartedly that Grant return, saying that the bank had long forgotten his flight in as much as they had accepted the money in restitution. But as he had expected, and hoped, Grant dismissed the suggestion with a curt refusal.

But how heartsick he was when he heard from Fred's lips the news of all his old-time friends, how respected and prosperous they were, and he a thief, a common outlaw; he a man whose honor was more than a religion; what a monstrous wrong, how utterly maddening the thought!

As time rolled on in quiet converse, diversified by frequent gatherings with the hill men, dropping in on him at times, he became sluggishly contented, and accepted the continued presence of his guest without question, and all went along peacefully, until one day.

On this day, Grant had remained at home all the morning, fixing up the harness and doing needed chores around the place; he and Fred were considering a fishing trip in a new place across the river some two miles west, skirting the hills.

Just as they arose from their mid-day repast, a quick clatter of horse-hoofs and rattle of spurs jingling caused the two men to run hurriedly to the door, whereupon their eyes met the unusual sight of two men on horseback galloping swiftly toward their clump of trees.

On a near approach, Grant recog-

nized Jack Johnson, Sheriff at Hazleton, but the stranger he did not remember having seen before. He had less of the cowboy appearance than the Sheriff; in fact he gave a decidedly civilized impression, having, in common with the Sheriff, an official air only.

The Sheriff alighted before the door first, and shouted a cordial greeting to Grant, to which he responded rather feebly; he was seized with an unaccountable fear. Was he hunted down at last?

He was too intent on his own emotions to observe Carter's appearance until Mr. Johnson, entering the cabin, introduced his companion as Mr. Collins, detective from Bolton.

"He has requisition papers for one Frederick Carter, whom I knew was stopping with you, Mr. Grant," apologetically. Carter was a pitiable object, huddled in a chair, doubled with unspeakable terror.

Grant was amazed at the turn of affairs, so sure was he that the warrant was for him.

"You surely are mistaken, Mr. Johnson. What is the man wanted for?"

"For embezzling the sum of \$5,000 from the Bolton National Bank over a month ago."

"A month ago! Fred, is that true?"

Fred feebly moaned.

"And you told me you came here for your health—that was a lie? What will the wife say to this?"

"His wife? He has no wife," spoke up the stranger. "He never had a wife. He was too busy spending the bank's money on his little vaudeville toy. I am sorry to make this trouble for you, Mr. Grant, as you evidently knew nothing about this affair, and therefore are not harboring him intentionally.

"His books have been thoroughly investigated, and a search of his private papers in his rooms has revealed a great many things, among others that this is not his first defalcation, but that once before he allowed a friend of his to shoulder his crime and fly into exile, and I have a strong suspicion as to who that friend is"—looking with a

friendly eye upon Grant. "However, that did not teach him to be careful, not to say grateful. The speedy life was too much for him, and he slid down the toboggan rapidly."

As the strange officer approached Carter with the handcuffs, Grant recovered somewhat from his stupor and shouted:

"You hound, you miserable, ungrateful villain. I could kill you."

There was a scuffle between the detective and Carter, then a sudden, deafening report. Fred Carter had ended it all and paid his debt.

A few days later, Orville Grant, a rejuvenated creature, was again leaning against the door post looking out upon the plain. His was a full heart. He could hardly realize his present

freedom, that he could hold his head up once more and look his fellow man in the face and fear nothing. It was wonderful.

"What is coming now?" he wondered, as he roused himself from his pleasant reverie and noted a huge, shapeless vehicle coming toward him at great speed.

Nearer, nearer yet it came, when he saw it was an automobile. It stopped at the edge of the clump of trees, and a young woman in gray swiftly alighted and ran up the narrow path toward him.

"Lucile!" he gasped. "What wonderful thing has happened?"

With outstretched hands the vision replied:

"Orville, I have come for you."

THE VOICE OF THE PINES.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

The voice of the pines is sweet to hear—
When the mellow day is fled;
When the evening breeze is whispering near
And the last bright hour is dead.

For the voice of the pines is like your sob
When the pensive night is come—
And the drooping sprays do stir and throb,
To waken the heart grown dumb.

The plead in your soul is like the plead
In the bosom of the pines;
And the feel of you in all my need—
Is the feel in the noctured lines.

The rise of your breasts is like the rise
Of the low, soft, fragrant bough—
Whose dusky wreaths I lovingly prize
Like the curls upon your brow.

If I gather them up these scented tips—
I yearn till my soul goes mad,
And I swoon once more on your eager lips
Till my heart beats tender-glad.

O the love of you—how I cry for you
And beg for your arms at night—
And the same soft whisper so sweet and true,
With its powerful gift of might.

The voice of the pines is your voice, dear,
When the brimful day is fled;
When the evening breeze is whispering near
And the light of the day is dead.

LOVE'S LABOR FOUND

BY THALEON BLAKE

DURING the period I was a practicing civil engineer in Ohio, I was often called upon to go into the country and make surveys of land boundaries to settle disputes between adjoining property owners.

One November day, when the weather was just right for chaining, neither too warm nor too cold, I received a message from the postmaster at the town of Rumley to come at once and make a survey for him of this kind. I loaded my transit, poles, steel tape, and marking pins into a rig, and that afternoon drove to Rumley, to be there for an early start to work the next morning.

The town of Rumley is a very thriving little place, off the railroad, sitting a-straddle Loramie Creek, in the midst of a well-cleared, flattish country, where the landscape is dotted with the big barns and small houses of the German emigrants whose prosperity has been the boast of the northwestern part of Shelby County for several decades. Its one hotel and one livery stable are in adjoining buildings, and are owned by a diminutive, swarthy Dutchman named Weiskittle. I put my horse up here, and told the proprietor that he might have the two to feed and house, if the postmaster didn't find room for me.

"Then it's 'good-night' to you," he said, leading the way into the hotel office, "for P. M. is an open-handed man and popular, though he's the only Republican in town, excepting the strenuous Methodist preacher, Schmucker."

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Never a bit."

"He hasn't been long in the county, has he?"

"Not to speak of," answered Mr. Weiskittle, continuing on into the bar. "A couple of years east from Arizona. But Republican timber bein' so eternally scarce, he drew the prize, and it's F. E. Ergot, Postmaster, now. We're glad it's him, too, since it can't be any of us Democrats, for Flewie is a level-headed, square-dealing man, take him for and by. He's one of them that only asks to be treated decently in return; then he's true blue and heapin' measure. Will you take something?"

I then went across the way to the postoffice, which was in part of the postmaster's general store. I handed the gentleman behind the counter my card.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Way," said he, shaking hands. "Set down. I'll be done assorting mail in a few minutes."

In the interval I looked the man over. He was a trifle above medium height, strongly built, rather heavy set, having a wide, clean-shaven, ruddy face, tanned as brown as his hair—a manly jaw and deep blue eyes. His voice was musically vibrant in a pleasing bass pitch. His clothes hung on him loosely, in the manner of ready-made apparel after the starch and ironing have been lost. There was nothing to be marked about him from similar merchants in similar small towns, unless it were his peculiarly open, honest countenance, and the uncommon deftness in which, with a minimum motion of the hands, scarcely to be noticed, he sorted several piles of letters, and then unerringly flipped them into various numbered boxes that rose in tiers from the counter for three or four feet. It was the adeptness one usually associates with the shuffling of an expert card player.

Ergot came out of the postoffice enclosure, and began to talk, frankly scrutinizing me, meanwhile, as I had him.

"I've sent for you, Mr. Way," he said, "to show me my corners, and especially the west line of my farm. Old Bill Dotage and me come East together and bought adjoining eighties in section 24. Now, we never had a partition fence, but circumstances beyond Old Bill's control have suddenly arose, dictating to us, as I judge by a letter I got yesterday from him, that the time to build has arrived."

"Have you your deed?" I asked.

"Here's mine. Old Bill's up to Cidersville, O."

"Yours is sufficient."

"Good. Supper at the hotel for us, and you'll sleep at my house."

Through the meal, Mr. Weiskittle delicately probed the occasion of my presence. Once in possession of the facts, he drew in his cheeks in a soundless whistle, and volunteered the services of himself and eldest son to carry chain on the morrow.

Mr. Ergot and the clerk hastened the closing of the store, and soon the proprietor and I were walking briskly over the third of a mile of gravel road that lay between the farmhouse and town. In the witchery of the moonlight, the two-story house, in its fresh, grayish paint, stood forth ghostily before the sombre, sentinel oaks on guard in the rear.

"The house has been disused," said Mr. Ergot, striking a light in the front hall. "Come this way to the kitchen. I've been overhauling it. Old Bill and me rented to the same tenant; and he lives in Bill's house, leaving mine to be empty for nearly a year."

The lamp's light fell on the kitchen's floor, encumbered with a pile of boxes, crating lumber, paper and excelsior packing.

"I'll tumble this into the woodshed. I've been stocking up, quietly, so's not to set the gossips afire, a few furniture pieces, and things, and the packing I left out here to make kindling of," Mr. Ergot said, apologetically.

In a short time we had a fire burning, the floor swept, and a table set up in the center, a cover spread, and plates laid for two. From a hamper, well filled with a ready-to-eat lunch, the thoughtful postmaster extracted a new coffee pot and a canister of Mocha, and made preparations to brew that delicious beverage.

"I've been bunking at the store," he said, later, when he brought a chair beside mine near the stove. "Thought I'd fix up a home of my own. Mr. Way, let a man knock about as I have for more than half of my forty-five years, and settling down seems good for the bones. Try a fresh cigar—these are mild and flavorish."

We smoked in silence a few minutes.

"I 'spects Weiskittle will have big news to tell his wife to-night," said the postmaster with a chuckle. "He'll wonder what the deuce has come between Old Bill Dotage and me. Well, well, nothing has come that's serious. He's the same Old Bill as ever, only Bill is ticklish, as any man's got the right to be that is prosperous, and has never been led captive to the altar by an aspiring woman. It would have done your soul good to hear him these last few years on how he wouldn't ever go buggy-riding with a female, 'unless,' says he, 'she's inside, an' I on top, driving, an' the buggy's a hearse.' But he doesn't mean half he says, for he's the tender-heartedest man to his friends I ever see."

"Your neighbor must be an odd man—quite a character, indeed," I remarked.

"Old Bill Dotage a character?" said the postmaster. "Why, sir, I've known him for years, and I can make an affidavit that his is a character for uniqueness highly supreme."

"I am glad to hear that no quarrel lies at the bottom of this survey," I said.

"None whatever," Mr. Ergot assured me. "Next to taffying between friends and such, I dislike words. Now just to disabuse your mind that anything lies between him and me, I'll

recount a few perceptions of Old Bill Dotage.

"He's the wittiest man extant. None ever reached the bounds of his humor. To be sure, he has crochets; one is woman, which he dislikes; and another is the idea of him being a perfect heart-breaker among that sex. Sir, he would not harm a yellow-legged pullet to accommodate a parson. He's a joker on the level, too.

"Eleven years ago, we was partners in a eating house, billiard and pool room, in Idaho, in a town where saloons were unwanted. We were dry to the natives. To traveling men and outside sports, Bill sold a few of the wet, careful-like. There was no law against it; only social stigma.

"I run the hotel proper. Often the few specimens of the traveling fraternity we saw would come to me, after holding a convention with Bill in the cellar, pull a solemn visage, shake their heads and whisper:

"'Mr. Ergot, sir,' they would say, 'that partner of yours will some day meet an untimely end.'

"'For why?' I asks.

"'For punning,' says they.

"You must know, Mr. Way, that Bill, despite the fact that he is a splendid citizen in other respects, is the most scandalous punster at large. Being under obligations to him for the privilege of sampling the wet, he had the drummers where they weren't apt to squeal. Then he gave it to them. After which they laid their complaints before me that was entirely innocent. I counseled with him; but, pshaw! without effect.

"And when nobody respectable darst to have a brick in hand, then it was my partner got in his cunning work. We was regular church-goers at that town, as theatres was infrequently in session. Churches didn't interfere with him. As at a solemn love-feast, after the passing of the plate of light edibles, or other religious functions, like a funeral-dinner or refreshment-time at a wake, where the most censorious might hesitate to start something the image of a rough house, or

to make a noise loud enough to wake the dead, then he would trot out devious abstractions most dusty, and go to punning on the filmiest insubstantialities imaginable.

"Yes, sir, as a prodigious punster Old Bill is too prodigal. The same was he also shrewd to do at food-fests, which he organized and gave to the neighbors, when, of course, the opportunity was such he wasn't like to get his head broke. I never see such a lucky noggin as he toted on his shoulders for escaping damages by assaults and batteries. But the pitcher that goes oftenest for the growler, the wise bartender lays his suspicious eye on as being too fulsome of contents and slyly gives it a jolt amid girth that soon sends it to scrap. So with Old Bill Dotage. The same which I shall now explain farther, after sticking a piece of wood in the stove."

The fire took a fresh lease on life, and the coffee began to sing in the pot. My host resumed his seat in the tilted chair, and once more the beads of his tale began to be told merrily over.

"All goes well until one day a thin, cadaverous woman, dressed in pale lavender, with hair like jet, and a thin, high-arched nose leaning over it as if to see what goes in her thin-lipped mouth, blows in from Omaha, and inquires for the proprietor.

"'I am one,' says I.

She sizes me up, and snaps between her teeth:

"'A half-a-one,' says she.

"'The same,' says I, 'at your service.'

"'Young man, what do you mean,' says she, bristling up her mane, 'insulting lone women?'

"'I have a partner,' I returned.

She mollified. Says she: 'Did you see a man with a left crock-eye, a scar across his right cheek, red hair cut short, wearing brown corduroy pants, a tan duck vest, a blue coat a size too small, a straw hat, and a villainous look—height, 5 feet 6½ inches, weight 185 pounds—come in here?'

"'No, ma'am,' says I. 'Are you looking for the same?'

"'I surely am,' says she. 'Also for the brindle cat he's galavantin' over the West with, leaving me alone with three orphans, poor, helpless babes.'

"'Madam,' says I, 'you are the first lady to grace our office for a month. You may know if it's worth while to search farther.'

"'She ain't a lady,' said the abandoned. 'I've traced them to this town. Send up your partner; mebbe he met 'em unbeknownst to you.'

"'I went for Bill. 'Gently, Bill,' says I, 'there's a heifer escaped the corral up in the office, who's on the rampage. She's madder than a March hare full of thistles. She's inquiring for an eloping couple, of which the masculine in the picnic is her own dear-ly beloved help-meet. Go, gently, Bill. Stow all your small talk for the safest society. She means business.'

"'Well, Bill gives me a wink, and departs up the cellar stairs, whistling 'Annie Laurie.' In less than a minute, an obstreperous rumpus starts upstairs like scuffling. Then I hears steps like people running, and a woman's voice, clear and shrill, punctuated with whacks, swells aloud:

"'Take that, you single-pated impostor of an effigy. Don't you ever insult with them kind of jokes a poor, defenseless, peaceful woman, cast upon a heartless world by a cruel, rattlesnake husband.'

"'At which Bill broke down on me, taking the cellar stairs at two steps. He was a sight, with umbrella welts on his cranium like the contour of a prairie-dog village. When the grass widow was departed, I got the arnica.

"'What did you say?' I asks of Bill while I bathed his head.

"'I asks her if she, as an angel, fondly believes she's come to a 'Tired Husband's H'aven.'

"'This may learn you to be carefuller,' says I. 'And it's lucky 'twas a smallish joke, or not me, but the corner, would be adjusting your head-piece.'"

The coffee pot had begun to gurgle. F. E. Ergot, P. M., set out the lunch upon the table. The conversation

paused; my host's delineation of the absent Bill's idiosyncrasies kept my thoughts reverting to him. I could not refrain from mentioning the relish I enjoyed hearing of the delectable punster.

"'He's all of that, and more,' said his friend. 'I've never been refused his help. He got to be well liked here, and he's doing well at the sawmill business at Cidersville. At first, the plain citizens here couldn't fathom him; he queered himself with the three questions he always asks of men he meets.'

"'The three questions?' I queried.

"'The same date from our mining days. You should know my ex-pardner is as tall and lean as a telegraph pole. His one physical defect is the St. Vitus dance, which plays over his lips at spells, waving his mustache like a field of rye under a Dakota breeze. Certainly, you shan't meet him—but supposing he was sitting snug with us here. You would be polite, and yet not talkative, for Bill hates impecunious politeness, and can do the talking impressive for a company. He would ask you, 'What are you doing, now?'

"'The which you would answer, 'Surveying betwixt Mr. Bill Dotage, Esq., of Cidersville, O., and the Honorable F. E. Ergot, Postmaster, of Rumley, same State'—not because him or me is high steppers, by instinct, but it would tingle his crazy bones to hear it.

"'True to his nature he would then say, 'And what's the old man doing now?'—not that he cared for your father, not knowing him in the least, but it's the way he has committed to memory of introducing the social amenities. And you would say, 'Minding his own business, I hopes.' That would please him, for he likes to have his wit handed back to him.

"'Then he would likely say, 'Ain't your name George?' To which you'd fire back, 'No, it ain't.' And then he would say, 'Why, I've known you ever since you was born,' or something to that effect. The pleasantry of this last he would explain later. I'll tell you now, otherwise you wouldn't understand:

"Once when we was placer mining in Montana, a most thievish gentleman got in his silken handiwork, snaking cayuses the particular property of others no relation to him. And it was at that unpropitious epoch Old Bill comes to town for a decent toot, all by his lonely—he drank a few then.

"Riding up to a liquor joint in Spafford's Diggings, he hitches, and drops in on Irish Armington. The Emerald Isle sells him four quart bottles of the highly caramelled, and a gallon jug to put it in for ease in negotiating. Bill promptly ambuscades the bonded to the jug, and proceeds, as care-free as you please, to confiscate his peace of mind to said poison.

"The upstart of his troubles was, when he gets ready to return to camp, he bestrides the wrong cayuse. The genuine owner was a Deputy Sheriff, that instant inside the Irishman's saloon, resting his saddle weariness, got by hunting George Beeswon, the suspicioned hoss-stealer. Meanwhile he was setting in a game of poker, bunkoing an unguilty tenderfoot, with the assistance of two of the most self-respecting citizens from Palestine Ledge.

"Of course, Bill was in for it then. He didn't hurry a bit, traipsing along as happy as a girl with her first beau, and considerable light-headed. The Deputy misses his mount, and climbs aboard Bill's nag. Each on his own, the same do all his friends, including the bunkoed. In a jiffy they overhaul Bill, singing in a voice radiant with fusel oil.

"'Be your name George?' asks the smiling Deputy Sheriff.

"'I'm sorry it ain't,' Bill says he says, 'if 'tis to oblige auld lang syne.'

"'Blow me, if 't ain't George Beeswon,' insinuates the too-friendly D. S. 'Why, I've knowed you ever since you was born.'

"'I cal'late you ain't,' asseverates Bill, turning a carmine and juicy optic on his interlocutor. 'But if it's anything special to you, as betwixt frolicsome sojourners on this tideless sea of sand, I'll answer to the roll call as the lamented George Beeswon, although,'

he says he says, most ceremoniously—'although it doth appear to Bees-one on you.'

"At the which he is dismounted quite sudden, for oscillation to Kingdom Come, when up lopes Armington to enjoy a share of the fun. He had got belated trouncing a swath-cutting gambler. He notes the happy victim, and gives them all the laugh. So they ties Bill on his beast, enduing that pestiferous creature with vitality by a choice lot of blacksnake blows ingeniously applied to her vulnerable anatomy. She brings him safe to camp without spilling a drop of the precious 'cept down Bill's throat.

"Since which episode it has been a stock joke with him to query all comers: 'Your name is George, ain't it?' And if people say 'No,' he adds, 'Which bees-one on you.' Naturally, sir, the citizenship turn sour on him until they come to know him better. At this point, if he were here, after asking the three questions, he would commence the regular flow of his discourse—the formalities being all safely passed. You'd have nothing to do then but give him rope—he'll gallop a wide circumference for your entertainment."

It was getting late. The postmaster showed me to a first-floor bedroom. I observed that the furnishings throughout were new and tasty. We were astir early in the morning. The grass was wet with frost, and while the sun was drying it the postmaster spent a couple of hours at the postoffice. The Weiskittles came with him; the youth was a paternal chap.

By ten o'clock we had measured three sides, and were preparing to chain down the partition side to the road. The postmaster was acting as rodman, and was setting a pole at the stone monument in the road. Looking through the telescope, I saw a bicycle rider rapidly approach him from the town and dismount at his side. A few minutes later, the wheelman was speeding back to town, and Mr. Ergot was hurrying to us.

"What is there yet to do?" he asked.

I informed him. "Let us hurry, then," he said. "I just received an important message and must get done quickly."

The Weiskittles stretched out the steel tape, and began to chain south from us. The postmaster watched them in silence, until they were out of earshot.

"Mr. Way," said he, "you have struck me as a man worthy of confidence. My clerk brought me word that Old Bill Dotage had telephoned from Anna Station that he would drive over from the railroad, and be here in an hour or less."

"Then I'll get to meet the redoubtable Bill," said I.

"It seems you will." The postmaster absently kicked at a tuft of grass. "I'm rather put out," he said; "I wasn't expecting them to-day—to-morrow being the day set. In his letter Bill demanded this work to be done to-day, and after what he's done for me, I felt obliged to do this for him."

I made no comment, while Mr. Ergot continued to fidget, as one embarrassed. After a silence of half a minute, he looked me squarely in the eyes and said, smilingly:

"You're in for it, now. Being a professional man, and educated, I shall trust to your kind offices. Sir, the chances are good that Bill will have a life-sized fashion plate a-setting beside him in the rig."

I merely nodded, not comprehending the allusion.

"Let me explain. I was mining with Old Bill four years ago in Arizona. I meets a woman at the courthouse, tax-paying time, and gets mushy on her. In fact, I marries her, and goes to tell Bill. He is mad to hear it, throws up the claim, saying, 'Let me never set eyes on her,' and straightway vamooses.

"I was unprepared for such suddenness, but he is always swift. I moves her to our cabin. She was a splendid woman, good cook, swell dresser, fine talker, able to appear to advantage in the best society. Yet she had one terrible fault. She was too dod-gasted spooney. Excellent woman? Yes—

I'd swat the man that doubts it—but entirely too saccharine. I stands it one long year, then sees a lawyer, who gets me a divorce for 'incompatibility of spousely amorousness,' as he brands it. She bawls—no use; love is love, but spooneyness is—oh, well, you know. I gives her the mining claim, and digs out. I heard she made money with it, and got married. I wish her success—but, oh, my! oh, my!

"Freed, I found Old Bill, and two years ago we come here. About three months ago I see in the mail a matrimonial paper passing through. The wrapper is broke; I reads it. I perceives a certain lady living in Pennsylvania desires correspondents. I writes for fun. She the same. First thing we know, we mixes a little love with our facts—and there you are. Mr. Way, do you believe in marriage by correspondence?"

"My dear sir," I replied, evading a direct answer, "I never tried it."

"Nor I. Yet I think more of it than I used to. You see, my correspondent has tastes that surprisingly suit me. I like simple life; so does she. I don't like ladies to be uppish, high spenders, opera gadders, or bee-liners on 'Who's who' in fashions. A plain, wholesome woman's my style—and this my lady friend says is most peculiarly fascinating to her. This is why I am concerned in Old Bill's arrival."

"Of Old Bill?" I said, still more astonished.

"To be sure," replied the postmaster. "I sends for Bill. 'Can I impart a secret,' says I, 'which you will keep the lid on until it leaks out of its own accord, in due time, and under the proper stage settings?'"

"'You can,' says Bill. 'But a secret told to many sprouts like a rosebush—you can't tell which particular stem it will blossom forth on. Am I the sole repository of your secret, or have you already imported it, in strict confidence, to half the country?'"

"'You are the lone hero to rescue the heroine and bring her hither,' says I.

"'Impart away,' says Bill.

"Mr. Way, sir, it's honest—that bilious gentleman nearly throws a fit when he gets the whole impartment.

"Your marrying will be the death of me, yet," says he. 'I'm thankful I moved to Cidersville, O.'

"That's not all; I want you to go fetch her.'

"Can't she walk?" asks Bill, shedding a sneer.

"Oh, then, I can ask some one else.'

"He gives in, went off, and married the fair correspondent by proxy, she insisting that way to be more romantic. As the lady had met my wishes and desires in all requirements as to certificates of health and character, and moral conduct, and had confided so much more in me than I in her, I raised no objection.

"You see, sir, she never quizzed me as I quizzed her about public morality and private decency. She said she knew I was an honest man by my handwriting. These women are trusting creatures at the worst, and confide outrageous in strangers. So that's why Bill is coming. He's bringing the conjugal companion. I suppose you think it remarkable?"

"It is out of the ordinary," I answered, truthfully. "Yet I've personally known several couples to do well who were married after courtship solely by letter-writing."

"Why not?" said the postmaster, earnestly. "Why shouldn't a man be as happy one way as another, if marriage is half the lottery people say it is! Being acquainted with the lady in the case, shortly before or not, must make precious small change for your money."

"True," I replied, "one becomes acquainted after a fashion by correspondence—how the lady spells, punctuates and paragraphs her missives. One can doubtless interrogate the breadth of her education, estimate her social experience, and gauge her subtler ideals and daily interests by letter probably better than by mere word of mouth, because neither the wise virgin nor the fool can hide the fact when she takes her pen in hand,

for most persons write truer to their real selves, or subconscious minds, than they can possibly talk, especially if they are embarrassed in the presence of their beloved."

"Right you are!" exclaimed the postmaster, enthusiastically. "You've said all I wanted to say, and more besides, than I could think of. You are exactly right! I wish Old Bill could have heard it. Why, my first wife was the true and original competitor of the sugar trust. Her letters bristled, sir, with crystalized honey, whereas the present Mrs. Ergot—for she's that, ere this—writes a calm, sensible letter, soul-satisfying to a man longing for companionship without a candy factory run in connection therewith."

The chainmen were near the road by this. We set a few stakes, and followed them down to the road. The surveying was finished.

There was a bend in the road, two hundred feet east of us. A carriage suddenly rounded it. A tall man sat in the front seat. He wore his Derby hat perched precariously over his left ear. He was giving a ceaseless roll to the unlighted cigar that protruded timidly beneath a heavy, iron-grey mustache. I recognized Old Bill Dotage himself. I could see he was alone. The postmaster moved to see into the rear seat; then his countenance fell. Neither spoke.

Bill's roving eye fully comprehended our business there; accordingly, he addressed to me the three immortal questions. After which, first bowing to the Weiskittles, he deigned to turn his rusty face to the postmaster, obviously on tenterhooks.

"I wouldn't farm next a married man's land without a five-foot fence up," said he in a drawl. "'Wimmin is explosive,' says I, 'and considerable more uncertain than overhet nitroglycerine.'"

The postmaster stepped forward.

"Speaking of married men," said he, "have you news for me?"

Old Bill eyed him coolly, jerked his thumb, and said:

"She'sh back yonder—at the house."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the postmaster. "Do you call yourself a friend of mine to leave me in suspense? I'll go right up to the house."

"You won't do any such impracticability," said his friend. "Ain't you a particle of refined sentiments for the feelings of a newly-wedded lady that you want to burglarize her state of mind without an introduction?"

"Well, Bill, what is the hoss on me?"

"She says, says she, judicial-like, as befits a blushing bride about to come before the presence of her not-yet-seen husband, 'I'll take a peak, first,' says she, 'at my husband's house, and set the teakettle on to boil; and,' says she, 'do you go down and round up that crowd; for it's right,' says she, 'for me to meet my husband in public—the more so the better.' I call *that* modest; so I'll fetch her."

Away he drove, and quickly returned with a heavily veiled woman in the rear seat. The long cloak she wore enhanced the plumpness of her figure. The postmaster gallantly stepped forward to greet her, and to assist her to alight. As she fumbled with her veil, partly lifted, he hastily kissed her. She bent lower and whispered something to him, and laughed softly; at which he gave a great start. The taciturn Weiskittles were noting everything with beady, ferret eyes.

"By Godfrey! Why, Old Bill Dotage!" cried the thunderstruck postmaster. "You ain't gone and went and

tied me up to that very same spooner I shook three years ago in Arizona?"

Old Bill bit into his cigar, while his mustache bristled convulsively, once or twice.

"She's an honest woman, whoever she be, and too darn good for you," he said in an aggrieved tone. "I ain't never seen your dearly first beloved. I brung the woman you told me to bring—no receipt asked, either."

By this time Mrs. Ergot was out of the carriage, running to the postmaster—whom she clasped to her ample bosom, kissing him, willy nilly, three large, resounding smacks. Then she held him at arms' length, and said:

"Oh, Flewie, dear! I'm so glad to come back."

"Tain't you I married," said he, withdrawing from the range of her blandishments. "I heard you was married since. Leastways, Old Bill was to hitch me up with Eliza Westfield."

"Eliza Westfield is right," said the jovial, buxom lady, again approaching him. "I am the very Lizzy you wrote them loverous letters to. Married already? Never; that is a misdemeanor report. But rich?—ah, the mine's a ten-strike. And did you think it would be like a dove-hearted woman to give her hand and heart by mail to a perfect stranger? Not I; I kept track of you, dear. And I've learned my lesson. You'll be happy. Get in the back seat—turn around, Bill. Come on, gentlemen. A wedding dinner's to be got, and I'm the cook."

LOSS

BY F. L. ROGERS

And she is dead.
The strange, dull thought
Beats, beats; I cannot realize
That she is nought—
She of the gentle eyes
Who was so kind,
Who passed like the summer wind
That kisses blossoms fair
And passes on—to where?

Herself, through every weary hour,
Was patient as a flower.
We miss her care,
For always she in mind
The other's needs would bear.
Now she is dead.
God grant we find,
Beyond the Border dread
A life where sever not the loves that bind.

THE TAVERN ON THE BOON'S LICK ROAD

BY WALTER WILLIAMS

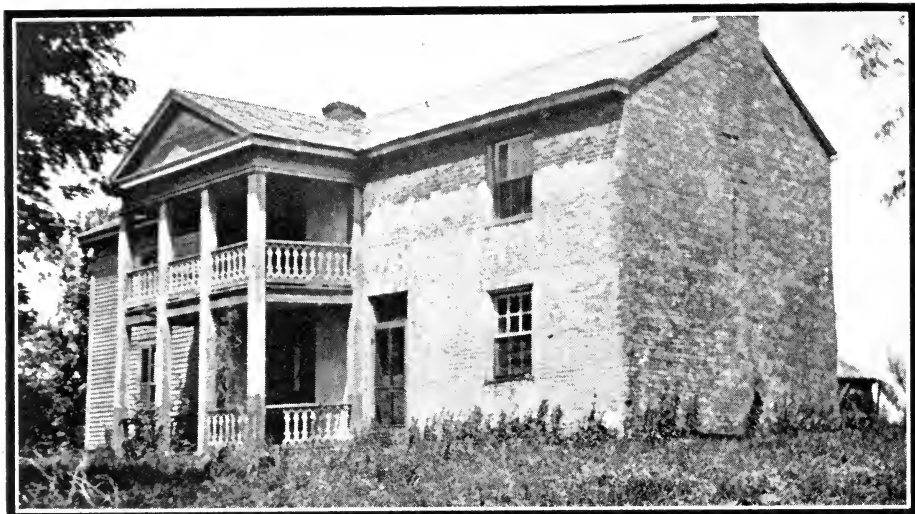
TWO SONS of Daniel Boone, Nathan and Daniel M., went salt hunting in the Missouri wilderness in the first years of the nineteenth century. They found north of the Missouri river, 175 miles west of St. Louis, a group of salt springs where deer and other wild animals went to "lick" the salt which was deposited upon the banks of the springs and of the streams which flowed from them. Here the Boones made salt, shipping it in hollow logs down the Missouri river to St. Louis for sale. The salt spring region thereby acquired a name—and because the Boones and their neighbors spelled indifferently—the name was Boon's Lick.

Through the wilderness to the salt springs a road from St. Louis was made—first a "trace," a mere trail in the woods, and then a rude highway, surveyed by other sons of the great pioneer. This was the Boon's Lick road. Along it flowed the tide of immigration which filled Missouri and made of the wilderness a State. Road makers, not warriors, are the creators of empires. The men who builded the Boon's Lick road were the men who made Missouri—and the West.

The West has two backgrounds to its history—New England and Virginia. The background to the history of the Boon's Lick road was Virginia. The civilization which the road brought was Virginian. Virginian in



Arnold's Tavern, Howard County, Missouri, where Benton stopped. Built about 1825 on the Boon's Lick Road.



Turley Tavern, Cooper County, Missouri.

that day was synonym for hospitable. The social grace of hospitality flourished luxuriantly on the red soil of the Old Dominion. The early settler on the Boon's Lick road kept open house. There were no hotels. The traveler was welcome everywhere, any time. The log cabin, with stone chimney or chimney of sticks and dried mud, had always room on pallet or shake-down for the visitor.

As population grew and travel increased, the tavern or house of entertainment came to supplement the hospitality of the individual home. Across the State of Missouri—on the Boon's Lick road and its descendant, the Santa Fe trail beginning—there may be seen even now several of the old taverns nearly a century old. The sites of others may be traced by their ruined stone chimneys. The traveler on the



Tavern at Waverly, Missouri.

cross-State railways may not see the old taverns or the battered-down chimneys. The Boon's Lick road was distant from the steel tracks of the present day, and can be seen only after leaving to-day's main-traveled roads. The traveler who does thus turn aside from the railway and follow the time-dimmed trail will find much worth while. Chief object along the way will be to find the old tavern—a social center of yesterday.

The situation of the old tavern was determined by the needs of stage-coach travel. The early settlers made their homes by springs and water-

ernment mail contractors, who conducted it mainly to carry the mail, and, incidentally, to carry passengers. Changes in schedule brought about changes in stage stands, and proprietors bid to the stage-coach company for the keeping of passengers and teams. Hence, there were many more taverns along the old road than the actual necessities of the travel demanded.

The tavern was ordinarily of hewn logs, squared and framed, and later of brick. The rooms were large, 16 feet by 20 feet being not unusual. The tavern was seldom over two stories in



Van Horn Tavern, Boone County, Missouri.

courses. The Boon's Lick road was the link between the groups of homes which constituted the earliest villages. On horseback first, and then by stage-coach, the travelers found their way along the road. The tavern—in the language of the statute books—was a "house of public entertainment." It was a place for travelers to get meals or a night's lodging. Often it was also a place where the stage-coaches changed horses and was known therefore as a "stage stand." The stage-coach line was the property of Gov-

height. The timbers were generally oak, though not infrequently black walnut was used.

Taverns yet stand in Central Missouri with doorsills and windowsills of black walnut. Native hardwood was used in the construction of the entire house. Even the weather-boarding which covered the log framework was of rudely sawed oak. The tavern had two or more huge stone chimneys built on the outside of the house. It is not strange that buildings thus simply constructed, without ornament, and of

hardwood, should practically defy destruction. Even the lapse of time has not brought about their loss.

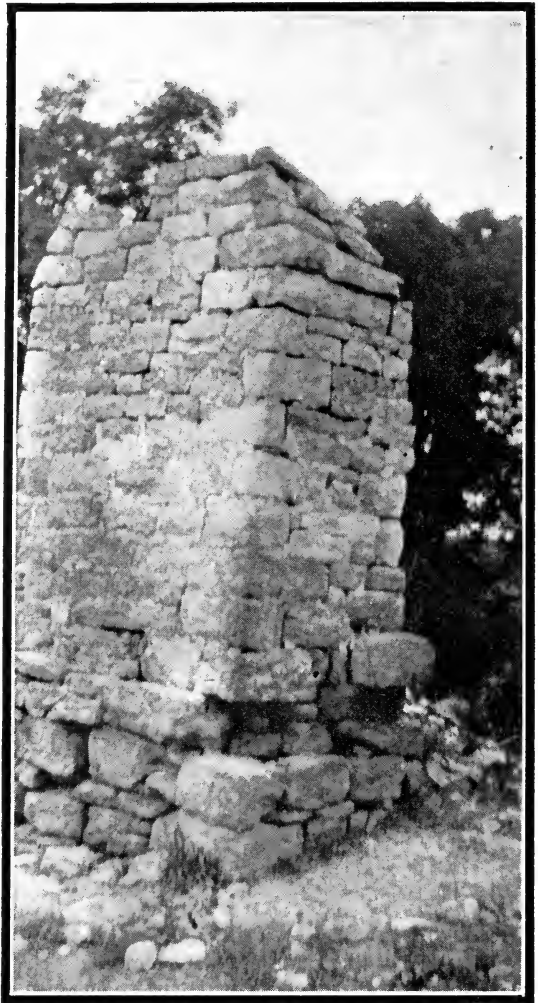
The entry to the tavern was by a wide passage-way roofed in, which occupied the center of the building. It was ordinarily a hall open at both ends, and was the place where were deposited saddles, bridles, mail sacks and all baggage. From the entry doors led into the great living rooms on either side. Within these living rooms gathered the pioneers who traveled, the lawyers who rode the circuit, the social life of the neighborhood. The tavern was club, ball-room, corner grocery and hotel combined.

No one may understand the Western life of the first half of the nineteenth century who does not take into account the living rooms of the taverns on the Boon's Lick road.

The tavern keeper was a conspicuous figure. Usually rotund of form, as a typical landlord should be, he was a public entertainer, a politician and a social leader. The tavern keepers were usually the best fiddlers in their neighborhood. Seldom was there an evening passed at Boon's Lick tavern without music and dancing.

The passing of the tavern came with the coming of the railroad. Travel no longer found the stage coach necessary. The lunch-counter and the din-

ing car succeeded the tavern. The few old taverns yet undestroyed are occupied as private residences or stand untenanted.



Ruins of old tavern, Boone County, Missouri, where Washington Irving stayed all night.



THE STRANGE CASE OF SANCHE THE FIRST

BY JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

THE STORY of Sancho the First embraces, in its course, the life-history of companions and contemporaries, though his own is naturally the most prominent figure.

Under his reign on Monte Paraiso Ranch, war was waged against rattlesnakes, skunks, wild-cats, mountain-lions, wood-rats and ground-squirrels; while all harmless animals, wild and tame, were protected against the attacks and persecutions of dogs less noble and intelligent than himself.

As the ranch was only a piece of rough mountain land when he first took possession, it is easy to understand that the days of Sancho's youth were full of battle and adventure, and he grew eminent, at least in his own county, before old age overtook him. In his very earliest youth—well—even the sun has spots—I regret to say that he was given to stealing and sucking hens' eggs; but one sound admonition from his master convinced him of the error of his ways, and forever after he was the most honest of his tribe; you might set a platter of meat within his reach and he would not touch it unless he was told to.

He was a retriever by birth, and the most gentlemanly dog I ever met with, though his education was but fragmentary and picked up by bits; a self-made dog in the best sense. A handsome dog, too; clear white, with dark brown spots, and a well shaped head, though his ears were too short, as his master used to point out. Nor were his eyes of the dark, velvety black which brought so much admiration to Sancho the Second, who ruled the

ranch at a later day. They were light brown, with a ring of yellow in them. His tail was the cause of much worry to me in his younger days—it was so long and snaky; but it "feathered out" beautifully in time, and came to be a very becoming tail at last.

Before this period, however, one great battle had been delivered against a snake, out of which he came victorious. It was in summer, one day, while Mac, his master, was away, that I happened into the shed-room, where extra spade handles, grub hoes and axhelves were stored; and looking out of the window I thought I saw a piece of bright red ribbon fluttering and twisting among the grass and weeds outside. I had heard tales of all sorts of snakes on this wild land, and I made up my mind at once to act as Saint Patrick on my own responsibility, if the reptiles were all as harmless looking as this one at play here.

Calling Sancho to the low sill of the window, which was open, I pointed the wriggler out to him, and he said "snakes!" at once; at least that was what I understood when he hurled himself out of the window and on to it with one short, sharp yelp. Then I first saw that there were two of them; and divided between my wild desire to help the dog, and my utter disinclination to jump out after him, I seized upon the nearest ax-helve, and succeeded in planting a sounding whack on the dog's head. But he knew it was intended for one of his adversaries, no doubt, for he went right on, snarling and jumping and biting, while I ran for a long-handled hoe, thinking to cut at least one of the reptiles through

the middle. I had quickly selected the one to sever, but the dog thought evidently that he could bite just this one through, and getting his head right in the way of my sharp hoe, I came mighty close to making one of his ears still shorter. Probably he thought it was the snake that had hurt him, for before I had drawn my head and the hoe back from the window, the largest of the two snakes flew by and fell on the ground, where it lay motionless forever after.

But Sancho never stopped to see what had become of this one; he seemed to know it was dead, and hurried to dispatch the smaller one in the same manner—by seizing it well in the middle, giving it a tremendous shake and then flinging it fiercely away, as if saying: "Faugh! what a nasty thing a snake is, anyway."

When people first go on a ranch to live, especially if they are city-bred and do not know an apple tree from a scrub oak, they take up everything

with great enthusiasm, and the less their knowledge the greater their enthusiasm.

Of course, there were chickens installed immediately, and the first clutch of young chicks was treated to the best in the land. Among them was one that the mother hen for some reason disliked, and when it was only a week old she deserted it, whipping it back every time it tried to approach her; and when night came I wrapped the little thing in flannel rags and placed its box beside my bed. In the morning, after feeding it, I tried once more to persuade the unreasonable mother to do her duty by her chick, but she flew at me and the little chicken both, so that nothing was to do but bring the little creature up by hand. And here Sancho proved the old truth that the brave are always gentlest.

First, to be sure, he rather objected to the wee chick cuddling itself up under his long breast hair when he lay in his favorite attitude of rest and



Sitting together on the terrace steps of Monte Paraiso cottage.

watchfulness, his forepaws stretched out in front of him. But after I had once or twice remonstrated with him, pointing out his lack of charity in repulsing the advances of the poor little deserted creature, he submitted with what grace he might. Then the chick began to encroach farther, and soon the thing got to clambering all over him, scratching among his hair as if his body were a part of a very choice barnyard. But the dog got so that he looked upon all this as a matter of course, if not enjoyment, and Tipple and Sancho grew to be fast friends, the chicken even sharing the dog's food. We had named the little nuisance Tipple, from the way it had of running across the floor of the porch to meet its master, as soon as it heard Mac's step or voice outside. It would go "tipple-tipple-tipple-tipple," pattering around after its master till he sat down, so that it could flutter up on his knee and be stroked and petted like a dog.

Tipple was great fun, yes; but he grew to be a great bother, too. I had several times proposed to kill it and let the Chinaman eat it—as nothing short of starvation could have induced us to make a meal on a pet of that kind—or present it to some friend for his chicken yard. Until now, however, Tipple had always saved his "bacon" by doing something funny just in the nick of time. He and the dog had grown to be chums, and explored the country together. Not far from the house, one day, I heard Sancho give his staccato barks, which meant "here may be danger." Then the chick began to squawk, and Sancho's barks ran into each other as he pranced and danced around a certain spot, while my brave chick jumped straight up and down, every feather on its back ruffled. We both ran, but before we reached the spot, Sancho had given one disgusted swirl with his head before he started off in one direction and Tipple in the other, in pursuit of something. This something proved to be one object in two parts—it was a snake lizard, which is known for the facility

with which it parts with its tail when shaken or struck; and here was Sancho pursuing and harassing the head, the body and all four feet of the reptile, while Tipple was making lunges and passes at the long tail twisted into the shape of a ram's horn, and tumbling giddily about, sans any motive power that I could see. It was so irresistibly funny that Mac and I both literally rolled on the ground with laughter, and I vowed that Tipple should be neither slaughtered nor deported.

Alas! Our promises oftentimes like crust of pie are easily broken. To be sure the provocation was great; but on the other hand Tipple had been raised in the house, and naturally concluded that the best couch, the top pillow on the bed, and the back of the best easy chair was only just good enough for him. As it had come to be summer, I could not shut the doors on him, and he would come in and seek shelter from the sun in the coolest part of the house.

About the middle of July came some old friends from the city, husband and wife, who had time to stay for lunch only, and take the return train to the city. I "laid myself out" on that lunch, chicken pie, cocoanut layer cake and a silver cake were part of the menu—as I have reason to remember. Mac had gone down alone to meet our friends, but after lunch, when I had covered the table with a cloth thrown over everything on it, I was ready to drive back to the depot with them. Tipple had been fed and petted till it could hardly tipple any more, and it retired to a cool corner in the woodshed, so far as I knew, but the door of this woodshed was never closed. I told Sancho to watch the house, pointed out where Tipple was, and started off.

On the way back, as we slowly drove along, I said to Mac:

"We need not hurry at all. I have only coffee to boil for supper; there are tons of chicken pie and oceans of layer cake and silver cake left."

"Did you put the things where Tipple can't get them?" he asked.

"Tipple was asleep in the woodshed when we went away," I answered, reassuringly.

"Hope you are right," he muttered apprehensively.

One should never be too sure of anything. It struck me as something strange that Tipple should not be on the threshold together with Sanc to meet us, and I looked into the woodshed first to see if he lay dead from over-eating there. But there was no sign of him there, and I went quickly into the dining room, where the signs of him were so overwhelming that I saw only Tipple—nothing more. Tipple squatted comfortably on top of the cocoanut layer cake, surveying sleepily several dents in the top-cloth, where he had already been reposing on the less yielding surface of the silver cake, and in the moist depths of the chicken pie. That he had been exploring underneath the upper cloth was also attested by the knives and forks, spoons, pieces of biscuit, bits of butter, salt cellars, cups and saucers which lay in wild confusion on chairs and floor throughout the room. Again I felt like throwing myself on the ground and rolling, but not with laughter this time. Tipple was corralled early the next morning, boxed up and sent to a friend in the city.

Our next acquisition was a cat, a little dark gray kitten, sprightly and full of mischief. When I brought it in from a neighbor's I quietly dropped it on the floor, where it straightway made for Sancho lumbering in his corner. Never shall I forget the look the dog gave us when the kitten came sidling up to him as if it had known him all its life. Turning his yellow-ringed eyes on us in solemn reproach, he seemed to say, "Not only did you make me nursemaid to a bantling rooster, but now you want to make me a keeper of a frisky kitten. What next?" And he threw himself back into his corner, from whence he was soon dislodged by the object of his aversion playing at mice and rats with his ears and tail.

His reserve melted before her blan-

dishments in time, but he never chummed with her as he had with the chick; he never allowed a strange dog to molest her, however, and when they followed the master with his gun, he was always willing that puss should be given the rabbit or squirrel he had brought out of the brush. For Mac had soon learned that Sancho was a splendid retriever, in spite of his short ears, nor had he a "cold nose" as Mac first said he must have, not being pure breed. He could follow deer-signs as well as any hound in the country. But I could not train him to help pussy dig for gophers, though he taught her that horned toads and little lizards were really beneficial to the farmer, and she must not hurt them. Sancho was quite a naturalist, and came near being enrolled among the members of the Academy of Sciences, only his zeal in capturing the enormous silk-worm with the endless name had been so great that the specimen he brought in his mouth and laid at my feet was found to be slightly injured, when it reached the hands of the vice-President of that institution. Dr. H. H. Behr.

It is impossible to give a full list of Sancho's virtues and accomplishments: errand boy, detective, defender of the premises, he sought his equal in all capacities. No matter what part of the ranch his master was occupied on, if Sanc had been left at home with me, I had only to say, "Take this note to your master," and the dog would deliver the note if his master was anywhere within five miles of the place. If, however, Sanc was with Mac in the field, and Mac wanted his pipe, his handkerchief, pocket knife, pruning shears, anything at all, he had only to scratch down the word on a bit of paper, and Sancho would bring it, wait quietly till I gave him the article desired, and start off with it on a run. Like other great mortals, he had his peculiarities; he would not touch metal with his teeth: it had to be wrapped with paper; nor did he like the smell of tobacco, and he would not go near any one who had been drinking. His

intelligence was wonderful indeed; and I have seen men stand open-mouthed when Sancho, directed by his master to go to the house and call me out, would whine and trample with his feet till I followed him to the door, so that Mac could call to me what he wanted, and Sancho would bring the desired article. When in the vineyard with Mac he never had to be told to bring vest or coat that his master had laid aside; indeed, I have watched him late in the evening stop to drag up a long, heavy, unwieldy sack coat which his master had forgotten even to tell him to bring.

As a disciple of Pinkerton he was entitled to some credit. When there were visitors at the ranch they would stroll out early in the morning, not always returning punctually for breakfast, which was sometimes annoying. One morning while shouting myself hoarse, I saw Sancho start off in an entirely different direction from which I had been looking for my guests, and in a little while he had herded them home. After this, I gave him a slip of paper with the word "breakfast," and Sanc always brought the ramblers home.

One more proof he gave of his detective talent. The old Chinaman asked one morning to be allowed to take horse and wagon to bring up a supply of "lice" from the depot at Wright. All that day Sancho could not be found, which was incomprehensible to us, for Sancho never left the ranch without us. Toward night, when the Chinaman returned with horse and wagon, Sancho came, too; the Chinaman said, laughing: "Sancho think mebbe so me stealee hos'l, stealee wagon; he heap stay by hos'l, stay by wagon."

At one time, while the dog was still young, it was necessary for us to absent ourselves from the ranch for a number of days, and our neighbor, Williams, had been asked to look after the dog, as there were no white men working on the ranch then, and Sanc never did like a Chinaman. The dog dearly loved Mr. Williams, and we

were surprised when we were told how the dog had acted. Mr. Williams said he always found him stretched out in front of the main door leading out on the terrace, and he would shake his tail and show every sign of pleasure at seeing Mr. Williams, but he did not dare to approach even the terrace steps; the dog would growl and show his teeth, plainly saying: "I am on guard; I allow no one to approach." But at night he could hear the poor fellow howl most dismally, for he was lonesome and no doubt felt deserted.

While clearing the mountainsides of our plantations, we had found the spot on which to build our permanent residence, and as the garden soil was rich and the water supply plentiful, we soon had a lovely home established. Naturally Sancho knew every step and every foot of the ground, both on the ranch and the timberland, and he had his choice of the different hunting grounds. Mac often followed when the dog showed a preference for any particular direction, and often, when they had been sitting together on the terrace steps of the Monte Paraiso cottage deliberating on their next excursion, Sanc would start off with a bound, if there was any place he wanted to visit, and after persuading Mac into the trail he wanted to take he would quietly fall behind and follow Mac, as he knew it was right to do. But one day, as they approached the Burrell Spring, in a clump of tall laurels and gnarled oaks, the dog shot ahead of him, barking furiously while he clambered up one of the crippled oak trees with its thick, spreading branches. What he had treed was an enormous wild cat, which Mac brought down at the first shot, and Sancho pounced upon it before it could make another move. The dog evidently thought that he had killed it all by himself; he would not let his master touch it, though the beast was very nearly as large as himself, and he had to lay it down every little while to get his breath. At last he allowed Mac to carry it up the hill for him; but when they got in sight of the house, he

snatched it out of Mac's hand and brought it home to me in triumph.

Just above the cottage, to the north, lay the little roofed over reservoir from which the house was supplied with water, and around which I had planted roses, vines and climbers; while to the west of it was a little platform, affording an open view of the road leading up from the depot. Our butcher came this road, too; and as I never liked to keep the man waiting, I had trained Sancho to watch for him and report his coming. "Go up to the tank and see if the butcher is coming," I would say, and Sancho would march up to the west side of it, stretch his neck, or stoop his head, to look above or below the shrubs growing there, and wag his tail or droop his ears, to denote the butcher's coming or his prolonged absence. And he had a regular "butcher bark" when I was not on hand upon the butcher's approach.

That the dog was constantly petted and admired by everybody goes without saying, and the brute got to be so vain at last that if he saw visitors coming he would wait only long enough for them to lay aside their hats and wraps, and then make his *entree* through the parted portieres. Generally they all said at once, "Oh, what a handsome dog!" If he was ever overlooked, he would come whimpering to me, asking to be introduced; but if there were children there, he withdrew as quickly as possible. To be sure he never hurt them, but if ordered to play with them, he would put on an injured air, looking at us as he did when the first cat came.

The cat, in the meantime, had advanced to the dignity of a family of her own, two or three of them, but she could never make Sanc take the least notice of her kittens. If one of them ever came near him, he would give a contemptuous sniff as much as to say: "I never could abide a lot of squalling kids like that," and the cat, running to protect her offspring, would fling back at him: "Dogs do get so cranky when they grow old." Still, her relations were quite amicable, and once, when

Mac and Sanc together were resting on the Picture Rocks, after a successful hunt, and I happened along with Pussy and a friend, Sancho allowed her to pick up one of the quail spread out on the ledge before him without in the least objecting.

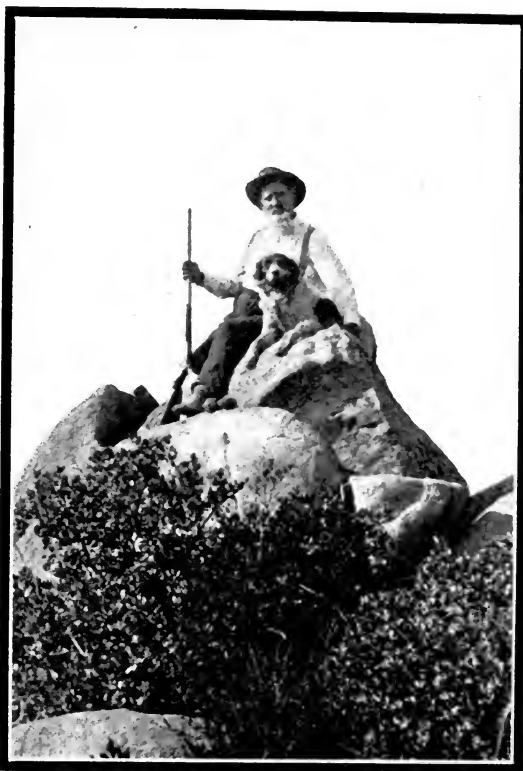
But he could bear malice, too. When we got the Jersey cow, she had a calf, and naturally tried to hook Sanc when he tried to make friends. He never forgot the rebuff, and one day when the Chinaman came storming to the house to say the cow had gotten out, Sancho started in pursuit quicker than his master. While the men ran through the vineyard to head off the beast from the country road, Mac went to get the rope out of the barn that Sanc was to give the Chinaman. But Mac fumbled so long and Sanc was so anxious to get at the cow and pay off old scores, that he had started on a run before Mac found the rope. Mac shouted to the dog to come back in such unmistakable language that the dog knew he meant it, so he came flying back, tore the rope out of Mac's hand with an impatient snarl and galloped through the vineyard at full speed. Reaching the Chinaman, he fairly flung the rope at him, and then went after the cow, barking at her till the mountains rang with the echo.

For our redwood forest Sancho had the same love that I had, and he would lead his master down that way whenever he could. A portion of the Williams vineyard ran down to the timberland, and as everybody is glad here when some one comes along and shoots rabbits, Sanc soon learned that his friend always petted him when he had one in his mouth. Many a time when loaded down with a big jack-rabbit, which he had carried after his master all through the timberland, he would suddenly become tired when in sight of the Williams' house, and he and the rabbit never moved till Mr. Williams had seen the rabbit and bestowed his meed of praise.

Poor Sancho! Though he treed, captured and brought down every "varmint" he went after, there was just one

that he thought eluded him. I never shall forget the frightened howl he gave when the piano was first set up and some one struck a full chord on it. For many days after that he would sneak into the parlor, tip-toe all around the piano and even pass his nose along the edge of the keyboard to discover where the "varmint" was located that made those hideous noises.

And now I must tell of the strange, sad turn affairs took when the dog came to be nine or ten years old. Dr. Goldman, a friend and neighbor, who, like the rest, loved the dog for his kindness and intelligence, had often warned us that the dog would have a stroke if we kept on feeding and pampering him as we did. But Sancho seemed such a sensible creature that we thought he knew better than to eat more than was good for him. It happened that Mr. Williams and Mac had made a target at the end of the long walk in the garden, on which to try a new gun. The target was a packing case set up endwise, and was left in its place after it had served its purpose. Sitting on the east porch one evening in the fall, we saw Sancho start up, run down the long walk to the target, and drop there. Mac reached him first, and told me to stand back, for the dog had a fit. He recovered at once, however, coming back to the house with Mac, though to be sure his ears and tail were drooping when he curled himself up immediately to go to sleep. That was the first night he failed to bring in his bed from the lumber room himself, and for a day or two he lay around listlessly, and we tried to doctor him up. But one day, when the first rain was falling, he wandered off, coming back wearily at night and lying in the rain outside till we discovered him and brought him in on his blanket, for he was utterly exhausted.



Mac and Sanc resting on the Picture Rock.

During the night we thought a band of robbers had come to carry off every piece of furniture in the house, and when we struck a light we found Sancho working his way along the walls of the room, his head against a heavy chair which he was now crowding against the dressing bureau, trying to push it out of the way so as to continue his walk. Mac took the chair away and drew the dog into the middle of the room, where he instantly started out again, straight ahead, till he butted up against the wall and fell exhausted.

In the morning when we let him out, he wandered aimlessly away, down the road though the rain was falling. I ran after him and called "Sancho! Sancho!" and he turned back at once, looking up into my face with the saddest, most human eyes I ever saw in a dog.

"Help me," they said in their mute

appeal. "Oh, do help me!"

I came crying into the house with him, but he seemed so miserable when he began his rambling in the room again that Mac said it would be a mercy to let him out. With head down and drooping tail, a most dejected figure, he disappeared in the woods.

All day long we hunted for him and gave him up for dead, but late in the night we heard him howl, away off somewhere. Mac and the Chinaman went with lantern, ropes and blanket to look for him, and found him so tangled up in the wild blackberry brambles that he could never have extricated himself. The old cat came along when they brought him into the sitting room, though she was never allowed in the house overnight. But it was quite evident that she meant to see what would be done with her old friend and protector, and when he was laid in front of the fire-place, wet and shivering, she took in the situation at once and stretched her full length around

the outside curve of the poor dog's back.

When her friend seemed well warmed through, she was willing to leave him; and as she was probably away on a gopher hunting trip when he left the house next morning, she never saw him again, though he had returned once or twice upon Mac's calling him; but some unseen power seemed to impel, and he must go, and keep on going. Nor did we see him again. Mr. Williams said he thought he had heard some dog howl, a long ways off, that night, but was not sure it was Sanc.

I think it likely that he blindly walked over some steep precipice, and that his bones lie mouldering in one of the canyons of the Los Gatos; though it would be a comfort to me to think that he was lying, as the old negro song has it:

"In some a-lonely graveyard—
Lawd! how long."

VOICE IN THE SUNSET

BY SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

By the ancient gate, you know, that faces sunset skies,
By the gate alone your mother stands, hand over eyes.

Fast the twilight colors fade into one deepening blue,
And the gray mist slowly wraps the vale of golden hue.

And the crows fly; cawing as they fly by twos, by threes,
Swift toward the village temple, to their nesting trees.

And the children plucking autumn flowers afield all day,
Hasten homeward, laughing, chattering, upon their way.

You were once a dear babe clinging to your mother's sleeve;
You are still her babe, her child; she longs for you this eve.

As you walk the earth's remotest shores in east and west,
So her thoughts e'er wander far, her heart is ne'er at rest.

What hope leads you 'way so far, what glory do you seek?
Simple is her vision—both together, cheek on cheek.

Hark the evening bell! So changed is its sweet tone,
For no more it brings you home unto her all alone.

All the valleys now in restful gloom and silence lies;
By the gate alone your mother stands with tear-wet eyes.

CIVIL BAPTISM IN FRANCE

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

THERE IS AN old adage which says, "Politics makes strange bed-fellows." So the efforts of humanity to get free from ignorance and superstition often leads to ridiculous procedures.

Long centuries ago our good forefathers got the impression that our great loving Heavenly Father had a devilish disposition, and was intent on the eternal torture of nearly everybody. The account in Genesis, which explicitly tells that death is a penalty for sin—"Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return"—was twisted into meaning what the poet styles, "A death that never dies," whatever kind of a death that might be.

Generally the thought prevailed that God had condemned Adam and all his posterity to eternal torture, and the only escape from it lay through Church membership. One of the early "fathers" decided that this included children, and forthwith it became the custom to have all the little ones immersed. Then came the decree that immersion was not necessary, but that a few drops of water on the head, with the words, "Father, Son and Holy Spirit," would make the child fire-proof—God would not hand it over to the devils, but would count it a member of the Church and save it. If it grew and became a rare saint, it would go to heaven; otherwise it would go to purgatory, there to be refined and made ready for heaven.

Gradually the subject became still more intensely interesting. The question arose and was debated: When does the child's life begin? What if the child should die in the moment of being born? Would God then send the little one to the devils and eternal tor-

ment? The theologians of that day decided "Yes." Consequently our Catholic forefathers decided that the only way to keep even with God's determination to torture all the unbaptized, all not Church members, would be to have the attending physician fully authorized to baptize the child "in utero," if there were any danger of the child dying in birth.

How strange all this sounds to-day. However, these practices still go on, as for centuries past; but those who authorize and practice them keep quiet and do not discuss them, well knowing that the more general education of our day and our broader appreciation of Divine Justice and Divine Love would be shocked by the truth respecting these ceremonies instituted in the "Dark Ages."

Nevertheless, the majority of Protestants, as well as Catholics, still are very careful and particular about the baptism of infants. If a babe show signs of illness, the inquiry will pass throughout the relationship, "Has the child been baptized?" which means, Have you taken out the fire insurance against eternal torture? How sad that the great Heavenly Father's name and character should be thus misunderstood and misrepresented amongst those who profess to be His people, His children, and who profess to be taught of God through His Word, the Bible.

There was an excuse for our forefathers, when Bibles were expensive luxuries and when few could read them. But there is less excuse to-day when Bibles, paid for by legacies, can be had free from some of our great Bible societies, and when all can read.

Is it not time for us to awaken from heathenish doctrines?

His Two Babies in Hell.

Not long since, when delivering lectures in various parts of Wisconsin, we were introduced to a man who had followed us from city to city, a journey of nearly three hundred miles, intent upon hearing the "good tidings of great joy." We were told the story of his interest. He was a saloon-keeper and a Roman Catholic. A colporteur called at his house selling Pastor Russell's "Studies in the Scriptures," or helps to the understanding of the Bible. The man replied, "No, I do not want to know anything about the Bible nor anything about God. He has treated me most cruelly. He uses His power unjustly. He has punished my two little girls, dead within a few days of each other of diphtheria. Our hearts already were suffering greatly because of their sudden taking away. As Catholics, we went to our priest desiring for him to arrange for the funeral service and the burial of the little children in holy Catholic ground. The priest sent me word that he would have nothing to do with the matter, that I had not been a regular attendant at the Church, and had not had my children baptized, and that they had gone to hell—not even to purgatory. Can I love a God who would send my two innocent little children to be roasted by devils simply because I neglected my duty and did not have them sprinkled with water in the Holy Name? No, I cannot." The colporteur explained the matter from the Bible standpoint. The bereaved parents became deeply interested. They both are reading the books. They have experienced a complete turn-over of their minds. They have learned that God is Love, and that all of His provisions are gracious and reasonable.

There is indeed a doctrine of baptism in the Bible—a most beautiful doctrine, and full of meaning. Our Baptist friends come the nearest to an understanding of the Bible teaching on

the subject. But, alas, they, too, are far from appreciating the true meaning of baptism, as the Bible teaches it. If any of our readers are interested in pursuing this subject further and exhausting it, we recommend to them the reading of one chapter in the series of Pastor Russell's "Studies in the Scriptures," which are sold at cost price. Those unable to purchase may obtain the loan of a book free, we are told.

French Perversion of Baptism.

There is in progress to-day in France a most peculiar perversion of the Bible teaching respecting baptism. As is well known to many, the French Government recently passed laws which put the Church of Rome in France on nearly the same basis as are the Roman Catholic churches in America. The principal difference in the arrangement is that there the Church properties were taken possession of by the Government in the name of the people, under the claim that they were built by the money of the people and rightly belonged to the people and not to the hierarchy. It was not, however, the intention to hinder the use of the buildings for Church purposes. Merely the congregations were commanded to organize as congregations and to receive the right to use the buildings as formerly. The Government wished it to be understood that the buildings belong to the people and not to the Pope at Rome.

The bishops and clergy, acting under the advice of the Pope, withdrew and left the churches without priestly services, masses, etc., probably under the belief that the people would demand of the Government a restoration of the old order of things. Not that Catholics more than Protestants are interested in the study of the holy things and desire priestly instruction! Not that they wanted to go to church! Rather they said to themselves, As death comes into the family, the people will crave the ministries of the priests and the holy water, the holy

candles, unction, holy burial ground, etc. Furthermore, they will want, as heretofore, to have their babies christened, and thus preserved from eternal torture! Then they will call for the priests, and the Government will be obliged to hear them, and we will make our own terms respecting return.

The Catholics of France no longer believe in the infallibility of the priests and the value of the masses, the holy oil, consecrated burying-ground, etc. Indeed, like the thinking people of every other part of the world they are going rapidly away from all faith and calling everything religious superstition. Alas, that the pendulum swings from one end to the other! Alas, that the beautiful simplicity of the Bible and the reasonableness of its teachings and the comfort thus inspired are thus unseen, unknown, to the masses, both Catholic and Protestant!

The French are a very practical people, and are adapting themselves to the new order of things. They now have civil marriages and civil burials. And the last innovation is civil baptism. Here is the account of this latest innovation:

"Paris, Aug. 5.—Civil baptism, invented by that picturesque figure, M. Coutant, mayor and deputy of Ivry, near Paris, has been taken up with enthusiasm in various parts of the country. At Macon, in Burgundy, the ceremony is specially popular, and the Mayor of Flace-les-Macon has just instituted a form of procedure more elaborate than anything yet devised. This was first employed on the 14th of July, the national fete.

"After receiving at the mairie, the parents of the infant, accompanied by the god-parents, he handed the family a copy of the following remarkable document which was previously transcribed on a special register:

"Civil Baptism.

"Marie Philiberte Seve, daughter of Louis Seve and of Philomena Charcos-

set, gardeners at Flace, welcome to the great family of those whose minds are freed from religious dogma!

"In the presence of M. Philibert Seve and of Madame Marie Claudine Bacot, thy godfather and godmother.

"I, Anthony Coran, officer of the civil authority, Mayor of the commune of Flace-les-Macon;

"In the name of the universal principles of free thought!

"In the name of the glorious revolution of 1789, mother of the rights of man and of the citizen!

"In the name of the French Republic, democratic and laic!

"I baptize thee and give thee these three commandments, for which I take publicly and solemnly as witnesses and guarantors these thy godparents, here present:

"1. Thou shalt honor thy country, thy father and mother, and shalt serve them.

"2. Thou shalt uphold with all thy strength, justice and truth.

"3. Thou shalt fear nothing except to do ill to thy neighbor.

"And now, Citizeness Marie Philiberte Seve, return to the home of thy parents to be their joy and to live in peace."

Here follow the signatures of the Mayor, the parents and the godparents.

Alas! how one superstition and error, falling, gives place, not to the Truth, but to another error! How glad we are that the Bible declares that Messiah will soon establish His Kingdom, and that then the saintly ones of Christ's followers, irrespective of denominational lines and creeds and irrespective of nationality, will be with Him and associated with Him in His kingly and ruling office and in His priestly and teaching office. Then, and not till then, will the knowledge of God cover the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep. Then, and not until then, will the darkness flee away before the true light—"the Sun of righteousness with healing in His beams."

LOCKING UP ALASKA

BY HON. DUNCAN MCKINLAY

(Continued from October.)

A GOOD DEAL has been said about a monopoly of the Morgans and the Guggenheims. Why, if Alaska was opened up to development upon some terms or other, it would be absolutely impossible for all the Morgans and Guggenheims in the world to control the coal of Alaska. But while Alaska is being locked up by executive orders, and while the different factions of conservation are quarreling over what kind of a law should be passed which shall open up that great territory, California and the Pacific Coast continues to pay famine prices for coal, and is consequently the "goat" in the case. The greatest work the promotion committee of Marin County could do would be to inaugurate a propaganda for the tabulation and publication of all the facts regarding the coal of Alaska. I believe that if these facts were made known, California *en masse* would join with Oregon and Washington—yes, and with all the States west of the Rocky Mountains, in a universal demand that Congress and the President must heed, that some way be found to unlock this great territory and give the people cheap coal, so that the clutches of the coal monopoly on the industries of our State would be broken.

During the hearings in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy in Washington, it developed that the Cunningham operators had made a bargain with Simon Guggenheim in 1907 at Salt Lake City, by the terms of which Guggenheim was to build a spur of railroad from Cordova up into the

Carbon Mountain region for the purpose of opening up the coal deposits and bringing the coal to market. It was agreed upon the part of the Cunninghams that they should sell to Guggenheim anthracite coal for \$1.75 per ton, and it also developed that such coal could be mined in some places for much less. Guggenheim agreed to carry the coal from the mine to the seashore, paying for coal for the consumption of his engines \$1.75 per ton, and \$2 for the coal in case he desired to purchase the entire output of the mines, and market himself. In consideration of this, the Cunningham owners were to deed half their claims to the Guggenheim syndicate. This is the "iniquitous bargain" spoken of so much by the magazines and newspapers when dealing with the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. Now the hauling of coal some 40 miles on a railroad to a deep-water harbor, on a down grade, coal that could be loaded on the cars by the use of every modern appliance and convenience of bunkers and elevators, etc., must be hauled very cheaply. Water transportation from the harbors of Alaska to San Francisco bay would be but a mere bagatelle, and therefore we have estimated that, giving the Guggenheim syndicate \$1 a ton profit for their coal, that \$1 per ton would transport that coal from the mines to the consumer in San Francisco, and it must be remembered that the coal of Carbon Mountain is of the finest anthracite quality. Now this is only one of the places from which coal could be brought. Fine coal in large deposits is scattered

all along the coasts of Alaska, and is available, with a moderate amount of development, from a hundred points along the Alaskan peninsula.

The governmental policy which continues to hold Alaska locked up from entry arises out of a conflict between what we might call the Eastern and the Western ideas of conservation. The Eastern idea of conservation, as advocated by ex-President Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and James Garfield, has many followers throughout the Eastern States, particularly in those States in which all of the public land has been long since disposed of. In a nutshell, the principle of Eastern conservation is this: That all that part of the public domain which is still retained by the Federal Government shall from now on be used for the benefit of all the people; this "all the people" meaning, according to the Eastern conservationists, the entire American people, regardless of the States in which they live. The only way by which the resources and the wealth of the public lands can be used for the benefit of all the people of the United States is by withholding any more of the public land from entry; that is, by the Federal Government continuing to hold the title to the remaining public lands, no matter in what States they are located. The policy of the Eastern conservationists, as advocated by Pinchot, is to lease mineral and oil lands for the highest possible royalty upon the output, or a rental upon the land; to conserve the timber lands, no matter in what States they are located, selling the right to cut the ripe timber to the highest bidder; to hold all Alaska under Government ownership, lease the coal mines on the highest royalties, and in all the States and territories in which national forests and reserves are located, lease out pasturage of sheep and cattle, under a general system which will be operated by a large central bureau at Washington. The Eastern conservationists very generously is willing to allow the States in which public lands are located to retain one-quarter of

the proceeds accruing from the rentals and use of the public domain, and to take three-fourths, or 75 per cent, to be deposited in the general fund under the control of presumably the Forestry Bureau. Out of the funds thus accruing, it is proposed to purchase back from private owners large stretches of land lying along the mountain slopes on the headwaters of the Eastern rivers, particularly in the Appalachian and White Mountain ranges. These lands were disposed of many years ago, and have since then been denuded of all timber, marble and minerals, that could be taken from them, and this denudation of the forests of the East has caused an impairment of the water flow of the streams. Bills have been introduced in Congress within the past few years for the purchasing back of these tracts of land by Congress, such as the bill for the purchasing of the lands to constitute a White Mountain Reserve, and the various Appalachian reserves. These various bills added together amount to over 775 millions of dollars. Of course, if the system of appropriating public money for the purchasing back of these used-up lands at the rate of \$8 to \$10 an acre (which is the average price fixed under the various bills) was once inaugurated, it would mean that the raids upon the national treasury would be almost limitless. But while the Eastern conservationist is learning by this time that his policy of purchasing back these watersheds with the public money can never be carried through in Congress, he has conceived the idea of levying tribute upon the lands of the Western States in which public land still lies in federal ownership, and with the proposed proceeds therefrom accumulated, to buy back the watersheds of the East. This is the policy of the Eastern conservationist in a nutshell, and of Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and James Garfield, the High Priests of this cult.

Now, as against that policy we have the Western idea, which is that the proceeds from the public lands, no

matter in what manner they are disposed of, whether it be under a leasing system, a system of royalties, or by actual sale—that every cent of such proceeds shall be used in and for the benefit of the particular State in which the proceeds accrue. The Eastern States have all had their share of public lands, and now it seems to the Westerner to be a very selfish policy on the part of those States to demand the right to come in and exploit the West for the benefit of the East, even though the project be the re-purchase of the watersheds of the Eastern rivers. The Western conservationist who understands this question holds that if the Easterner desires to participate in the benefit of the sales of Western lands he should emigrate to the West, and become a citizen of one of the Western States, and thus he would be entitled to participate in the benefits arising from this system of conservation, in the State of his adoption.

The States in which public lands still remain undisposed of by the Federal Government are these:

| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Alabama | 108,210 |
| Alaska | 368,014,735 |
| Arizona | 41,491,369 |
| Arkansas | 512,705 |
| California | 24,864,884 |
| Colorado | 21,726,192 |
| Florida | 453,009 |
| Idaho | 24,743,804 |
| Kansas | 137,180 |
| Louisiana | 88,911 |
| Michigan | 107,890 |
| Minnesota | 1,563,302 |
| Mississippi | 47,058 |
| Missouri | 2,510 |
| Montana | 36,015,943 |
| Nebraska | 1,879,486 |
| Nevada | 56,474,688 |
| New Mexico | 36,454,692 |
| North Dakota | 1,410,225 |
| Oklahoma | 5,007 |
| Oregon | 17,580,573 |
| South Dakota | 4,562,804 |
| Utah | 35,955,554 |
| Washington | 3,196,059 |
| Wisconsin | 14,460 |

| | |
|---------------|-------------|
| Wyoming | 34,575,159 |
| Total | 711,986,409 |
| Alaska | 368,014,735 |

Total exclusive of Alaska. 343,971,674

It will be seen from this table that there are nearly 25,000 square miles of public lands still under Federal ownership in California, and that is just about one-sixth of the total area of the State. Roughly estimated, the total area of California is 156,000 square miles. Of course, it would be a very nice thing for the people in Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut and New Hampshire to conserve California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico and Alaska for all time to come, and thus derive revenues that, under all laws of justice and equity, they are absolutely not entitled to. The Eastern conservationist is especially desirous of carrying this policy into Alaska, and proposes to hold that great territory, with its 368,000 square miles, under excessive royalties, or high rates of leasing, in order to raise as much revenue as possible. It is easy to see that such a policy will continue to hold Alaska locked up for long years to come. But, of course, this brings no distress upon the Eastern conservationist, because he is amply supplied with coal and timber from the territory east of the Rocky Mountains. But this Eastern policy does work a terrible hardship upon the people of the West in this: that it prevents them from securing cheap coal, and in many ways using the resources of Alaska for the building up of not only that territory, but the entire Pacific Slope.

I wish to emphasize the great benefits that will be secured by not only California, but the whole Pacific Coast, by the advantage of cheap fuel. It would mean direct advantage to all the citizens of the various States; it would mean the extension of mercantile commerce, the proper and cheap

coaling of the fleet; the development of many kinds of industries, and the employment of tens of thousands of laborers. In effect it would be a mighty factor in the securing of permanent greatness for the entire Western half of the United States. A liberal policy in regard to Alaska which would encourage the investment of private capital, should be as soon as possible inaugurated by the Congress of the United States. Of course, strict safeguards in the form of penal legislation should be enacted to protect Alaska from spoliation in the form of fraudulent entry upon the public lands, or as conspiracies against the Government to secure more of the public lands to a corporation or to an individual than the law contemplates. It is just as much to the advantage of the Western States that such safeguards should be maintained, and that penalties should be enforced against the violators of such laws, as it is to the people of the East, perhaps even more so. But all who have studied the history of legislation in regard to the public lands of the West must admit that there are two sides to the question. On the one hand, the Government has been very liberal in times past in grants to railways, and in assistance in the form of money and credit for the building up of the trans-continental railway systems. While the railroads have secured great stretches of lands which are now very valuable, at the same time the liberality of the Government gave encouragement to private capital for the conduct of great enterprises that otherwise would not have been undertaken; and so, in a sense, the development of the West has been the result of a policy on the part of the Federal Government that is now being condemned by a great many thoughtful citizens. These liberal laws have been taken advantage of, no doubt, in thousands of cases. Wicked men have committed perjury, and have entered into conspiracies to secure more than their share of the public domain, and corporations have been guilty of excessive spolia-

tion. But all laws that have ever been passed by either the Federal or the State Government have been transgressed. Murders and burglaries are committed every day in violation of law, and it would be absurd to suspend the operation of the general laws because some of them are violated. So it is absurd to lock up the great public domain of the West, especially of Alaska, when the coal is so much needed for the relief of the people of eight States of the West, which have been for many years, and are still paying famine prices for coal. The conflict between the Eastern and the Western conservationists prevents the reframing of the laws applicable to Alaska. Within the last six years very fair measures have been passed fixing the terms upon which the public lands of Alaska might be entered by an American citizen, but executive orders issued by President Roosevelt and President Taft have suspended the laws, and the territory still remains padlocked. The Interior Department time and time again has made recommendations which, if enacted into law would open up Alaska to settlement and to use, but the conflict between the two classes of conservationists has defeated every recommendation so far, whether it be in favor of the Federal Government selling the lands outright, or whether it be to dispose of the products of the lands under a leasing system. Up till 1900 there was no law under which any public domain of Alaska might be entered. In 1899 Congress passed an Act authorizing the survey of Alaska, but the survey was not proceeded with for several years. In 1900 Congress provided that the general mineral laws applicable to the mineral lands of the United States should be applied to Alaska. Under this law entrymen entered to secure locations of coal and mineral, and other lands. Prior to that time, miners had simply appropriated the mining locations under squatter's rights, and under these laws the miners proceeded with the mining of gold and other precious met-

als. But the same provision was useless in regard to the coal lands, because the general law applying to coal lands required that the land should be surveyed upon which the entryman of coal lands must locate, and as no surveys had been made in Alaska, it still left the squatter's title the only available title under the law of 1900. In 1904, to remedy this defect, it was provided that any American citizen not having heretofore used his right to entry upon a coal claim might enter upon 160 acres of the territory of Alaska. He might do this either by person or by attorney, making the necessary filings and basing his claim upon surveys made by himself under certain regulations of the interior Department. It was under this law that about 900 coal claims were located, the most of them being in the vicinity of Carbon Mountain, the district alluded to in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. By 1906 it was discovered that the deposits of coal throughout Alaska were very large, and that some of the coal was of very fine quality, particularly in the vicinity of Carbon Mountain, and in order to safeguard the interests of the Government, and to give time for more exact legislation in regard to the coal lands, President Roosevelt withdrew the coal lands from entry in Alaska on November 7, 1906, and since that time not a title has been granted and not a shovelful of coal taken from the territory. Indeed, the railroad which is being built from Cordova to Valdez and up to the copper mines is compelled to import the coal which it uses for its engines from Nainaimo, B. C., at a very high cost.

One of the reasons given by President Roosevelt why he issued his withdrawal order was that it was to prevent the monopolizing of the coal lands by great syndicates. But it was pointed out to President Roosevelt by those who were thoroughly posted on the subject that under the law of 1904 only four claimants could put their claims under a common management for use. This would mean that only

640 acres could be handled by a company or by its owners in common. This was too small a quantity of land to permit of the building of transportation systems to handle the coal, and so a law was passed in 1908, on the recommendation of President Roosevelt that sixteen contiguous claims of 160 acres each might be joined together and developed in common by a company or an individual. This fixed the amount of land that could be held by either an individual or a company at 2560 acres. It would seem as if these laws were sufficient to safely guard the interests of the people in Alaska, inasmuch as the minimum price of coal lands under the law of 1904 was fixed at \$10 per acre. Now, in reading the muck-raking magazines, one would imagine that every acre of land in Alaska contained coal, but it is not the fact. A locator might have 160 acres in his claim, for which he would pay the Government \$10 per acre—a gross sum of \$1600—and yet perhaps not over five acres would contain coal. And so it is generally thought by experts that \$10 an acre is a very fair price for the coal lands of Alaska.

As the situation stands to-day, there are three propositions for the opening of Alaska, any one of which would be satisfactory to the people of the Pacific Coast if carried through immediately, and upon honest and equitable terms. The first is that the lands in that portion of the territory which is already surveyed and upon which the coal measures are located, shall be appraised as soon as possible by the Secretary of the Interior, as he has authority to do under the law of 1904, and that said lands shall be open to entry upon the terms fixed by the Secretary, and titles given to honest entrymen without delay. Or, secondly, that a leasing bill will be passed by Congress, under the terms of which the Alaskan lands, those already explored and those that have not yet been explored or surveyed, shall be subject to exploration and survey by private individuals at their own expense, on the payment of one or two dollars per

acre for a reasonable length of time, while such exploration and surveys are being honestly prosecuted; and if, on such lands, coal measures are found that the entrymen desire to open up and develop, a royalty of so much per ton shall be taken by the Government on the output of the mine. This is the substance of the law recommended by the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives last year, and would be a very fair law if carried out honestly. The third proposition, which is advocated by Roosevelt in a recent article in the Outlook, and which is now being advocated by a great many magazines and newspapers and by individuals who have given this matter much study, is this: That the Government itself shall proceed to build a railway system from some deep-water harbor, preferably Cordova, to the coal fields of Carbon Mountain, a distance of about 30 miles, equip such a railway with all the facilities and appliances for the handling of coal in large quantities, and the Government itself either mine the coal and bring it down to tide-water for shipment to the markets of America, or furnish transportation at cost, or nearly cost, for private shippers. The opinion seems to be in favor of the Government building the railroad and opening and developing the mines, and itself marketing the coal. On the other hand, there are strong advocates of the Government building and owning the railroad, and then allow private capital to open the mines and market the coal under strict Government supervision. In order to carry out this plan, it would be necessary to appoint an Alaskan Commercial Commission, which would have control of such railroad and the general subject matter of the opening and the developing of the mines.

There are advantages and disadvantages in every one of the three propositions. The disadvantages attending the first proposition are principally that if the land is sold into private ownership on any terms there is a tendency toward private monopoly. The

disadvantage of the second, or leasing system, is that it requires an expensive piece of machinery to keep track of the output of the mines and adjust the leases equitably. Such a system was tried in the United States on the opening up of the coal fields in the Middle West between the years 1807 and 1850. The coal measures of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa were first leased out to locators, and those who desired to develop them, but this system was found to be cumbersome and expensive, and was never satisfactory, and it was abandoned about the year 1850 in favor of the present system, which is now embodied in the law which was applied to Alaska in 1904. The third system, that of Government ownership and the development of railroads and mines, is a long step towards practical socialism; and it would probably be found in its working out that it would require the Government ownership and development of many other adjuncts and auxiliaries to that of opening up and developing the coal fields of Alaska. The Government would probably have to send the coal to the most remote markets, but so far as the people of the Pacific Coast are concerned, cheap coal is the desideratum, and it would make very little difference to us by which means cheap coal was secured, so long as we might be able to enjoy the benefits of its cheapness.

In any contest in Congress between the East and the West, the Pacific Slope is at a serious disadvantage, because there are but nine States and three territories west of the Rocky Mountains which have a representation all told of only twenty-one Congressmen and three delegates in the Lower House, and yet these nine States and three territories of the West contain more than half of the territorial area of the United States. But beneath all legislation there runs a spirit of justice, and if it can be made apparent to the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States that a great injustice was being done the trans-Rocky Mountain States

by the continued embargo upon the coal of Alaska, consideration would be given to the appeal of the West for the breaking of the monopoly. And therefore it resolves itself to this: that if the Western States, which are most concerned in securing cheap fuel, would join together in a general propaganda and carry out an educational campaign, and become united as to their purpose and the object to be attained, they could undoubtedly bring such pressure to bear on the President and on the House of Representatives that remedial legislation would soon be passed.

Mr. Fisher, the Secretary of the Interior, is now visiting Alaska for the purpose of personally investigating conditions and securing facts and data that he will use in recommendations

to Congress in favor of legislation for the opening of Alaska. This should be taken cognizance of by all the Promotion Committees, Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast, and they should assist the Secretary in every way by backing him up with the united opinion of the West. By this means, the West would undoubtedly gain much consideration that would not be given them if they remained inactive while these most important measures are being considered in Congress. And above all, it should be remembered that every day Alaska remains locked up under executive orders, the people of the Pacific Slope are paying monopoly prices for coal, and the development and progress of the western half of the United States is being retarded.

IN THE MOONLIGHT

BY GEORGE L. ANDREWS

The silver-vested moon hangs low,
And fills the land with misty light,
While rustling breezes softly blow
Across harps held by grey-eyed Night.

The tall pines whisper as they sway
On yonder gleaming mist-clothed hill,
And nearby some lone bird's soft lay
That thrills the soul and drowns the will.

The pulsing, mighty waters gleam,
And reach for sparkling sands on shore,
While music of an age-old dream
Is heard in their low, ceaseless roar.

The fields and dewy, silent glades
Are bathed in mellow, mystic light,
And moonlit knolls and blackened shades
With wild, dim beauty charm the sight.

Here in the silver moonlight fair
What strange thoughts stir the soul of man
Of mystic things in earth and air
And things unlearned since time began!

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT WILD ANIMALS

BY CLARA HOLZMARK WOLF

WITH every advantage of improved firearms and the most daring courage and coolness, no man is a fair match for any wild beast of the forest. He may possess all the qualifications of an expert huntsman, but should he happen to meet such an adversary face to face on level ground he knows full well that unless the brute is instantly killed it means sure death to the opponent. He knows, also, that all he has to depend on is his aim, which must be accurate, his weapon and his skill in handling it, must be perfect.

Bravery, coolness, accuracy in aim and a reliable weapon are his assets which give him the best and only chance to prove himself victor. The very fact that the wild beasts of the forest are not inferior in the senses of smell and hearing to any creature living, and is, moreover, strangely gifted with intelligence enough to know that you are his enemy and for what purpose you have come, makes it a matter of the greatest importance how, when and where you approach him. Yet in spite of all the danger attending the sport of hunting, there is a fascination about it that, once experienced, is hard to resist. It is the very fact that the hunter is continually in the presence of danger that demands quick judgment and prompt action in meeting every emergency, that seems only to heighten the pleasurable excitement of a hunt for wild animals. However, it has been proven that it is only a question of time when those who follow the pursuit of hunting as a profession or for sport, sooner or

later come to grief of some kind. The fate of a hunter seems as inevitable as that of the bird-man at the present period. The reason may be that after a long time the hunter, like so many others in various callings, becomes over-confident and careless, and finally depends too much on his courage, ignoring the peculiar traits of the cunning and ferocious brute so dangerous to man.

An old mountaineer who has spent many years in the Rocky Mountains, and bears on his body marks of many an encounter with wild animals, gives some good advice which would be well for those who engage in the sport of hunting to heed. This man is the possessor of numerous trophies said to be the finest and most valuable collection in the West. He says:

"Remember, a wild animal is ferociously tricky!

"Say your prayers, then aim to kill!—for if you aim to kill first, you may never have a chance to say your prayers.

"Never follow an animal that you have merely wounded into a thick enclosure. It is a wounded animal's trick to hide itself from view and then spring out suddenly to attack its opponent. Before you are quite sure that he is dead, it is best to stand well away from the head and legs."

When asked to tell a story about a bear, he replied:

"Stories about bears are most all alike; it doesn't take long to tell all one knows about them. Old Ephraim, as he is familiarly called, is an accomplished thief, and will steal meat wherever it is found, and hide it so



On the trail.

that other animals cannot get at it. All along the mountains you can find the caches or trenches where the prey is stored—all covered with leaves, branches and grass."

"Is it true that feigning death will prevent a bear from inflicting further injury?" In answer to this question the mountaineer told the following story:

"Two men were hunting deer in the mountains. They were standing on a high precipice, where one of them had shot a deer which rolled over in a ravine below. It was decided that one man should go down after it, while the other would watch out for more game. Just as the hunter stooped to pull the deer out from under a lot of bushes, a bear rushed out upon him, struck the rifle out of his hand, at the same time knocking him down. The man who stood above him on the rock saw what had happened, and was horrified, but was afraid to shoot for fear of arousing the beast, so he shouted to his companion:

"'George, for God's sake pretend to be dead!'

"The poor chap took his advice and

lay motionless on the ground for some time. The bear, as if suspecting deception, walked around his body, and then lay himself down close beside him. All of a sudden he jumped up, seized the poor fellow's arm and bit it savagely. The unfortunate man, it appears, could not control himself any longer, for there seemed to be an involuntary movement of the muscles, and the great pain caused him to start up with a loud cry. The bear, not slow to take in the situation, sprang up and grasped the man with his powerful arms. What followed is too horrible to contemplate.

"It is my opinion," said the hunter, "that had the wretched man strength to endure the pain without making any sign, the chances are that the bear, after a while, would have lumbered off or assumed a position where a shot from his friend's rifle would have saved his life.

"Yes, indeed, I believe and can state positively that the bear is the most formidable of all animals, for they are the most treacherous and their strength is terrific. Their sense of smell is so keen that they have been

known to follow up a trail over which a man has passed for a great distance, and often instead of being the hunted, they became the hunter."

However, opinions differ about the character, disposition and temperament of this particular beast, for there are sportsmen who claim that the bear to be met with in the Rocky Mountains are not dangerous, that *their* experience has always been such that they could never get close enough to one; that unless a bear is surprised in his den he will immediately retreat to a hiding place, for he is afraid of firearms and anxious to get away. But according to good authority, it can be stated that to kill a bear is not all play, and the trophy is not only prized for the beauty and value of the skin, but is also highly significant of bravery and good marksmanship.

Where and How to Go Bear Hunting.

The pictures that are here reproduced were taken in the heart of the Siskiyou Mountains, where bear are more plentiful than in any other part of the State. The hunter who appears

in the pictures is well known in the business circles of San Francisco, and asserts that it is absolutely necessary to hunt the bear with well-trained bear dogs, as the canyons are very steep and the bottoms are heavily wooded with alder swamps.

"We hunted out about a dozen canyons and found bear in almost every one. So numerous are they in that section that our dogs became footsore, and unless the bear was fat and readily treed, we would lose him. Those contemplating a hunting trip can reach this country by a good wagon road from Hornbrook, 35 miles down the Klamath River to Quigley's ranch, known as Walker's Post Office, where there is a ferry crossing the Klamath River.

"From here there is a good trail leading right into the heart of the Siskiyou Mountains about twenty miles to the summit.

"We hunted out Buckhorn, Donimore, James, Lost Dutchman's, Wild Horse, Rocky and several other gorges which head together at the base of a tall dome. Here are found the black bear which weighs from



Bringing home the trophies.



In camp with his prize.

one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; the brown bear, weighing from two hundred to five hundred pounds, and the cinnamon bear tips the scale at 900 pounds.

"Deer abound in this section also. Some of them grow to a tremendous size, weighing considerably over 200 pounds. There are very few mountain lions in this vicinity, but there are plenty to be found in Del Norte County, west of Siskiyou."

Col. Roosevelt's Bear Story.

A thrilling experience with a grizzly bear is said to have been told by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, whose fame as a hunter of wild animals is as world renowned as his success as President of the United States.

It was during the time of the great boom, some years ago, in the Black Hill district, that Mr. Roosevelt and two other prospectors were walking along the bank of the Little Missouri River. Two of the party walked around by the edge of the stream. The third man, a German, a very jolly and powerfully built fellow, followed a

well-beaten game trail leading through a bushy point of land extending out into the river. When they were about 50 yards apart, the two men heard an agonized shout from the German, and at the same time the loud coughing roar of a bear. They turned just in time to see their companion struck a terrific blow on the head by the grizzly. The unfortunate man must have come upon the bear unexpectedly, for the attack was so sudden and so close was he that he had no time to fire his rifle, but held it up over his head as a protection, only to be struck down with such tremendous force that his skull was shattered by the blow—like an egg shell.

Animals are Musical.

One would never credit a lion with being musical. It was, however, discovered by a trainer that most wild animals are fond of music. The incident that disclosed this fact puzzled as well as amused those who witnessed the unusual behavior of a group of animals at an entertainment given by the trainer when it was discovered

that the animals would not perform without the accompaniment of the customary music.

Not long ago a group of tigers belonging to a circus were showing in a town in the interior of the State, where the musicians, in the middle of the performance, went out on a strike. Just as soon as the music ceased, the animals went back to their places and deliberately settled themselves on their haunches. All the orders, threats, gentle pleading and little taps with the whip had no effect whatever. It was simply a case of "no music, no performance."

The trainer felt that it was dangerous to urge them too strongly, for they stuck to their point with a determination that was alarming. He feared also that once they found themselves victorious they would never act again. But that was not the case, for the next day, after the strike was settled, they performed better than ever.

Not only are animals fond of music but they are partial to certain tunes or tones, and what is more, insist on them being played while they are doing their turn. As a rule, bands get tired playing the same set of tunes over and over again, and naturally sometimes change off to some other tune. This happened one day when a lion had the boards. No one thought that his majesty would take notice of the change in the music or object to it, but he did, and what is more, rebelled against it, showing his displeasure by becoming restless and moaning in a most distressing manner. The musicians went right on playing, evidently not the least bit disturbed by the unusual performance until the lion sent forth one tremendous roar that sent the audience and the musicians flying in all directions.

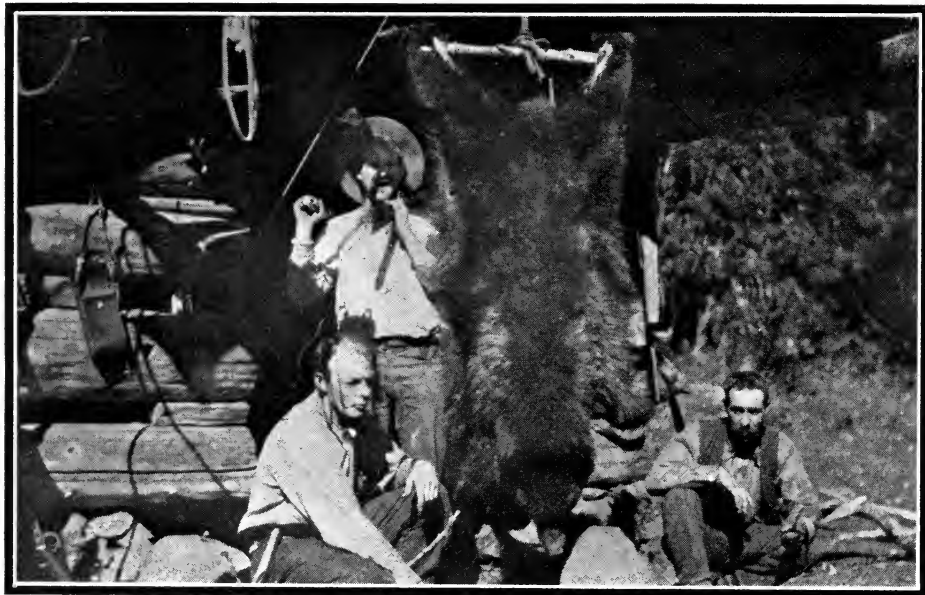
After a while the trainer succeeded in quieting the audience, coaxing them to come back to their seats and advising the orchestra to stick to the old tunes, whereupon confidence was restored, peace reigned supreme in the heart of the savage beast, and soothed

by the tunes he loved best, he performed his stunts cheerfully.

Elephants as Doctors and Philosophers.

It is said that elephants are peculiarly gifted with an intelligence that is simply wonderful. For instance, their aversion to some people and warm affection for others. Besides this, they have a wonderful memory and recognize a friend or an enemy after a lapse of many years. They are also of an extremely nervous temperament, and perfect cowards. A little child with a stick in his hand will make him wince, and a little, tiny dog is enough to scare him frantic. By nature he is treacherous, and consequently cannot be trusted. He serves his master through fear, never through affection. The only way to subdue him and to ensure his obedience is to let him know that you possess the power over him. They are known to be the philosophers of the animal kingdom. A wounded elephant will smear his wound with mud. If he has a sore anywhere on his back, he will point out the tender part by blowing dust with his trunk on the spot. Dust and mud are his remedies for the most trivial as well as the most serious occasions. In his native land, the monster beast is specially employed to hunt tigers, and the howdah is the only accepted arrangement for sporting purposes. In its construction, strength and lightness combine. The weight of a howdah is said to be about two hundred pounds. It has two compartments. The front is for the hunter and the back for the servant. The seat lifts up, and is fitted as a locker to hold the things required. On each side there is a padded gun-rack that holds the weapons, and is so made to prevent friction.

To hunt tigers from the back of a huge elephant is the wildest and the most enjoyable sport experienced by a sportsman. Great responsibility rests on the servant, or mahout, as he is called by the natives, whose secret



After a day's work.

signs are understood by the dumb beast. The slightest pressure of one toe, or the compression of the knee, or the slightest touch of the heel against the elephant's body; the least swaying of the body bear some significance. The mahout also governs the beast through the severe authority of an iron spike which is never absent from his side. It is a formidable-looking affair about 20 inches long,

and resembles a boathook with sharp spikes at the end. The beast has great fear and respect for this instrument. If the mahout wishes the elephant to go forward, he digs the point into his head; if he wants to pull him back he hooks it in the tender base of his ears. Without the use of the hook the mahout would be at the mercy of the animal, which could not be controlled otherwise.

THE CALL

BY BARIO CAYVAN

The purple pine-clad mountains, and the rushing icy streams,
Are calling, calling ever, 'mid the city's toil and heat;
"Return to us, O world-worn one, and dream the olden dreams—
Refresh thy dimming memory with happiness complete
Beside the rippling shallows where the Speckled Beauty gleams
Or flashes thro' the shadows where the pool and willows meet.

The mountains call and echo, and the echoes linger still:

"O man of Mart and Money! hast forgotten all of these—
The murmur of the forest and the music of each rill,

The scent of pine and laurel, and the hum of honey bees?
But, hark! a quail is calling from the coppice on the hill,
And yonder ruddy gleaming is our camp-fire in the trees.

THREE LINKS WITH THE PAST

Trió of Interesting Characters Seen In the Parades Incident to the Exposition

Ground-Breaking Celebration in the City of San Diego

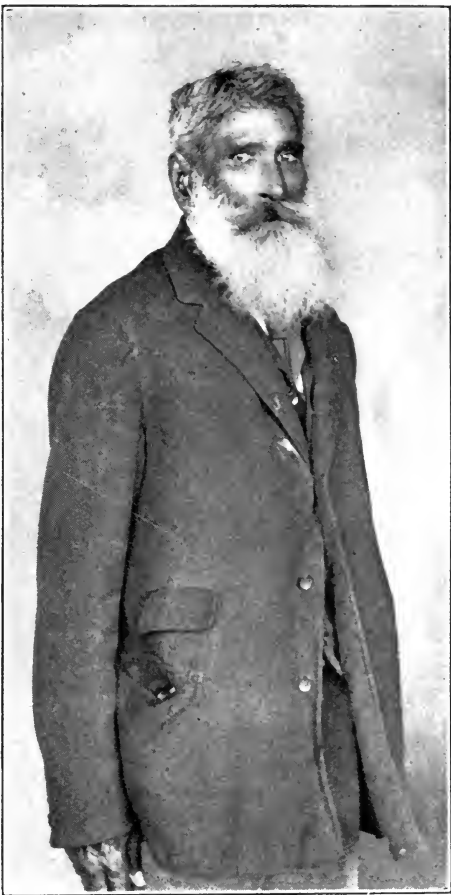
BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT

AMONG THE many interesting features of the ground-breaking celebration, marking the commencement of work on the Panama-California Exposition which is to be held in San Diego, the southernmost city of the Golden State, were three people who form living links with the earlier history of that rapidly growing community, where, from July 19th to 22d, inclusive, thousands of people gathered from all parts of the coast and interior to join in festivities incident to the turning of the first spadeful of earth on the exposition site.

These three men were respectively American, Spanish and Indian, and particularly typified the three races which were so closely associated in the times when California was still under the dominion of the Latin race. Of the three, the Spaniard had passed the century mark, the Indian had seen more than four score years, while the American can only claim an age that will take him back to the days which followed the occupation of California by the United States troops.

The Spaniard was Antonio Gonzales who, though born in Calcutta, India, of a Spanish father and an English mother, in 1810, left home at the early age of twelve and went to sea, sailing all over the globe as cabin boy and cook until 1847, when his vessel, the sloop Marie, dropped anchor in San Diego bay. The climate and the little town with its mission, established in 1769, attracted him, and he decided to settle down to a life ashore. Gen-

era! J. H. Bean was one of the first Mayors of old San Diego, what is now known as Old Town, and he appointed Gonzales as the first chief of police in



Antonio Gonzales, aged 101 years, first chief of police of San Diego.



Chief Iodine, Indian scout.

the year 1856. Though now living near Table Mountain in Lower California, old Senor Gonzales could not resist the temptation to visit San Diego during its celebration, and in one of the

parades he was accorded a prominent place.

Chief Iodine was the Indian in the trio of interesting characters. He was born in Oswego, New York, eighty-



Francis H. Whaley, oldest native white resident of San Diego, and his mother, in front of the first brick house built in California.

three years ago, and was a scout under Kit Carson and John C. Fremont in the early days of the West. He was in old San Diego when the first American flag was raised there, and after many years of absence, which included his service in the navy during the Civil War, he finally returned to San Diego a few years ago to spend the remainder of his life. In each of the parades of the celebration, Chief Iodine proudly appeared, mounted on a spirited horse and attracting much attention with his picturesque buckskin uniform, with tomahawk, bowie knife, wampum chain and other equipment, highly prized as mementoes of the old days.

In the industrial parade appeared an old-time Spanish carreta, drawn by a team of burros, with Francis H.

Whaley driving. Mr. Whaley has the distinction of being the oldest living white native of San Diego, having been born in Old Town, December 28, 1854. His father, Thomas Whaley, arrived in California July 22, 1849, and was a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. Mr. Whaley's mother is still living, and, in her wheel-chair, sat beside the curb as the parade, in which her son was a participant, passed by. Mrs. Whaley has many interesting reminiscences of old San Diego. She brought the first carriage to this coast from the Eastern States, but her first ride after coming West was in a carreta such as her son drove along the paved streets of the newer and greater city of San Diego, one of the two exposition cities of 1915.

THE GOLD SEEKER

BY LURANA SHELDON

Bald, like the skulls of mummied kings,
The hills rise high beyond the sand;
Each barren peak a shadow flings
To soothe awhile the sun-parched land
From which no sign of verdure springs.

A desert dove lies choked and dead
Beneath the stunted greasewood tree,
And one lone rattler rears its head
In dumb, distressing misery,
Where once the sage brush growth was spread.

Now night has grayed the golden glare
And quelled the fever heat of day,
And one lone wanderer, bent and spare,
Along the trackless, endless way
Pursues his quest for treasure rare.

He has no choice—the past is dead—
But, Dios! this brain turning strand!
The gold-hills mock where once they led,
And, oh, the signs on every hand,
And oh, the blood o'erhead!

THE PROSPECTS OF HAWAII

BY HENRY WALSWORTH KINNEY

FAR BEYOND the Golden Gate, over two thousand miles in the straight line of the steamer wake, towards the setting sun, lie the Hawaiian Islands, the "land where it is always afternoon." There, the breeze whispers songs in the wafting palm tops while the combers breaking on the coral reefs murmur a deep-toned bass. The guitar tinkles at night under the blaze of the Southern Cross against the blue-black sky, the soft strains of the *hula* melody float across rice fields and *taro* patches from the villages on the beach where the air is heavy with the perfume of fragrant flowers—and then it seems odd, almost like an abrupt discord, that such a place should have problems, social and industrial questions, to discuss, to work on and to solve.

Such is the case, however. Gradually, the Americanization of the Islands is making itself felt, and the spirit of progress has possessed the inhabitants. They are no longer content with the records made by them in their sugar industry, the proud boast that Hawaii can produce more sugar per acre than any other place. The island folk are looking forward to progress on wider lines, in more diversified ways, and they are calling to the people of distant countries to come, to the worker in the field to wield his pick and drive his plow through the virgin sod; to the tourist to pass his leisure hours under the shady palms where the trade wind blows.

"The question both of paramount importance and of superlative difficulty concerns the character of the future citizenship of the territory as dependent mainly on the immigration, labor, industrial, school and land poli-

cies. Shall the territory be dependent upon a single industry, and that be conducted on the present plan; or shall the policies of homesteading, small farming and diversified industries, both manufacturing and agricultural, be pressed.

"It will be conceded that the territory should not, if it can be avoided, keep all her eggs in one basket—especially when that basket's upsetting is threatened by probable tariff revision. Doubtless, also, no unprejudiced person would deny that the highest interests of these islands require them to be peopled as far as may be by small landed proprietors.

"The disputed ground lies in the possibilities of attaining these ends."

Thus were the great problems which now face Hawaii outlined by W. F. Frear, the Governor of the Territory, when he made his inaugural address, and his attitude has created almost universal satisfaction.

The main question, the one which is at present at the forefront, is that of immigration. In this matter the thought of the future more than the immediate needs of the territory, is predominant." Hawaii must be developed along traditional American lines," said President Roosevelt a few years ago, and this utterance has become almost an article of faith with the island folk. The importance of securing laborers, not as before of an ever alien citizenship, and who can ultimately become interested and potent factors in this development, has been realized, and such are being sought for. A territorial Board of Immigration, counting among its members mechanics as well as planters, has been established, which has

brought white immigrants by special chartered steamers from the Azores, from Madeira and from Spain, and which has sent its emissaries to still other countries. The labor which has been thus obtained has been in the main for the plantations, but it has been offered new and better conditions—the most important of which is the assistance given it to secure homesteads on which to raise products of its own.

But while sugar still is king, it no longer holds undisputed sway. New industries have been developed. At Wahiawa, a tableland on Oahu, not far from Honolulu, a colony of California farmers, with the indomitable spirit of the pioneers of that State, have converted miles upon miles of pasture land into vast pineapple fields, whence the product, crated or canned, is sent to distant countries, while the planters have reaped returns which many times exceed their original investments. Their success has inspired others to follow their example, and now associations for the raising of pineapples are being formed on all the islands of the group.

Rubber has also been taken up. Several companies have planted large tracts of land with these trees, and many individual settlers are doing the same on their holdings. Tobacco has been experimented with by Federal experts, who have found and have officially announced that the soil and the climatic conditions are splendidly adapted to the cultivation of superior grades of leaf. Sisal, a cordage plant, has brought into use thousands of acres which would otherwise be practically useless wastes. Of the many Portuguese in the islands, some are taking up the culture of the grape vine with which they were familiar in their home land. Vanilla is raised by several planters, and even the planting of cocoanut trees for copra, an industry which Hawaii, unlike the other Pacific Islands, has long neglected, has received a sudden impetus and companies have recently been formed to enter this field of industry. The native

woods have begun to find a market on the mainland, and the sound of the axe is now being heard in the virgin forests of Kona and Hilo. In addition to these, several other new industries are being experimented with, and the Government is lending its assistance and giving its encouragement by exempting from taxation for a liberal period of years the lands employed therein. Furthermore, railroads are rapidly being built in the districts which give promise of development, which will add greatly in the opening for settlement of lands which have heretofore been too far from the markets to be of value.

It is to assist in this development that Hawaii wants men with brain and brawn to come to her shores, to make their homes there, to "take up the white man's burden," and to convert into productive farms her long beaches and her verdure-clad mountain sides.

The territorial Government has, during the past few years, striven to open from time to time suitable tracts of the public domain for settlers on liberal terms. These lands are disposed of generally at prices far below their actual market value, payments are collected in easy degrees, and the main conditions insisted upon are cultivation of a certain portion thereof and residence on the land for a limited term of years before a fee simple title is granted.

In the meantime, the efforts of Hawaii to attract the interest and attention which should be hers are not being directed only to the settler. To the man of leisure, the retired business man and the man who wishes for a short time to enjoy a *dolce far niente* after the strenuous activities of modern business, she offers her unexcelled climate, the beauties of her tropical scenery, and the welcome of her hospitable people. Hawaii as a haven of rest was discovered many years ago. In the "sixties" Mark Twain sang her praises in a masterly prose poem, and Robert Louis Stevenson spent many of his most enjoyed hours of his last years within the sound of the surf at

Waikiki. And since their days, things have vastly bettered for the tourist in Hawaii. Great hotels, with all the modern luxuries, give him all the comforts to which he is accustomed, a cable keeps him in touch with the outside world, and splendid steamships carry him to and from Honolulu within a short space of time.

Nor is the matter of the attraction of the tourist any longer incidental, accidental, as in former years. A promotion committee has been organized which, with the active assistance of one of the experts who helped in making Southern California the Mecca it now is, makes a practical, one might almost say scientific, appeal to the tourist, the home seeker, the settler, in fact, any one who may wish to enjoy the benefits of Hawaii, be it for a day or for a lifetime, to come, to see and to be satisfied.

The efforts of this body have met with such success that the tourist traffic has become a potent factor in Hawaii's budget, and unmistakable in-

dications point to great steps in advance in the future. And the tourist is invariably satisfied. There is much to see which is new, the streets of Honolulu teeming with their cosmopolitan population, Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Spaniards, Portuguese and Porto Ricans, all in their national garb and preserving the speech and customs of their home land; the wonderful tropical forests, the grandeur of Haleakala, the greatest crater in the world, the fiery splendor of the active volcano, Kilauea, the mile-wide sugarcane fields, the surf riders in their canoes and the *lei* girls with their wreaths of brilliant flowers. And when the eye tires and the brain seeks rest from its labor of receiving new impressions, there are many restful nooks in the perfumed gardens of Honolulu, or on the moonlit beach of Waikiki, where the mind may invite languor while the soft voices of Hawaiian singers blend with the droning roll of pulsing surf in strange, sweet melodies.

SONNET

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Full well repaid were he who in release
 From the vampire mart could stand at eve,
 On yonder rise and take forever leave
 Of that encroaching mockery. To mark the trees
 With gilded leaves droop in the drowsy breeze
 And sunset to o'erbrim his long reprieve
 Who were that man would standing thus a-grieve
 His future days ill-spent in voiceless pleas.
 By day to haunt the trackless grass—to lie
 In full abandonment upon the glowing sod;
 To scan the azure heavens with an eye
 Attentive to all things—the meadows broad,
 Where wild bees drone and aimless butterfly
 Mellow the day he homeward happy trod.

"HAIR TONIC AND THE MAKIN'S"

A Pair of Military Undesirables--Their Cause and Effect

BY RALPH WOODLEY

NOT LONG AGO, twelve sturdy American soldiers, serving their country over Mindanao way, in the Southern Philippines, met hasty deaths from drinking punch, the principal ingredient of which was nothing less obnoxious than wood alcohol. The fate of these men to some extent lay in a desire, growing at an alarming rate throughout the army, to find a substitute for the less harmful lager, some time since legislated out of the army canteen by a popular crusade—popular only with those crusading, the rank and file of whom, you may rest assured, were not recruited from the military service. An old soldier relates that a young recruit, having bought some chafing-dish fuel in the form of alcohol in the post exchange, chanced to find out that it contained intoxicating properties. He took only a "mild snort," as the old timer put it, and was happy with his discovery. Forthwith a quantity of the liquid was bought and made into punch. Some thirty men, drinking more of the beverage in this seductive form than had the original sampler, were taken deathly sick shortly thereafter. Hasty requests were made by the post quartermaster for caskets, twelve of them, as before related, being required to bury the dead.

The taking off of twelve husky men all at once from such a shameful cause quite naturally at the time startled the military authorities, who can no more control what a man drinks than name what he shall eat. The news might, perhaps, have startled outsiders had

the incident happened at shorter range or had the news services syndicated it broadcast throughout the land. But to startle any one is not exactly starting them in another direction. The army is not ordinarily startled by deaths from chronic alcoholism when they come one at a time. But when the end comes in bunches, the matter is different. When novices at chemistry, in so far as unknown drinks are concerned, foresake lemon extract, herpicide, exhilarator, red ink, the various brands of hair dressing, bay rum, and other old, true and time-tried substitutes for wood alcohol punch, they get at least an extraordinary obituary, all of which leads us up to a sorrowful subject.

Before the abolishment of the army canteen, in which lager beer was sold as a means of improving company messes with the profits earned therefrom, as well as to keep the soldier at home and out of low dives and brothels, the death rate from alcoholism was indeed small—almost insignificant. To-day, conditions are the very reverse. The death rate in the absence of pure beer is appalling. Some commanding officers, realizing this dire fact, it is said, are taking chances on violation of the law by serving a sort of near-beer in their post exchanges. The men bless them for their bravery. Now, the money formerly spent in improving the messes and making the quarters of the men more habitable, goes to outsiders, too often to dive-keepers, who not infrequently rob and occasionally murder their prey.

No one, unless it be the distiller and

the barkeeper, can conscientiously hold a brief for the drunkard, any more than it can be honestly said that the world could not go on without rye and bourbon and beer, which it certainly could. Whisky has nothing to its credit, even if it has on occasions robbed the rattler of a victim. Even its medicinal properties may be duplicated. On the other hand it blackens reputations, destroys health and drains the purse opened to it. Still, these arguments are neither here nor there.

Soldiers drink because men of the temperament to make good soldiers are of a drinking class, adventurous, dare-devilish and reckless. The drink problem was by no means satisfactorily solved by the sutler, the post trader or the roadside saloon keeper in years ago. Nor did any one claim that in the canteen lay the most perfect solution of the problem. But the canteen was an improvement, decidedly so, on its forerunners. In time, had it been allowed to progress, the scheme might have worked out to the satisfaction of army officers, who are just as anxious for temperance as some others who are in no way concerned except from a moral standpoint. The canteen was a blessing compared to the horrible situation of to-day. In the old days there was very little drunkenness, and five deaths per year from alcoholism would be a liberal estimate. What big railroad system of to-day does not have as many deaths, or more, from vicious habits? Yet no howling band of crusaders is on the job where corporations and their employees are concerned. To-day, drunkenness in the army is pretty general. The deaths from drink are now conservatively more per month than they were formerly per annum. Prior to 1898 one might go a long way before seeing whole gangs of intoxicated soldiers upon the streets or on military reservations. Again, who ever heard of a case of discrimination against the uniform in public places, as we read about every now and then in the press nowadays? The uniform, it is claimed in some quarters, is discrimi-

nated against because the wearer is too often found intoxicated. Yet the very people who now discriminate against a soldier's clothes are largely the ones who discriminated against him in judging what he should and should not drink.

Not long ago a company barber at a military post had a trunk filled with hair tonic stolen from his shop. He passed the matter off lightly, knowing where his property had gone. He was one of the boys himself, and he was not wrong in his conjectures, either. Half the company was drunk that day—on hair tonic, or, rather, the alcoholic percentage it contained. In this connection, the company barbers at any of our military posts will tell you that it is unsafe to leave a shop unlocked with the bay rum, hair tonic, etc., on the shelf. Many of the barbers stock up with all sorts of liquid toilet articles, the base of which is alcohol, realizing handsomely on the sale of it for internal rather than external uses. Where intoxicants, plainly labeled as such, are prohibited—this is a novel way of “boot-legging.” Traveling salesmen of barber supply houses make regular visits to the posts, perhaps oftener now than they did in the days of the canteen. Who can tell? If the men cannot buy their favorite brand of hair ointment, they will oft-times steal it, a truth hard to relate. Red ink is another alcoholic preparation which finds favor when hair tonic or cheap whisky is not available. In such cases, red lips do not always indicate rosy health any more than they do that the man is in a clerical position. Infrequently the Government supply of carmine may find its way down some parched throat, another sad fact to relate. The man who has charge of veterinary supplies is also in a place to make himself rich, as is the hospital corps man, if inclined to sell his wares.

A “bay rum” death in an artillery garrison not long since did not much frighten other men partial to its consumption. They kept right on “rumming” it, no doubt bracing their failing

nerves at the funeral with a copious swig. Another lot of men who had charge of a storehouse of paint kept up a continuous onslaught on the shellac supply, draining the alcohol from it to drink. Most of them, too, it is claimed, were buried, martyrs to an ungovernable appetite and the whims of the crusaders.

It is a well known fact that "dry" or prohibition towns are usually about as "wet" as communities favored with licenses. They have the problem always before them, with all its evils, but with the license money minus. In other words, they have to tolerate an inconvenience, as the traffic is sometimes called, without getting anything out of it from a monetary standpoint. The same condition, magnified and much more grave, exists in the military service to-day. Regarding this phase of the subject, Admiral Evans once said:

"I have had more trouble over my sailors getting drunk in the ports of Maine than I have had at any other ports in the world. I do not believe in a prohibitory law unenforced, and I have never yet seen it enforced in Maine. I have found by experience that my men always get whisky in Maine. No, not whisky—it was poison, and for the most part wood alcohol."

The drink evil has increased four-fold since the abolition of the army canteen. The evidence is voluminous and conclusive. To present it properly would require several columns of space, devoted mostly to dry statistical facts and figures. Doubting Thomases, if any there be, should visit a military post for a few days—any of them—or, better still, converse with enlisted men and officers on the subject. Either one of them will be glad to tell you what they think about it, and in a forcible manner.

With liquor consumption moving on apace in the army, cigarette smoking is becoming alarming, just as it is in England, where the smoking of cigarettes by all ranks throughout the command is prohibited at all times while

under arms or on duty of any kind. At the present rate in our service it will not be long before it will be considered good form to mount guard or do evening parade with a cigarette set at a catchy angle in the trooper's face. A few years ago it was permissible to talk to an officer with a cigarette half-hidden in one's paw. Now, with some of the more lenient of the commissioned element, a man may converse with them while squinting one eye to shut out the cigarette smoke as it curls its way up around the nose and over the head. Since the ingredients of cigars and cigarettes are largely similar, there can be little difference, it would seem, in the effect of cigarettes on the system. The trouble with cigarette smoking is that the smoker generally inhales the smoke. That's what makes him like them. Now, to inhale smoke from a pipe loaded with pure tobacco, while not recommended for infants or growing youth, is nevertheless not terribly harmful. But to inhale the fumes of tobacco doped with opium and other drugs is not so healthful. Otherwise, cigarettes made of good, high-class tobacco and used in moderation, as they will be when not doped with drugs, are no worse, in the opinion of many, than cigars or pipes. As in the case of the anarchist, cigarettes have simply acquired a bad name—and the reputation accorded them is largely due to the tricks of the cheap tobacco manufacturer.

Cigarette smokers, being largely made up of the same adventurous disposition as the drinking man, are likewise coming into the service. The first thing a bunch of "broken" recruits look for on joining a command is the "makin's." The "makin's" are much cheaper than cigars, or even pipes, and as the soldier's ration does not include Havana fillers, he naturally buys the cheapest, disregarding quality with becoming abandon, in order to have a surplus on pay day for hair tonic and "craps," and his legitimate needs. For this reason, all post exchanges keep "the makin's" in stock at all times, so that it isn't often that

a comrade has to beg for "butts" on a half-burned stump from his bunkie. In a company of one hundred men it would be difficult, indeed, to find twenty men—perhaps ten would be better—who do not smoke cigarettes. The same example applies likewise to drinkers, so one may readily see how general these habits are.

An Eastern hunting guide says a deer can smell cigarette smoke a long way, and that the odor makes him take to the tall timber. That certainly is uncomplimentary to the favorite weed of those who "bend pills," as cigarette making is called. Whether our brand of pulverized sawdust, brown paper, tobacco stems and rice paper would put a hostile army to flight remains to be seen in the next war, for cigarettes were not sold by the Government in other wars. The same old guide also notes that cigarette smokers are poorer marksmen than others. However, he

very considerably refrains from blaming it onto the cigarette, regardless of the inference. Whether the much-maligned *cigarillo* lowers our marksmanship to any appreciable degree is not yet definitely known. At any rate, just now we can shoot as fast, as hard and as straight afloat and ashore as any other military force, cigarette smoking notwithstanding. When our prowess in hitting the bull's-eye fails, if it ever does, then it will be quite time enough to lay the fault upon the nasty little cigarette.

Meantime, in the absence of relief through logical argument and sane legislation, hair tonic and "the makin's" are performing their function with unflinching regularity.

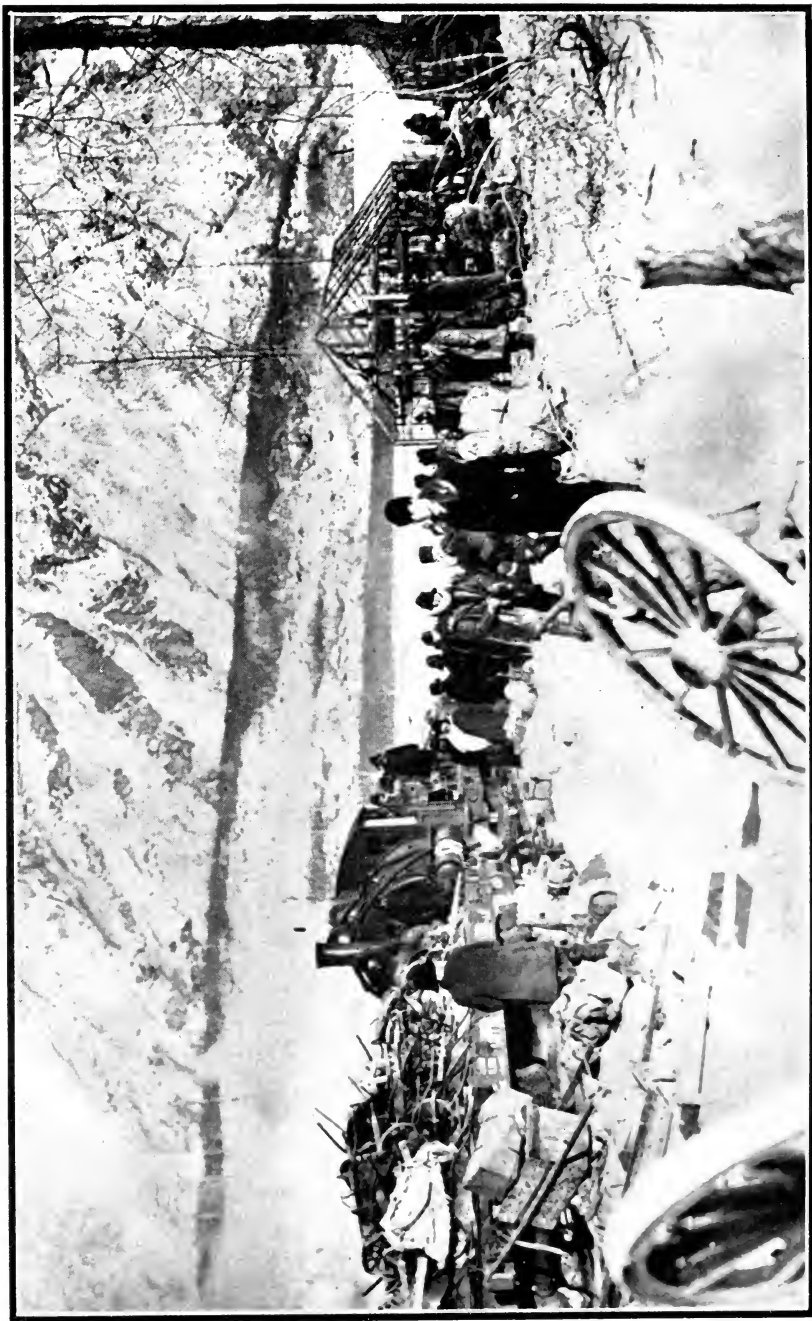
Every once in a while a soldier dies as evidence of it. Not long ago twelve of them turned up their toes to prove it. To the army, the testimony is costly, in dollars, discipline and lives.

EXPERIENCE

BY ELMA KENDALL CONKLING

Love came my way
One bright spring day,
But life was full
And I said him nay.

Love came my way
One autumn day,
When leaves were sere,
And I bade him stay.



Construction on the Copper River in below zero weather.



Moving supplies in winter under difficulties.

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A DRIVE INTO THE GLACIAL PERIOD

The Supremacy of Present-Day Courage as Indicated in the Daring
Invason of the Glacier Region of Alaska

BY CARLYLE ELLIS

IF THERE WERE to be a debate on the question, "Is man growing more courageous?" the affirmative side would find convincing arguments in true stories of present-day Alaska. And it would be thrilling stuff. Of all the engaging sides of that fascinating and little known land this element of human battle with Nature is the most arresting and characteristic. The keynote of anything

vital that is written about the Alaska of to-day must be the opening of its wildernesses. And in this work are the evidences of a heroic vein of personal courage that the great Northland has produced.

Is man growing more courageous?

There is, in fact, much reason to think so. We are inclined to idealize our aboriginal ancestors as men who courted danger for the love of it, and



Travel is sometimes complicated in this fashion during spring break-up.

accepted with indifference hardships that would be unbearable to-day. We laud muscular mediævalism and the heroism of our pioneering forefathers, but we are modestly blind to our own good work at the outskirts of civilization.

It needs but a brief survey of activities in the outer places to see that the men of to-day are doing daring and heroic things that their ancestors did not equal. The discovery of the North Pole was largely a matter of physical courage and endurance. In Africa, as Mr. Roosevelt has recently

thousands of years passed between the time the great ice cap receded from the northern plateaus and the settlement of rich lands they left! Few of the world's far northern settlements are of any considerable age. The agricultural development of Northern Scandinavia and the mining of Siberia are not ancient industries, but very modern, indeed. The settlement of the Northern Great Plains of this country is just beginning, yet they have been standing ready for uncounted centuries.

But even these examples of modern

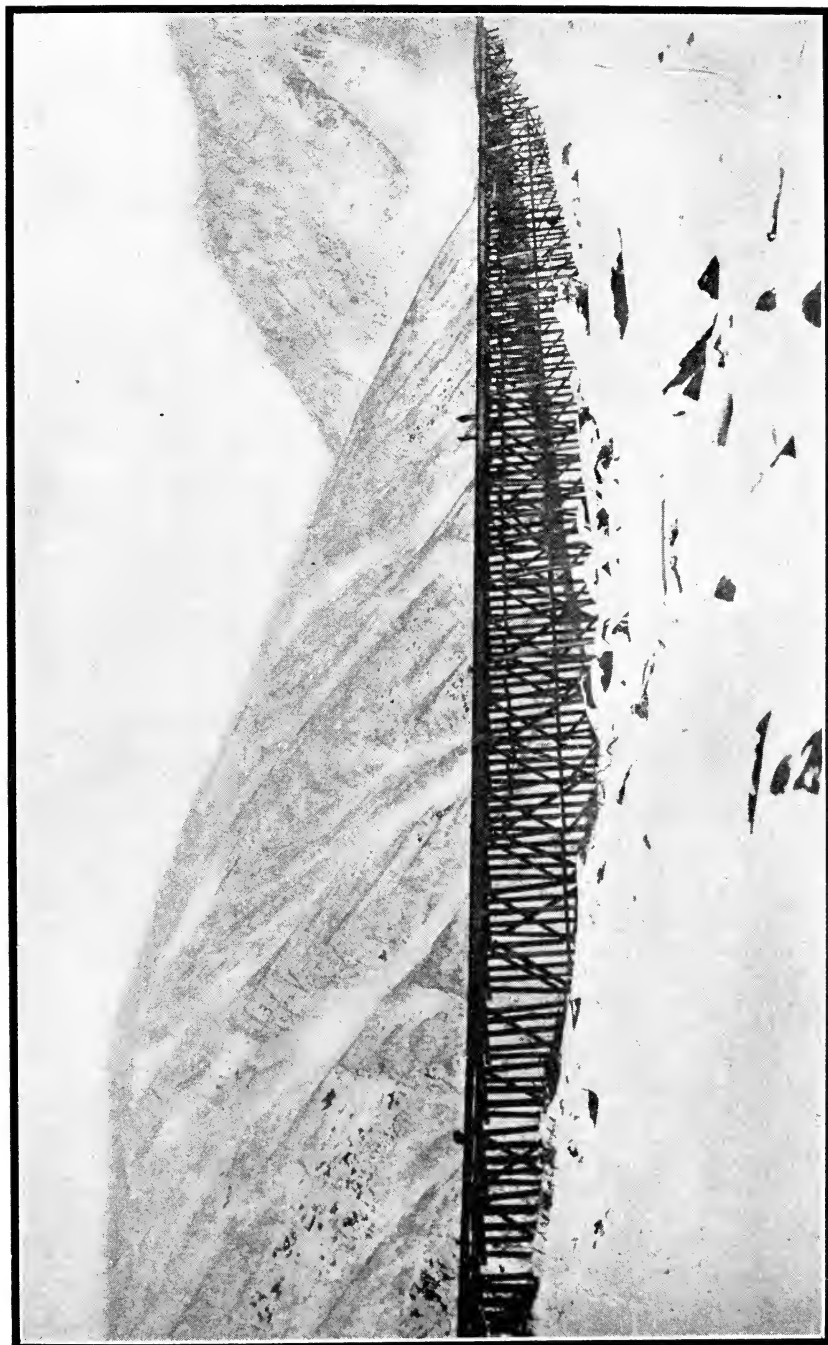


Shields' Glacier, which hourly shoots millions of tons of ice into the Copper River at its base.

reminded us, they are building a railroad through the Pleistocene, by which is meant that man has entered in that country conditions the counterpart of those existing in an early geologic period when the earth was so young and lusty that living at all was a matter of difficulty. Such things have not been done before.

The glacial North, too, has long been a terror to the race, though our forefathers were as well equipped to fight the cold as we. Think what

courage are not conclusive, and we look still further for the supreme achievement of the man of to-day in combating unfriendly nature. We find it, if anywhere, in Alaska. The remnants of the ice age remain to this day in the glacier region of the Alaskan coast, and they are vast, terrible and full of perils. These are the conditions that kept man well to the southward through geologic periods, and practically until within the memory of living persons. And they really



Trestle over Chinaman Charley slough. Photo taken during a snow storm.



Concrete piers for the Miles Glacier bridge across the Copper River, made strong enough to withstand great ice pressure.

are terrifying. It is not a figure of speech, or a journalistic exaggeration, but a premeditated statement of personally acquired fact, to be demonstrated forthwith. Yet man is no longer afraid, but, impatient for the wealth so well guarded, is driving headlong into the remains of one of the most violent of geologic periods. He is building a railroad, for example, not only in the face of living glaciers, with a discharge of millions of tons of ice a day, but is even laying his permanent roadbed on ice.

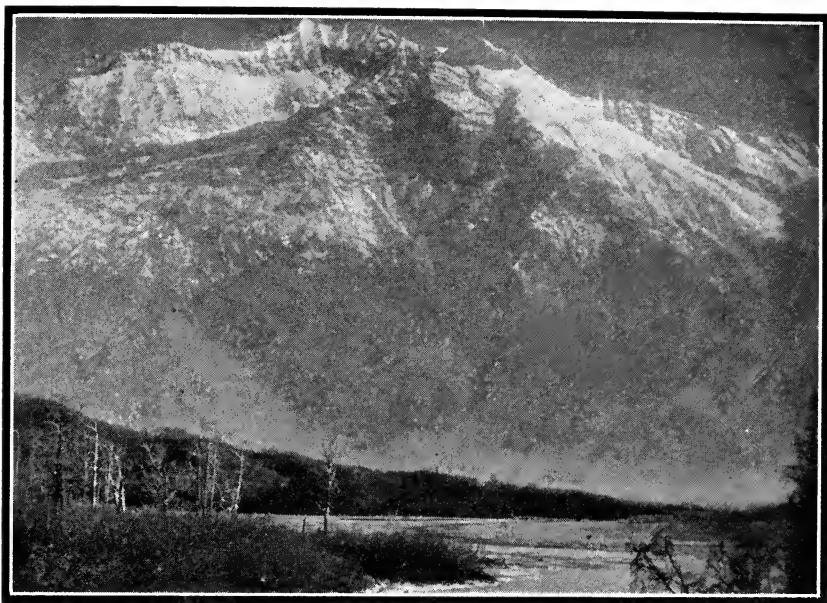
No more vivid example of physical, and the more modern industrial courage exists to-day than in the development of our northern empire. If it does not turn the scales in favor of the valor of our generation, the claim were hard to prove, indeed.

In Alaska there are still several thousands of square miles of glaciers. If the surface were navigable, one could walk northward from the sea five hundred miles without leaving the ice, and make journeys of two or three

hundred miles in different directions.

The climate of Alaska is, of course, far from glacial. So warm are the summers, in fact, that despite the severity of the long winters, many of the glaciers are rapidly retreating. Each season vast masses of them disappear, and wild flowers overhang the ice wherever there is a foothold.

The warmth, however, makes the conditions for those men who are fighting their way into the remnants of the ice age all the more hazardous. The flow of water from the melting of the glaciers all summer, added to a somewhat exceptional rainfall in the coast regions, is overwhelmingly tremendous, while the berg discharge of living, active glaciers in river and bay is amazingly profuse. So that not only is the ice reduced from a fairly permanent to a most unstable and dangerous material by the warmth, but the land is reduced by water to its least navigable condition. There is nothing, apparently, that can work greater hardship for man than a super-



A sand storm on the Copper River. Above, in the mountains, is the celebrated Canyon of the Spirits.

abundance of water on land. This is the curse of parts of the Alaskan coast regions, so far as they can be said to have a curse.

But no amount of mere wetness can daunt the Alaskan of either sex in this part of the region. The women don sou'wester, rubber raincoat and high waterproof shoes, and defy rain. The man in the trail is lucky if he can keep dry above the waist. He doesn't think of trying to do more than that, and to the old-timer the consideration of dryness applies only to his grub and his matches. He will stay wet for a week at a time without troubling even to swear about it. It isn't a question of whether one can travel wet or dry, but whether one can ford the glacier streams without being swept off one's feet, and thus inevitably drowned. Men cannot swim in water of that temperature. It is, therefore, distinctly dangerous to go in farther than breast deep, unless you have a horse's tail to hang to.

Alaskan horses are alright so long

as they have solid ground under foot, even if that ground is a boulder-covered creek bed three feet deep in muddy water not far from freezing. In this they will travel for hours. But when it comes to plunging long, weary hours through three or four feet of mud, and having to be pried out every few yards, they are most unhappy. Yet every packhorse on the coast trails goes through with this many times each season. Such things, with picturesque but heart-breaking additional details, are a not unfamiliar experience on the Government's great overland highway from the coast to Fairbanks in the Tanana Valley. And, after ten years of traffic, this is the only way one can get overland into the Alaskan interior; that is, the only other ways of any sort are around by Behring Sea and two thousand miles up the Yukon River, or in by Skagway and White Horse, and almost as far down the river. The reason does not lie with the Alaska Road Commission. There are single miles of

Alaska's new railroad that cost more than the annual appropriation of Congress for Alaskan roads—several of them, and this does not include bridges either.

These few facts are given to show the incalculable blessing that rail transportation will be in a country of this kind, and also to indicate the kind of extraordinary difficulties to be encountered in its construction. The principal Alaskan railroad is the Copper River and Northwestern, recently completed by the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate to tap the immensely rich

—if such things as these were recorded—in the recent brilliant annals of railroad building.

Only a few instances of difficulties met and overcome in the construction of this remarkable railroad can be given, though the story of the road is one continuous succession of adventurous incidents that stamp with approval for all time the quality of present-day courage.

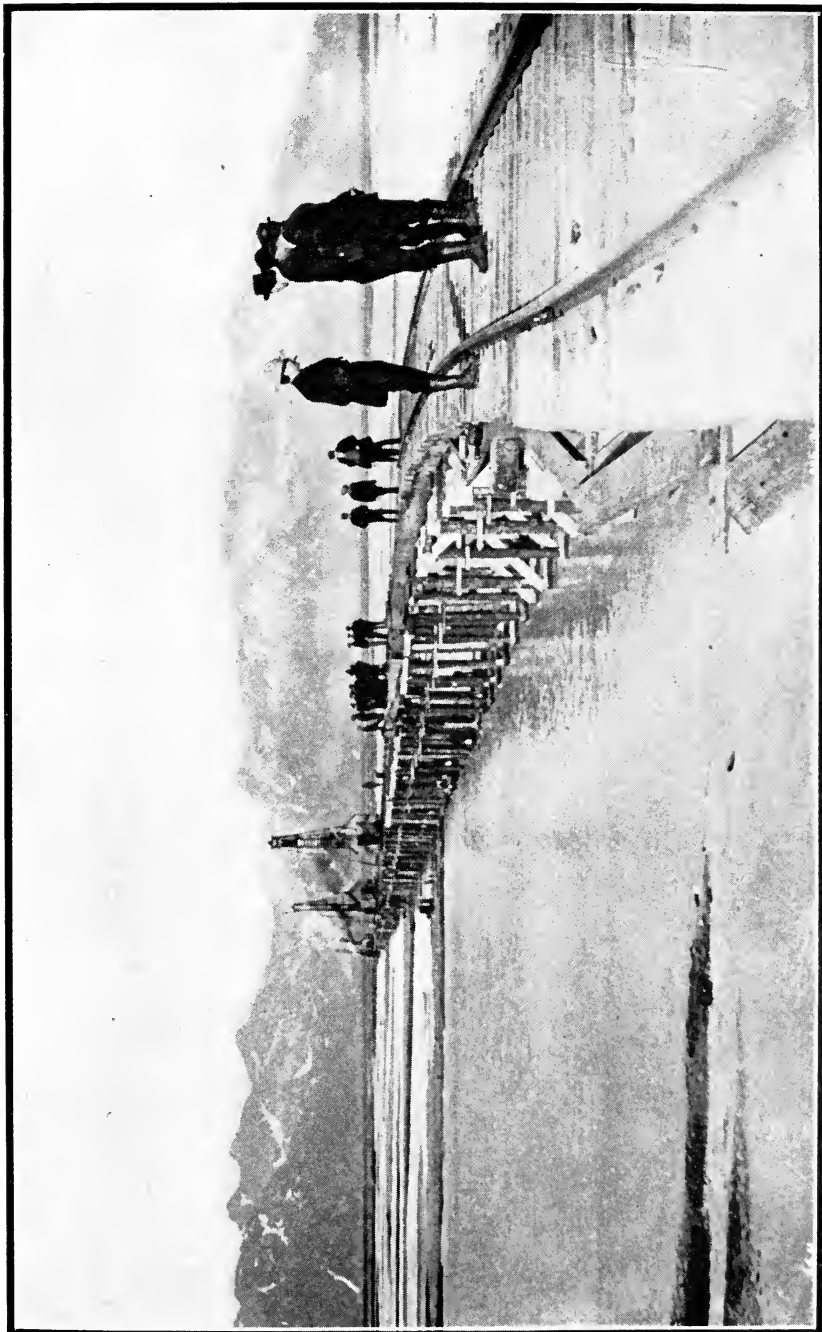
The problem facing the builders was to reach the Kotsina-Chitina copper region, and more particularly the Bonanza mine with rails from tide-



The lake below Miles Glacier, on the Copper River.

copper region in the Chitina River basin and the celebrated Bering River coal fields, afterwards continuing into the interior. This road drives right into the heart of the glacial region—195 miles of track is laid, and it therefore offers full opportunity of testing the courage and heroism of the American builder. It has, as a matter of fact, tested both almost to the breaking point, and established new records

water in three years. A glance at the map will show the valley of the Chitina is in the very heart of the glacier region. In fact, the famous greenstone-limestone contact which has been traced for 1200 miles, and on which nearly all of the prospects so far discovered have been located, dips several times under glaciers. What riches are still hidden by the ice can only be guessed at.



Stretch of temporary trestle over the silt flats of the Copper River delta.



August remains of a snow slide on the Alaska Northwestern Railroad on Teni peninsula.

It is evident that the only ways to get into this region are by way of the Copper River valley or from Valdez down the Tonsina to the Copper. The former route also makes it possible to tap the Bering river coalfields by a fifty-mile spur. As these fields have otherwise no outlet, the economic importance of this combination leaves practically no choice of routes, and it is the Copper river that is followed.

This extraordinary stream was almost unknown until a few years ago. Until 1905 the only authentic report on it was that of Lieutenant Henry T. Allen, who made a memorable journey up the river into the interior in 1885. Lieutenant Allen's report to the Government is one of the most dramatic narratives of exploration in our literature. The hardships he encountered were literally awful. No writer of thrilling romance would dare to equal them in fiction; yet, except for the

first hundred miles of railroad, conditions in the region are practically unchanged. Every year men go through similar experiences in the vast wilderness of mountains, though none have equaled Allen's achievement in territory covered during a single season.

The pushing of the railroad over the Copper River flats was a repetition on a great scale of Lieutenant Allen's preliminary ten-day fight with icy rain, slushy snow, open river and driving gales. These soft, shifting silt beds, with their innumerable river channels and quicksands, are impassable in summer to either man or beast. This was winter work.

There were twenty miles of storm-swept flats, covered with eight to ten feet of snow, alternately flooded with water and frozen solid. Over or through this it was necessary to move not only men and horses, but hundreds of tons of supplies, timbers and pile-drivers.



The bleak and lonely Cape Resurrection, Alaska.

This last was heroic work. Sometimes rails were laid over the snow on a foundation of brush. In places, the ten feet of snow were shoveled off for track-laying.

As spring broke, the flats became a lake of slush and water, and still the work went forward. The moving of supplies ahead of track laying became increasingly difficult, with warm weather. To get in horses, for instance, scows just large enough to hold one animal were built and towed by launch across the river channels. Long lines were then attached, and the loaded scows towed by force of main strength over the soft mud and quicksand where men could hardly find foothold, and horses would hopelessly mire. A mile an hour was often good average time for this traveling, even with a big crew for every horse, and it went on hour after hour, and day after day.

But this was all below glaciers. At mile 46, one side of the three-mile face of Miles glacier is reached. The river, now concentrated in one deep and narrow channel, washes the foot of this towering palisade of living ice across its full width. Hour after hour, through the summer, this glacier discharges thousand to million-ton bergs into the stream, and the wash therefrom climbs the steep, boulder-covered opposite bank a hundred feet. Nothing can stand before it.

Up the twelve-mile current in front of this glacier it was necessary to get supplies, and the one possible method was to "line" them up in flat-bottomed boats. "Lining" up rivers is a characteristic method of Alaskan transportation. Up this stretch of the Copper but a few hundred pounds of supplies could be taken at a time, and fifteen expert rivermen were used for each boat. Most of these men walked

ahead at the end of a long tow-line, wading waist-deep in the icy waters and stumbling over boulders, logs and brush. When waves came from falling ice the danger was acute. One entire crew was washed into the river, and the boat with its load crushed to kindling. It was counted a marvel that no lives were lost. Seldom did a boat get by with its full cargo, and for a time the rivermen could not get up more than enough supplies to operate their own camp.

Just above Miles glacier the river makes a sharp double turn and on the other side meets another great discharging glacier. Between these two ice-cliffs the railroad runs. The problems involved are unique in railroad construction. Where the river is bridged between the glaciers, the channel is 1,500 feet wide, and piers must be set that would withstand the pounding of the enormous bergs from Childs besides the field ice which is in a fifteen-mile current often six feet deep. These piers were built of solid concrete, reinforced with heavy steel rails set a foot apart all around, and they were carried sixty feet to bed-rock. Their greatest horizontal dimension also is sixty feet. In addition, the piers are protected by concrete breaks also sunk to bedrock and of unexampled solidity. The necessity for this is indicated from the way these bergs treat piling.

Before the completion of the bridge a ferry was operated across a slower part of the river between the glaciers. Here groups of six and eight heavy piles were driven and chained together to guide the ferry boat. One such pier lasted just seven minutes. A berg—not of the largest size—came quietly down against it, and without a second's stop, without so much as a shiver, wiped the big pier out of existence. And this had happened again and again.

Just above the river at this point a long and rather high trestle was required, and in order to fulfill a contract this had to be built after winter had set in. With the thermometer around

zero, and a fifty to sixty miles wind beating a heavy snowstorm almost horizontally, the men worked on this trestle, while on the level the wind gathered snow and gravel into a frightful mixture and hurled it at the workers with terrific fury. One hour was a long shift. Engines were stalled and had to be dug out. Shovelers sometimes could make no headway whatever against the flying drifts in digging out supplies.

For days the wind blew more than eighty miles an hour, and then no man could face it. Eighty miles of warm wind is too much for most people. At zero, and well mixed with ice and coarse gravel, it is too much even for an Alaskan.

A few miles further up the Copper River line, a dead and moraine-covered glacier came down to the water's edge. This had to be crossed, and large quantities of ice had to be blasted out to make room for the roadbed. No element of special danger is here concerned either in construction or operation, as ice deeply covered melts very slowly, and nothing but a great earthquake would start the ice body in motion again. The instance is cited merely as an example of the utterly strange conditions met with in the Northland.

Enough has been said to give some idea, though an inadequate one, of the quality of courage required to penetrate the strange glacial region of the Alaskan Coast. These are not isolated instances, but examples of the sort of thing that is met with in almost every mile of railroad building in the bleak North country.

The charm of Northern summer travel over completed lines—their road-beds and rolling stock the equal of the Eastern lines—is a delight, but off the beaten track one meets primal Nature in her most terrifying moods. It is supremely fascinating, and it may even be exceedingly pleasant if the luck is good, but it does make constant calls on human courage that are hardly equaled elsewhere on the planet.

COURT-MADE LAWS

BY THOMAS B. WILSON, LL. D.

FIFTY YEARS ago, an eminent jurist was reported to have announced from the bench that "all legislative action that is constitutionally operative is court-made law."

The case grew out of the denial of a railway corporation that an enactment clothing a commission with authority to fix schedules of passenger fares and freight rates was unconstitutional because it assumed to place a limit on the income of private capital engaged in a legitimate public business enterprise, and that if the commission had such power it might exercise it by fixing the charges of the railway for service that would make profits for service impossible. The jurist referred to held that whatever of a public character all the people had interest in, its conduct might be supervised and regulated by all the people through their legislative or law-making representatives. But it is the business of the courts to determine whether the people's legislative agents have transcended or gone beyond the limitations of the Constitution, and also to interpret the meaning of the enactments. Therefore, since it is the business of the court to pass upon the constitutionality of a legislative enactment, and also to interpret its meaning, at the last analysis, all laws are substantially "court made."

Although the United States Supreme Court did not put its decision in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases in the language employed by the jurist referred to, the spirit is substantially the same, for its decision in both cases was that the anti-trust law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, is a powerful and a perfectly capable de-

fender of the public against all forms of organized monopoly. In substance, the court held that inasmuch as all the people have interest in the conduct of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Corporation, the anti-trust law is not only constitutional, but is not susceptible of any rational interpretation other than that it reflects the will of the people.

Moreover, a careful reading of the Act will show that the court dealt with the spirit rather than the wording of the law. In other words, the court in these cases, was guided, as courts generally are, by what it thought was in the minds of the framers of the Act, and what the range of this purpose was when they put both their thought and their purpose into a statute.

The interpretation of the anti-trust Act by the Supreme Court fully justifies the opinion of the jurist referred to "that all operative laws are court-made laws," for in the Standard Oil decision the court was guided by its own opinion as to the meaning of the spirit rather than to the letter of the law, and in measuring the legality of the conduct of the Oil and Tobacco companies the court adhered strictly to the spirit of the statute. But in ignoring the letter of the Act, the court created an apparent conflict between the letter and the spirit of the enactment, but the "rule of reason" was applied, which is that in the result of the final analysis of a law the conclusion should be obtained by the application of sound common sense to the proposition, the proposition supposedly reflecting what the framers of the Act had in mind, which was a purpose to safeguard the public welfare, and is more readily and correctly ap-

prehended in the spirit than in the letter of the Act under consideration.

There is really, therefore, no room for a conflict between the spirit and the letter of the anti-trust law, for the letter should be considered the body of the spirit. Nevertheless, the double-barrel decision of the law makes it quite clear that the Sherman Act is in harmony both in spirit and letter, with the Constitution, nor did the court deem it necessary to call into service the alleged "unused power" of that instrument. Everybody knows that the framers of the anti-trust law had in mind the enactment of a statute to prevent the formation and maintenance of monopolies of every kind that the public might be protected against corporation greed and extortion; also meaning to make it just as unlawful to combine to monopolize a commercial product as to maintain unjust competition, for the purpose of each was one and the same; i. e., to restrain the natural and free course of trade. Thus, according to the opinion of the Supreme Court, aggregation of capital for business purposes, or combination of kindred interests is not unlawful under the Sherman law, provided the purpose is not to put restraints upon the manufacture and distribution of merchantable commodities, but if, by the conduct of any business enterprise trade is arbitrarily restrained, the parties in interest may be apprehended on criminal as well as on damage charges.

From the viewpoint of the courts' interpretation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, there is nothing more to be said. The court does not question its own right to give a statute an India rubber-like elasticity to cover conditions that are supposed to exist as dangers to the public welfare. Such interpretations of either the spirit or letter of a Congressional enactment do, as a matter of fact, recreate an existing statute into a court-made law, which undoubtedly is the assumption of legislative functions. But while the court may have applied the "rule of reason" and common sense in its con-

clusions concerning the law in question, it failed utterly to consider the issue from the ethical and common business sense aspects of either the letter or spirit of the law. Thus the spirit of the Anti-Trust Act, the court holds, is a vigorous protest against the monopolistic character of the methods of the Standard Oil Company, which are inimical to the public welfare.

But is the Standard Oil Company the public's enemy? There is no kind of doubt that it is a gigantic monopoly. The company has never denied its monopolistic character—that it is an "oil octopus," whose tentacles may be found in the homes of the whole civilized world. The "octopus" is also the friend of educational and humanitarian institutions, as is evidenced by the nearly \$150,000,000 of Standard Oil money that has been donated to these without hope of fee or reward. Nevertheless, the Standard Oil Company is a mammoth industrial monopoly, but wherein has it ever conspired against the public welfare? It is what it is through the power, energy and genius of common business sense energetically applied. Will it start the wheels of the public welfare to revolve the wrong way if we say that the foundation upon which this "cold-blooded" oil combine was established by thoughts of the welfare of all the people? Or that the public stood behind and held up the hands of the Standard Oil Company until it became an industrial giant?

Thinking people appreciate the fact that at the beginning of the industry of converting crude petroleum into illuminating oil or kerosene, the retail price of refined petroleum or coal oil was about seventy cents per gallon. By new discoveries in the methods of distillation and by the discovery of vast deposits of petroleum the Standard Oil Company was enabled gradually to reduce the cost of illuminating oil to the people from seventy cents per gallon to ten cents per gallon. In view of these facts, it is hard to see how the public welfare has

been seriously injured by the Standard Oil Company, unless it is that the company is wholly responsible for forcing coal oil down from seventy cents to ten cents per gallon. But that is not all of the blessings to humanity that this monster industrial monopoly has showered upon all kinds of people. There is not a manufacturing chemist of any nation, nor a doctor of medicine, nor a drug store, nor any other kind of business enterprise that is not blessed by the by-products of petroleum. They have grown in the range of their usefulness until they are necessary in every channel of commercial and household life.

The tobacco corporation has likewise offended the "spirit" of the anti-trust law, but not the letter of the Act. At least, the Supreme Court practically admits that the "letter" of the statute finds no fault with the tobacco trust, so-called, and that but for a careful dissection of the "spirit" of the law no legal reason would be found for hauling it into court. So far as the public is informed, the growers of tobacco or the users of tobacco have not complained that they have been or are now being taken advantage of by the tobacco corporation. Yet the concern was hailed before the Supreme Court on the charge that it was killing competition by employing the forces of competition, which is literally true as to competition in Europe and in the Orient, where the users of tobacco have in a large measure taken to using the goods of the American tobacco combine because it gives them a better quality of the leaf, and at lower prices per pound than they have been used to getting. This is distinctly true of Turkey and Egypt, where the users of tobacco are supposed to be connoisseurs. The only serious complaint against the tobacco company comes from American competitors, who have not the experience, capital, business foresight, sagacity and energy to enter the field like true

warriors, and give and take blows. It is very true that the tobacco trust's ramifications are not confined to the boundaries of the United States, because push and skill have surmounted obstructions of space and its limitations. But business success in this country does not come of childish whining. Every day in the year some one has to put up his shutters because of his inability to stem the currents of energetic and pushing competition, nor is it the "spirit" of any just law or the province of any community to go into mourning and bewail the victory the successful competitor has won.

The Supreme Court hesitated to create a court-made law in the tobacco trust case, even out of the "spirit" of the Sherman Anti-Trust enactment. It simply sent the case back to the court from which the appeal was taken, with instructions to that court to devise ways and means, or a method of dissolving the tobacco corporation and oblige it to recreate itself out of its own elements into something that would satisfy the public—a public that has made no complaint against its methods or the quality of its goods or its prices.

Now, while analyzing the arbitrary methods, so-called, of the Standard Oil monopoly and the tobacco trust, let us take a peep at the Supreme Court. It is the greatest monopoly in the country. It has a monopoly of the privilege of interpreting all legislative enactments by Congress, to distinguish between the "letter" and the "spirit" of laws, and say when and where they are or are not in harmony with the court's conception of the words of the Constitution, and what the Supreme Court says goes, for there is no appeal from its conclusions, which are nearly always uncertain, for rarely ever is the full bench in harmony on any question of law or the powers conferred by the Constitution upon a State or upon the nation.

THE OSTRICH FEATHER INDUSTRY IN THE WEST VS. AFRICA

BY FELIX J. KOCH

TO SUCH an extent has the ostrich-plume industry grown, out on the west side of California, that three United States consuls have just been set to reporting on this traffic in Africa, in order to show comparisons and bring out such data as may interest the ostrich rancher, and eventually milliner and consumer.

In German Africa, it is found, the export of ostriches and ostrich eggs is now prohibited by Imperial decree of February 15, 1909. This restriction, however, does not apply to the trade with neighboring States in which similar measures are in force, and in which exception is made as to the export to German Southwest Africa. Even the eggs of wild ostriches may be collected, or the birds themselves captured, only by persons having special permission from the Government, and that permission can only be obtained on condition that the birds and eggs are to be used expressly for breeding. Domestic breeding of ostriches in the German colonies has not proven profitable. The Kilimanjaro Plantation Co., of Berlin, on its plantations in German Southeast Africa attempted to collect the eggs of wild ostriches and hatch them in incubators. The experiment found the feathers very inferior, and so the company sold its birds. Good stock birds, it found, are not easily obtainable, especially since the exportation of ostriches and eggs from the Union of British South Africa has been forbidden. Cape Colony, therefore, remains the principal ostrich breeding country, and there are about

500,000 tame birds in the colony, as against 30,000 in all other countries.

In Germany itself, Carl Hagenbeck has an ostrich farm at Stellingen, near Hamburg, opened in June of last year. Here the eggs are hatched in incubators, this being found more profitable than when the eggs are hatched under the birds themselves and these brood their young: the hens laying double the number, or from twenty-five to thirty eggs annually.

The ostrich chicks, after coming out of the shells are allowed to remain in the incubators twenty-four hours, until they have become perfectly dry. They are then transferred to the brooding house. This building is about sixty feet long, of steel, concrete and hollow tile construction, and with the front entirely of glass. The concrete floor, covered with sand, on which the young birds range, is raised 39.3 inches from the ground, and is heated by steam pipes running under the floor.

In one section of the brood-house, alfalfa is grown, on which the young ostriches are fed. After remaining in the brood-house six to eight weeks they are placed in runs, inclosed in wire netting, at the end of which are suitable shelter houses. The houses of the grown birds are not heated even in winter, the ostriches seeming to thrive well in this northern climate.

The older birds are fed on chopped hay, mixed with cracked corn, bran and barley. In addition, each adult receives daily about one pound of finely crushed bone.

The feathers are first clipped when

the birds are six months old, and at intervals of nine months thereafter.

At present there are 150 birds at the farm, and prices range from \$430 to \$715 per pair, according to species.

Interesting, then, by way of contrast, is the rising ostrich industry of California.

"Feathers to-day are selling at \$125 the pound," they tell you at the great ostrich farm operated at East Pasadena, Cal. Daily the visitors stream

birds are bred. This lies out in the back country some miles, and to it admission is denied the tourist.

Ostrich farming, both there and at Pasadena, has proven an unqualified success. Originated at the town of Norwalk, about twenty years ago, and transplanted to Southern California eight years later, the idea—which came almost unexpectedly to the present proprietor of the ranch—has developed into a business now being in-



Ostriches standing at fence awaiting keeper, on ostrich farm

into the enclosure to watch the great, ungainly birds swallow an orange, which slowly makes its way down the long neck, protruding the skin as it does so; buy an egg or plume and depart, firm in the belief that they have seen the farm.

As a matter of fact, not one visitor in ten thousand gets out to the real ostrich farm, where the California

introduced at Riverside, in Florida, and elsewhere over the southern parts of the United States.

The ostrich industry in the Republic, however, came very near being nipped in the bud. When Cawston, the first man to attempt the work, started out for South Africa to buy the birds, the project seemed easy of execution. The ostriches were purchased at Cape

Town, and shipped aboard a chartered vessel. Just before the ship left port, though, the City Fathers passed a law forbidding the exporting of ostriches, wishing in this wise to preserve the monopoly to themselves.

With thirty ostriches on his hands, young Cawston was hard put to it. The story goes that he induced the Captain to set sail, just as the bill was signed, and so got out just in time to avoid the present export duty, which is abso-

the nucleus of a unique and mammoth California industry. All of the six have passed, but their progeny are numerous and hearty.

In Cape Colony the ostriches feed themselves, one is told at Pasadena, being given a range of twenty acres of *veldt* to each pair of birds, on which they roam and browse like so many cattle. Many of them, there, will go without touching water for years, although it is a known fact that the



An enclosure on an ostrich farm, showing birds enjoying the sunshine.

lutely prohibitive, being \$500 apiece on the birds. As a result, while giving him a start, this law has fostered the American industry; since to-day, aside from a few Australian competitors, ostrich farms exist at Cape Town only.

Of Cawston's flock of thirty birds, all but six died en route. This half-dozen, like the Riverside orange, were

quality of feathers depends, next to the degree of nutrition, upon the amount of water taken.

Brought here, under the new conditions, and these are now a great open park, where ferns and flowers alternate the series of runs for the bird, it was a year or two before the ostriches would begin to breed. Even now, if a pair is moved from one cage into even

the adjoining one, they will refuse to breed all that season.

Out in the Sahabra Valley, Cal., there are several hundred ostriches, maintained for breeding purposes, in addition to the 168 at the show farm at Pasadena. For those in the valley there is a hundred and twenty acre alfalfa ranch, whereas at Pasadena but eight acres are available, and the birds breed well. In fact, not less than 140 chicks make their appearance each year.

Often, in fact, there will be fourteen eggs to the nest, hard, yellow-white, slightly speckled monsters, weighing three pounds each.

In the spring-time, about two-thirds of all eggs laid hatch out, but now and then the ostrich will lay at an improper season, when results are quite otherwise. The male ostrich is black, the female gray, and so Nature has arranged that the mother-bird sits on the nest during the day, when her color is that of the ground; while at night the father takes his turn, and is likewise inconspicuous. The nest itself is a mere hollow in the earth into which the eggs are laid.

Contrary to general belief, ostrich eggs are quite palatable. Usually they are served as an omelette, and now and then, at the Pasadena hotels, a dozen or more people will sit down to such a feast. Ostrich eggs taste greatly like hen's eggs, and as yet find no use in the arts. Eggs which fail to hatch are hollowed for curios, and sell at a dollar apiece.

Young ostrich chicks are dear little things, and are usually raised in the incubator.

On breaking the shell and emerging, the chicks remain in the incubator until the wings are quite dry. The temperature here is kept at 103 degrees, or about the same as the desert. After the incubator stage, they go to the brooder, remaining in there each day until it is quite warm; i. e., the height of the noon-sun.

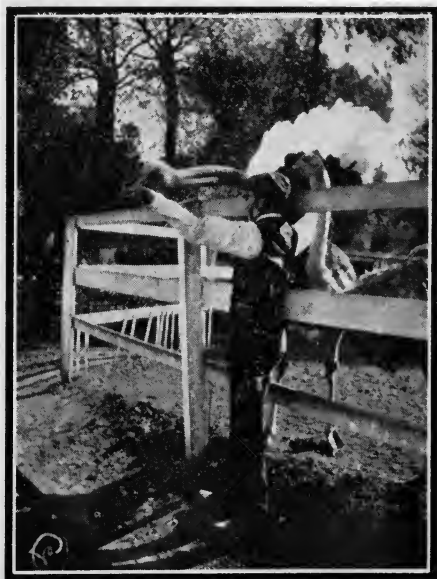
Sixty degrees will hurt the birds, if in a draught, although out in the sun they can stand even colder tempera-

ture. Further, it is most essential that the birds be kept dry.

At seven days the ostrich chick has the feathers of brown, but the body is covered over with spines, resembling those of the porcupine.

Until six months of age, the sexes look alike; then the male begins to darken, until quite black. At two years the birds have reached their full height. By four they are matured. In fact at six months of age they are already six feet high, growing on an average of a foot a month. At eight months the first feathers are plucked, and thence on, every nine months during the bird's life, these shearings occur.

The first feathers are, of course, inferior—20 to 22 inches in length, but it is necessary that they be cut if finer ones are to be had later on. For a cutting, a great stocking is slipped over the bird's head, so that he cannot see his foe, and hence will make no attempt at kicking. Ordinarily, shears will then suffice to cut the costly feathers—while the lighter plumes are simply pulled.



The ostrich and his keeper, a fine pair of birds.

Twenty to twenty-four plumes are usually obtained from each wing of the ostrich, and the number of small feathers is beyond counting. In addition, some forty to fifty feathers come from the tail of the bird.

Ostrich feathers are divided into 140 varieties, of twelve principal grades, and the prices will vary from \$4 to \$125 a pound. Three or more feathers are laid, one on the other, and the quills then sewed into one, to produce the costly plumes.

Feathers which sell at \$125 the pound, it is stated, bring \$2 the plume.

Finer grade feathers are employed in this fashion, though cheaper ones will often be tucked in underneath to fill out.

Love in the desert, among the ostriches is not spoiled by transplanting over the seas. Young birds of both sexes are put together, and they evince their likes and dislikes, till, of their own account, each chooses one mate to whom to prove faithful throughout life. Once this mating occurs, the pairs are placed in the separate pens or runs. Some of them will give thirty dollars' worth of feathers a year.

SOLACE

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

The heart that was wearily yearning
For the things that were not to be,
Saw naught of the wavering moonlight,
Or the glint of the murmuring sea.

Saw naught of the gleaming sunlight,
Or the mist on the rose at dawn,
Heard naught in the whispering twilight,
Save a sob for the years ago.

But a wandering chord of music,
Touched the soul that was sad and lone,
And the heart was soothed in its longing
By the lingering undertone.



THE TREASURE OF THE TOLTECS

BY LILLIAN SCOTT TROY

NOW, SEE HERE, Dale, don't say you won't! Don't say you're going to turn the whole thing down!" implored excited little Tommy Jones, as he dabbed his perspiring brow with a linen handkerchief dainty enough for a girl.

Dale straightened up in his chair and leaned forward, scrutinizing the anxious, boyish face through faint rings of tobacco smoke.

"Tommy," he said, "have you stopped to think what a chimerical and quixotic thing the whole business is? Because a waiter in a cheap Mexican restaurant offers to sell you a map designating the pathway to a mythical repository of opals and gold, you expect me to invest my all in the foolhardy venture and finance a wild-goose chase!"

"No such thing! No such thing!" Tommy cried, pacing the floor of his friend's sitting room. "No wild-goose chase about it! You know very well, Dale, that everything I've tackled I've sort of fallen down on, and I think that has been because none of them were just the right thing for me. I'm twenty years old, Dale, and if I don't make a strike pretty soon I'll be counted out for a dead one, sure!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dale, uproariously. "And you think a hunt for hidden treasure is the role in which you will scintillate?"

"You needn't laugh," rejoined the boy, sullenly. "There are other fellows who will go with me. The thing must go through, for—for I've already bought the map!"

"What!" and Dale grabbed his friend by the shoulders and turned his face to the light. "You've let that

greasy Mexican bunco you out of five hundred dollars?"

"Call it what you please. I have the map, and I believe it is genuine."

"Let me see it," demanded Dale, tersely.

He examined the soiled yellow sheet intently. After some minutes he held it up to the light.

"I'll agree to one thing," he said, absently, as he turned and twisted the sheet. "This paper is very, very old—but, of course, that doesn't signify much. Some of these names and words are Spanish, and the others—"

"They're Indian," interrupted Tommy. "The fellow said that many of the words were Aztec, and he could not make out what the other signs were, or what they meant, and that is why he could get only so far. He said that he had trouble to find out what the Aztec words meant, as the Indians are the 'no sabe' kind, and when he struck the other lingo he was completely at sea."

Dale had been examining the map closely.

"What makes you think you will be any more successful than he was?" he asked, abstractedly.

"Why, you see, Dale, it's just this way. I knew you were pretty clever and all that sort of thing, on getting there, and I felt that if you came in on this you would be able to locate the place all right."

"Well, Tommy Jones!" and Dale's grey eyes regarded the boy amusedly, "in my thirty-five years of existence on this mysterious old planet, I never had such a colossal compliment paid me before."

"It's on the level," assented Tommy complacently.

"Boy, boy!" and Dale shook his head hopelessly, "you've outwitted me since you were a tiny thing in arms, and I fancy you've done so again. You can't go down into that wild country along with a pack of youngsters, so I'll go along——"

"You're a brick! You're a peach!" screamed the overjoyed Tommy, as he hugged himself delightedly.

Dale smiled mirthlessly, and his eyes were a trifle sad.

"It will be an interesting vacation, if nothing more. It is not as though I had any family or ties to sever for the time——"

"No; you see, it will be much harder for me," cheerfully volunteered Tommy. "I'll have to leave my folks and—and—a few friends." His round face flushed as Dale eyed him with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I say, Dale, I wish to goodness I had your figure and your looks! I would be the whole thing with the girls, instead of only the dot under the question mark," and Tommy's face reflected the gloom he felt, as he thought of a saucy little maiden who led him on to hope one day, and to hope for the death of a rival the next.

Dale thought it might all be but a foolhardy undertaking, but he felt lonesome and dull in New York, and he was almost glad that something had presented itself to give an excuse for a jaunt in the wilds he loved so well.

He concluded that they would need an interpreter who was not only familiar with Spanish, but who knew enough of the Aztec tongue to facilitate their travel in the land of manana. Knowing that in cosmopolitan New York anything from a deposed rajah to a Hawaiian prince was obtainable by means of an advertisement in one of the many dailies, he confidently inserted the following:

"Secretary wanted who speaks Spanish and understands some Aztec. Some danger attached. Apply in person. Suite —, Waldorf Hotel."

The morning the advertisement appeared his first callers were reporters from the local newspapers, who

scented a story in the brief ad. Dale blamed the "some danger attached" for this, and refused to divulge the nature of his business. The few men from whom he might have selected a secretary were almost too inquisitive, and he half-suspected them to be representatives of the daily press.

Late in the afternoon, when he had about concluded to abandon the idea of getting a secretary in New York, the telephone rang. The clerk in the office announced a young man to see Mr. Dale relative to an advertisement in the Morning News.

It was spring, and twilight had already fallen. Dale switched on the lights just as a knock sounded on the door. A young lad stepped into the room. He was of about medium height and slender. Dark curls clustered about his brow, and great, luminous eyes beamed from a fresh young face whose clear, olive-hued skin glowed with the warm tints of the Southron. He wore a long ulster, which was closely fastened about his throat, and as he stepped forward he removed his hat with a graceful gesture.

To Dale's questions he replied that his name was Morelas, that his father had been a Spaniard and his mother an American. He had lived in Mexico until three years previous, when he came to America to attend school. He said that he was eighteen years old, and that he was somewhat conversant with the Aztec language, being able to read it a little.

Dale hesitated about engaging so young and effeminate a lad for the journey, which he felt would be difficult and hazardous, but the gently-spoken: "I pray senor will see fit to engage me," completely won him. He thought the pretty, cultivated accent of the boy bespoke its owner as familiar with many tongues.

Dale opened the map, and carefully copying some of the Aztec picture-writing on a slip of paper, handed it to the boy.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

The lad scrutinized it carefully, and slowly a look of indignation and an-

ger overspread his delicate features. He made an attempt to snatch the map, but Dale held it far above his head.

"Here, my boy, go easy," he said in surprise.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Morelas.

"That is my business," answered Dale, coldly, "but if you have no objection, I should like to know what excited you so. What does that sign writing mean?"

"I won't tell you!" the boy snapped.

"Very well," answered Dale. "Then I shall bid you good evening, Senor Morelas, for a secretary who refuses to interpret is of no use to me."

The boy stood motionless as though thinking deeply. Then he spread the small slip of paper on the table in front of Dale, and looked up suspiciously.

"If I tell you what this says, will you engage me as your secretary?"

"Yes—that is, if you do not display any more signs of balkishness," answered Dale, warningly.

The boy looked relieved, and traced with a slender finger on the paper as he read:

"For the dead are watching there!"

"Well," said Dale, curiously, "and what does that mean?"

"I have read the writing for Senor," answered the boy, dropping his eyes.

"Come, now, my boy, none of that. If you know what the expression means when translated into a white man's language, say so, or I can't be bothered with you." Dale's tone betrayed his impatience, and Morelas's face paled. He replied hurriedly:

"It is the title of the key to—to— Possibly Senor already knows?"

"How did you know that?" Dale asked in surprise.

The boy's face was very pale, and he spoke quickly, as though he feared Dale might dismiss him.

"Centuries ago, the Toltecs, a nature worshipping race, inhabited Mexico. They knew the art of taking the gold from the earth and fashioning it into many and beautiful designs.

They also mined opals from the earth, and their wealth was great, until the Aztecs came from the North and exterminated them.

"Before Montezuma's time they secreted millions in gold and opals in a place known only to a remaining few. The last of the Toltecs are supposed to have died guarding and watching over the treasure.

"An Aztec who was enamored of the last Toltec maiden, made with her assistance a map leading to this place. The Aztec died. He was the only one who knew the interpretation of the map.

"When Cortez conquered Mexico, this old map, made on a goat's skin, fell into his hands, and he gave it to Montezuma for seven million dollars in gold."

"Whew!" Dale whistled.

"Montezuma made search after search for the treasure of the Toltecs. He could follow the map so far—and then all would be fruitless, for the final directions were in Toltec.

"Every conqueror and ruler from Montezuma to the Generalissimo Miguel Hidalgo has tried to solve the riddle of this map, but in vain. When the fortunes of war turned against Hidalgo, he endeavored to reach the United States with the map, but was betrayed and captured, and executed at Chihuahua. Just before his capture, when his enemies were approaching, he set fire to this goat-skin map, and when he was seized, all that remained of the map was a small heap of ashes. But——"

"Yes, go on," commanded Dale.

"His faithful disciple and follower, a priest, had carefully copied the map on paper before Hidalgo fled. They say he solved the mystery of the words."

"And this priest—who was he?" asked Dale, striving to curb his excitement.

"He was—he was—— I do not know," the boy answered, sullenly, meeting Dale's eyes firmly.

"Well, that doesn't matter," said Dale, indifferently. "But what be-

came of the map subsequently?"

"The map was the absolute property of the soldier-priest, but during the besiegement of Cuautla, the map was stolen, supposedly by one of his own soldiers. His brother's descendants are the rightful owners of that map, and——"

"What did you say the name of the priest was?" Dale asked absently.

"I do not know," answered the boy, averting his head slightly.

When the day of departure from New York arrived, Dale was both surprised and annoyed to learn that impressionable little Tommy Jones had sold his sole interest in the expedition to a stranger, and as Tommy expressed it, "since he found he was the whole thing with Clarissa, he didn't care a hang about any treasure, anyway, and the thousand he had received would help furnish up!"

Dale did not like the appearance of his new partner, but it was too late to recede, and he decided to accept things for the best. The new acquisition was a man of perhaps fifty years, stockily built and apparently possessed of great brute strength. His face was craftily intellectual, and so close together were the eyes that they gave an observer the idea of being set in his nose. These eyes had a trick of moving quickly, so quickly that they seemed to be continually twitching. There were few men of Simon Biddle's acquaintance who knew the color of those eyes. The man rarely looked one in the face, but nevertheless he seemed to catch every shadow of expression of another's eyes and countenance. The lower lip hung loose, and Dale remembered vaguely of having read somewhere of this being characteristic of certain members of the criminal class.

The boy, Juan Morelas, incurred the enmity of Biddle the first day out, by refusing to bet with him on the number of knots the steamer was making toward Vera Cruz, and later turning scornfully away when Biddle noisily ordered every one up to the bar for a drink.

"Say, Dale," said Biddle angrily, "what the devil's the matter with that kid? He's only a confounded employee of ours, anyway, and I'll punch his head off if he tries any airs around Simon Biddle. Come back here, you," he shouted roughly, as the boy was leaving the buffet.

A few men at the bar laughed coarsely as he started after the boy, his face purple with rage. Dale interposed himself between the bully and the boy, who hesitated on the threshold, and was eyeing Biddle contemptuously with eyes that held not a spark of fear.

"Biddle," said Dale sternly, "Morelas is not obliged to drink with you or with me, or with any one else, if he doesn't care to, and as to his being an employee, it doesn't signify that he has to bet or drink, and it in no way obligates any social intercourse from him at all."

Biddle's ugly face glowered darkly, and the veins stood out like whips on his temples. He was about to make a dash for the boy, but Dale held his eyes for one short moment, and possibly what he saw in the other's face made him hesitate.

"Now, look here, Mr. Dale," he said, with the bad grace of one backing down unwillingly, "I ain't seeking no quarrel with you, and seeing as the kid ain't got spunk enough to fight his own battles, why, I'll just call it all off."

The boy's face flushed at the insult, and he leaped past Dale and confronted Biddle furiously.

"The Morelas do not fight dogs!" he said passionately. "They chastise them," and snatching the liquor from the bar which had been poured for him, he dashed glass and all into Biddle's face.

One blow from the heavy fist of the enraged man would have felled the boy, but Dale sprang forward and received its full weight on his chest. He staggered back for an instant from the impact. Then blow after blow from his powerfully but calmly directed fist rained on the face and body of the

excited bully. Biddle made a weak attempt to parry the blows, but his rage was so impotent that he succeeded but poorly, and a final smashing blow, into which Dale seemed to put his whole heart, laid him low.

Dale turned to look for the boy, but he was gone. He made his way to Juan's stateroom, and knocked peremptorily. The door opened slowly and Dale stepped in. When the boy saw the blood on Dale's hands and clothes, he gasped, and his face became pale. Dale thought that his eyes were slightly red, as though he had been crying, and he noticed that the slender brown hand which rested on the back of a chair trembled.

The lad, so proud and reticent, had exercised a keen fascination over Dale from the very beginning, and he now spoke to him as a father might have spoken to an impulsive child.

"Juan, I'll confess to having no more love for Biddle than you apparently have, but seeing that we have to be traveling companions for some weeks, possibly, I would suggest that you do not necessarily antagonize him, and if you have any more glasses to throw, aim them at me instead."

The long lashes swept the boy's pale cheek for an instant, and when he raised them, his brown eyes flashed frank aversion at Dale.

"Senor," he said, his voice shaking with emotion, "Senor, you will do me the favor to let me fight my own battles in future, and not interfere."

"My foolish child," Dale laughed amusedly. "You wouldn't last one minute with that fellow. He would kill you!"

"A Morelas prefers being killed to being defended, Senor," he answered icily.

"Well, if that's the case," Dale answered, testily, "it seems to me the Morelas as represented in you, my boy, have more vain pride than brains."

Many times, before they reached pestilential Vera Cruz, the land of the dreaded *el vomito*, where the buzzards are the only scavengers of the unclean

streets, Dale had to assert himself to protect the boy from Biddle's revenge. Dale had to confess that Biddle was always the aggressor, unless Juan's contemptuous attitude could be called aggressive. He showed no fear of his enemy, and seemed to obtain a keen enjoyment in answering the other's coarse threats with caustic and cutting politeness.

At Vera Cruz, Dale engaged three mestizos as cargadores to carry the luggage, but before setting out on their journey into the Tierra Templado regions, he had a heart to heart talk with Morelas. While the innocence and honesty of the boy were apparent to Dale, he saw that the lad entertained anything but a kindly feeling for his employers, and he wanted to satisfy himself as to the boy's willingness to guide them correctly before he left Vera Cruz.

Accordingly he showed Juan the map for the first time, and he was somewhat surprised at the emotion his young secretary displayed when he held the map in his hands. He reverently kissed the soiled sheet, murmuring softly, "Gracias a Dios! Gracias a Dios!" Evidently totally oblivious to Dale's presence, he scrutinized the map, rocking to and fro and murmuring almost inaudibly in Spanish and some strange tongue which Dale thought to be Aztec. Great tears rolled down his cheeks unheeded as he traced the route and directions on the map, and sometimes he would exclaim aloud as he puzzled over some of the sign-writing. Only when he had finished did he appear to notice Dale, who had been regarding him with mingled feelings of sympathy and wonder.

"Can you guide me to the end of that thing, do you suppose?" Dale asked.

The warm Southron eyes were glowing like fires at night, and they regarded Dale furtively.

"Does the Senor mean to here?" he asked, indicating the last mark of the sign writing.

"You couldn't guide us further than

that, Juan, for that is the end of the map," Dale answered, smiling.

"But, Senor," the boy persisted, almost breathlessly, "will you say that at this point my obligation as interpreter and guide ceases? Will you say I am free to go on my own way when I have taken you there?"

"Certainly, certainly," Dale answered carelessly, holding out his hand for the precious map. The look of triumph which had flitted across Morelas' face gave way to one of intense hatred as he reluctantly returned the map with one fiercely muttered word: "Ladrone!"

"Here, you young scamp!" Dale said heatedly. "What do you mean by calling me a thief?"

Morelas looked up in surprise. He did not know the American understood Spanish.

Dale was plainly annoyed. He had been kind to this boy, from a sincere and warm affection. The lad had repaid his kindness with sullenness and thinly-veiled contempt, and now he openly called him a "ladrone," a thief.

"I've a mind to dismiss you right here," he said, sternly.

"No, no, Senor!" the boy appealed in terror. "No, no, I beg the utmost pardon of the Senor!"

While Dale eyed him reprovingly, with tightly compressed lips, Juan Morelas, the proud son of the haughty Castilians, humbled himself amazingly, and begged the Senor's pardon and kind indulgence from the earth all the way up to the saints. Dale was a little surprised at himself for overlooking the boy's bitter insult so generously. He excused himself on the plea that the boy was little more than a naughty child, who imagined that the map was the especial property of some long-forgotten priest, and resented the idea of Americans finding the treasure of the Toltecs.

From Vera Cruz, the little party with the cargadores made speedy progress on mule-back over the low lands on the coast, and soon started the ascent to the plateaus.

For two days they traveled through the land of the Mani and old Aztec Indian villages. At these villages the mestizos invariably stopped for a supply of pulque, and the consequence was that they made slow progress in this lazy land of manana.

Each night Juan had rolled himself in his blankets some distance from the camp, notwithstanding Biddle's objections. They had not thought it necessary to set a guard at night, owing to the peaceful character of the Indians.

Juan had been very docile since the night at Vera Cruz, and his many pretty, childish graces had completely won Dale again.

The fifth night out, Dale was awakened suddenly from a sound sleep. Sitting up quickly, his hand sought his breast, where he had kept the map. It was gone!

Hastily springing up, he called Biddle. The latter would not believe that it had been stolen, and a thorough search was made.

"Where's Morelas?" Biddle asked, suspiciously.

No trace of the boy could be found, and Biddle, with a disagreeable sneer, turned to Dale.

"So that's your honest Juan? So that's the greaser imp you pinned your faith to? Ha, ha!"

Dale was mute. He was miserably disappointed, and his finely chiseled face showed plainly the grief he felt. Hang the treasure! Hang the map! If the boy had only been honest!

One of the mestizos found Juan's trail, and Dale silently followed, knowing the boy would be overtaken, and fearing Biddle's wrath upon him. He followed the mestizo closely, and soon Biddle, who was unaccustomed to hard traveling, was left behind.

They found the boy crouching in a mass of cane brake. Dale motioned the mestizo to return, and approached Juan.

"Stand back, or I will shoot!" the boy hissed.

Dale quickly turned, and walked backward in the boy's direction.

"Shoot, if you wish," he said coolly. "Shoot me in the back like the brave Castilian you are."

Perish the suspicion of such a thought! Juan sprang up and endeavored to pass in front of Dale, but his wrists were firmly grasped, and Dale had dropped the pistol in his pocket in a moment.

"Give me the map," he demanded. As he was about to search for it, Juan quickly handed it to him.

"Get back in that bush," he said imperatively.

Biddle was not familiar with Spanish, and the expressions of the mestizo who had found Juan were therefore lost on him.

"Found him?" he questioned breathlessly, as he came up to Dale.

"No," said Dale, laughing heartily, "and I fancy he's sleeping peacefully back there while we are making fools of ourselves!"

"What do you mean?" Biddle asked suspiciously.

"Why," said Dale, holding the map up triumphantly. "I've had an attack of nightmare and forgotten where I put the thing. I just remembered that I put it in my boot instead of in my shirt."

Biddle turned away, thoroughly disgusted that he had been obliged to start out in the middle of the night on a false alarm, and covertly regretting that Juan had not stolen the map. He was patiently biding his time to be avenged upon the young grandee and Dale, who had punished him so severely that day on the steamer.

"Confound that boy!" Dale thought as he settled himself to sleep. "He must have bewitched me!"

He had not waited to see what became of Morelas, when he left the clump of cane-brake to return to camp with Biddle, but he purposely loitered around until he knew the truant had wrapped himself in his blankets before turning in himself.

The plateaus were left behind and the ascent of rugged mountains begun. Dale had not spoken to Juan since the night he had stolen the map,

and the boy also maintained a rigid silence.

When the end of the journey was one day distant, Biddle suggested making a camp and leaving the mestizos behind. Dale saw the wisdom of this, and accordingly the two men and the boy pushed on alone.

Biddle was very taciturn on this last stretch. He openly directed many venomous and black looks toward the young guide. Many glances, equally hateful, were directed toward Dale, who, however, did not see them.

At last the end was reached. Juan led them along a lonely mountain side and stopped at the entrance to a damp and dark cave.

"Senors," he said haughtily, drawing around him the serape he had worn ever since they had left New York, "this is the place indicated at the end of the map. I bid you adios."

"No, you don't," said Biddle hastily. "You march right in there," and seizing the boy by the arm he dragged him into the opening before Dale could interfere. Once in, the boy freed himself nimbly, and walked straight ahead for perhaps fifty feet, Biddle and Dale following. There the cave ended, and leaning back against the rocky wall, Juan laughed hysterically.

"Now, Senores Americanos, find the treasure of the Toltecs if you can," he shouted defiantly.

Dale struck a match and lighted a candle. He exclaimed at what he saw in the cave. It was evidently a crypt or shrine, for numerous skeletons were ranged on either side of them, and the wet floor was literally covered with skulls and bones.

Biddle, who was a coward at heart, began to tremble, and his eyes were widened in fear. But soon his brute force overcame his terror, and with an oath he sprang at the boy.

"Hold on, Biddle, hold on!" Dale shouted. But the heavy fist of the treasure-seeker had already fallen on the boy's head, and he staggered and fell among the bones and skulls, unconscious.

"Stand back there!" the ruffian com-

manded, as Dale rushed forward with an oath. "Stand back, you fool; I've got you covered!"

Dale saw the flash of the bright steel in the other's hand, and he stopped. Juan moved and groaned, and Biddle pulled him roughly to his feet, taking care to keep Dale covered with his revolver.

"Biddle, if you harm that boy I'll kill you!" Dale hissed.

"A chance you'll get—maybe," and Biddle shook Morelas brutally.

"Now, you just tell us the key to this map, and be quick about it."

"I won't!" the boy answered defiantly. "That knowledge belongs only to a descendant of the patriot-priest, *Jose Maria Morelas*, from whom it was stolen!"

"Morelas!" murmured Dale, in astonishment.

"Yes, Padre Jose Morelas, the brother of my grandfather! I am the only Morelas left, and you can kill me, but no Americano ladrones shall know the key to that map!"

In the flickering light of the candle, Dale saw him spread his arms apart, like a cross, against the wall of the cave. His eyes were fearless, and he turned them, full of loathing and scorn, on Biddle.

"Not just yet!" said Biddle, smiling evilly. "Your champion first," and he deliberately drew back the hammer of the weapon which was trained upon Dale.

"Now if, when I have counted three you can't unloosen those pretty lips of yours, Don Juan Morelas, I'll send a little piece of lead right through the athletic Mr. Dale's handsome head. One—two—th—"

"Stop! Stop! I'll tell you!" the boy wailed.

"Aha! I thought you would hardly fancy being left to my tender mercies."

"You brute!" exclaimed Dale.

"Out with it! Don't lose any time!" Biddle demanded, still holding the cocked weapon a few feet from Dale's head.

Juan seemed to choke, and with a

gasp, he cried, "*For the dead are watching there!*"

"What does that rubbish mean?" asked Biddle, fingering the trigger lightly.

"It means—it means— That is an Aztec direction, and it means that here—here, where these skeletons are, is the chamber of the treasure——"

"I don't see any treasure," interrupted Biddle. "Hurry! You must do better than that!" and this time his pudgy finger actually pressed the trigger lightly.

Dale's face was pale, and his eyes were fastened on the agonized face of the boy. "Don't tell him, Juan, if you don't want to," he said gently.

"If he don't tell in one second I'll send you to kingdom come, and then I'll throttle it out of him!"

"When the Aztecs say, '*For the dead are watching there,*' they mean that one should remove stones three paces from the end of an opening, and that which they seek they will find!"

"Three paces! Three paces? That is where you are, Dale. Get to work there, both of you!"

To Dale, who started to look about for something with which to pry the rocks loose, the task looked like an almost impossible one. At the first jar rocks and soil slipped away, and a narrow opening to what appeared to be another cave appeared.

"You two can go in first," ordered Biddle, with suppressed excitement. He followed with the candle in one hand and revolver in the other.

They traversed a long, narrow passage for about two hundred feet. On either side stood the skeletons of departed Toltecs. It seemed to Dale that this was a veritable Golgotha, so numerous were the grinning skulls.

The passage led into a high-ceiled chamber, immense in size, and the sight that met their eyes dazzled them and drew forth exclamations from even Juan. The faint candle-light penetrated only a small area of this vast chamber, but even by its feeble rays they were astonished at what they saw.

The floor and walls were completely covered with a symmetrical design of mosaics, made of squares of solid gold and silver! These squares were encrusted with opals, which sparkled like a million eyes. Around the chamber, or hall, skeletons sat on benches of solid gold, the backs of which were decorated with opals as were the walls. There were monoliths of solid gold reaching to the high ceiling. On these pillars strange hieroglyphic designs were worked in with bands of silver and opals. Masses of the precious gems were piled at the foot of these pillars, and also masses of gold and silver.

They walked on in wonder, their animosities forgotten for the moment in amazement and awe.

At the end of the chamber they saw what appeared to be an altar, upon which sat a hideous image made of gold and jewels. Juan recognized in it the "Lady of the Mists" of the Aztecs, and he supposed it was from the Toltecs that the Aztecs had borrowed their deity to whom they prayed for rain.

Judging by the bones and skulls littered around the altar, many human sacrifices had been made to the deity before her caprice willed that rain should fall.

Biddle's face was aflame with a lustful greed, and his countenance became even more repulsive as an unholy avarice gripped his soul.

"Stop!" he commanded huskily. Dale and Juan faced him.

"You see all this," he said, drunkenly. "You understand just what all this represents, don't you? Well, Simon Biddle owns it all! These fleshless skeletons will be grateful for a little more company, and you, Mister Don Juan Politeness, and you, Mister Dale Heavy-Punch, are going to keep them company. Mr. Dale goes first—stand out there, Dale!" and the rufian leveled his pistol slowly.

One glance showed Dale that the man was quite mad. The sight of almost unbounded treasure and gold had snapped the slender cord be-

tween reason and madness, and his avaricious mind had become insane.

The hand of the boy, Juan, moved gently under his serape, and he edged nearer Biddle. Dale, who was watching the boy, saw the small, white teeth press into the full red underlip as he sprang with a wild cry on Biddle. A slender arm was uplifted. A steel blade flashed in the candle-light, and then buried itself in the madman's breast.

When Juan sprang on Biddle, he upset his aim, and the shot that rang out from Biddle's weapon lodged in his own body. Juan and the dead Biddle lay side by side, and Dale knelt beside the boy, thinking for an instant that he was dead, too.

His grief made Dale dumb, and he knelt there in the darkness, with a cold despair clutching at his heart. All thoughts of the treasure were gone, and he knelt in mute anguish by the boy's slender form. Strong man as he was, he was absolutely hopeless. He dare not touch the boy—the proud lad who had been so distant in life.

"Oh, take me away! Take me away!" a piteously frightened voice cried. Dale, with a shout of joy, lifted the boy in his arms and ran from the chamber.

The candle had fallen under Biddle, and Dale rushed on, half stumbling over skeletons and bumping into the walls of the narrow passage leading to the outer cave.

The moment he lifted the weary body in his arms, he knew! He knew why he had followed the boy about so, ever alert to protect him—knew why he dreamed so persistently of the softness of Juan's little brown hands. Juan Morelas was—a woman!

Dale felt the wig of dark curls slip away, and long strands of hair fell about the arms and breast. When they reached the blessed sunshine again, Dale gazed long and joyously into the face always beautiful, but now thrice lovely with soft brown hair framing its blushes.

"What's your true name?" he asked excitedly, his eyes sparkling.

"Juanita!" she answered in a voice so low he had to lean precariously near to catch the word.

"Well, Juanita, the water has at last found its level, and the treasure of the Toltecs belongs to the grandniece of the brave Padre Jose Maria Morelas."

She regarded him haughtily, and drew the serape closer around her. Dale strove to hide the admiration he knew must be shining from his eyes.

"Senor," she said, proudly, with a tired little ring in her voice. "It all belongs to you. I have lost, and I am satisfied."

"I take your inheritance! Not much!" and Dale's tone convinced Juanita of his sincerity.

"Very well, then. We shall leave it for others to find! Adios, Senor!"

"Juanita! Juanita! don't go away!

Don't leave me when I have only just found you!" and Dale detained her by placing both arms around her.

"But, Senor," and Dale fancied he saw a shadow of a smile in her eyes, "will you take the treasure?"

"If I can have you with it," he said, tenderly.

All Juanita's Castilian pride vanished, and she naively raised her fresh young face to Dale's, and pressed her warm lips against his.

"When I saw the advertisement in New York, something compelled me to call, and when I read the Aztec direction and key, I knew I had at last discovered the whereabouts of the map—I had vowed I would find it, and I was glad that I had impersonated a boy."

"So am I, dear," answered Dale, pressing her close to him.

SONNET

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

After dull sickness has weighted down a soul,
 The shadows lift and sudden there is light;
 Once more at ease when shorn of sorrow's dole
 And visions take their course into the night.
 When free once more and fruitful fancies wing
 High up into the blue amid the fleecy clouds,
 And life again his pathways seems to ring
 With songs of lyric pleasure. Bitter shrouds
 Take from the eyes a curtain gray with doom
 The mind is sweet with wonder and the heart
 Opens its doors wide, wide to drive the gloom
 Into the prison where once of a human part
 Dead hopes are slumbering. New hopes in bloom
 Wakes the full bosom from its swooning smart.

THE REVELATION

BY R. J. PEARSALL

WE RULE the world to-day," said Martin Cruikshank, in tones of thunder. "And we do it because we are the natural rulers. The day may come when we will lose our superiority, but it will be because a higher race has been evolved. The races on earth to-day can never cope with us. The Chinese—bah!"

"As for me," said Morgan, indolently stirring the liquor in his glass, "I don't see anything so very remarkable in us. We eat, we drink, we die—those are our greatest achievements." Morgan had a bit of a reputation as a cynic. "But it's true we're always trying to do them in a little better way, especially the eating and drinking part. And the Chinese, why, they say they've lived along in the same old rut for centuries. And most of us have a little of what they call patriotism left, I suppose. The Chinese have a country, and all that, but they stick together because it's easier to do that than to fly apart, a sort of molecular attraction, I guess. So," with a weary air of dismissing the subject, "this talk about the Yellow Peril doesn't seem exactly reasonable to me."

Surgeon Brent, U. S. N., cleared his throat. "I have had some little experience with the Chinese," he said, modestly. "I have come to consider them worthy of study. I might illustrate my point with a story, if you would care——"

A polite murmur from Morgan, enthusiastic assent from Cruikshank. The doctor proceeded.

"It was during my tour of duty with the Legation Guard at Peking, China. That is, as you know, a cosmopolitan city, and the barriers between the races

are pretty well broken down. I made the acquaintance of many Chinese, and even learned their language, the most difficult, I think, on the face of the earth.

"It was there, too, that I made the acquaintance of the most remarkable man that I have ever encountered. Herr Von Haltung was not imposing in appearance, being somewhat less than the medium height, and consisting, physically, of an enormous head surmounting a thick, square body, which in turn was set on a pair of short, poorly developed legs. He sometimes reminded me of a wedge, tapering downward. His head was wedge-shaped, too; he had the most enormous frontal development I have ever seen in a man, and the most widely set eyes.

"He and I grew rather friendly, after a pupil and master fashion. My hobby, the study of the human mind, was his lifetime passion. Not the cut-and-dried rule-of-three psychology of the text-books, but that bolder philosophy that leaps at once the bounds of that which is ordinarily thought of as the natural. In this study he was at least a century ahead of any man of whom I had ever before heard or read.

"He was, first of all, an accomplished hypnotist. He had studied the art in India, its home, and afterward through the length and breadth of the world. He claimed he had hypnotized every nationality on the globe. I believed him, after seeing his work on the Chinese.

"Ordinary hypnotism, such as others performed, was nothing to him but a preliminary to the investigation of the higher possibilities of the art. In one of the phases of this investiga-

tion, he was good enough to say that I was an invaluable assistant. It consisted, in the learned language of the Herr, in 'producing, in two persons, a mutual and simultaneous activity, so that the mental processes of the one are exactly reproduced in the mind of the other.

"Thus, my dear doctor,' he said, 'if I were to hypnotize you and Wang, there, and place his mind in a state of receptivity and yours in a state of intense activity, your thoughts would be impressed on his mind, and would be remembered by him when he awoke as one remembers an especially vivid dream. And, just as a man in his sleep sometimes lives through experiences that would fill whole weeks and months of his waking life, so you, in your trance, would reveal the entire nature of your thought processes. Wang's mind would receive impressions of your memories of the past, of your plans for the future, of all that you have ever experienced or hoped or dreamed. Think of what this will mean to the world, when it is perfected. Crime will be discovered before the act, the minds of men will be like open books—why, it will mean the coming of the millennium!"

"Much more to the same effect. But, while I fully agreed with him as to the importance of the project, could he but realize it, I was relieved when he assured me that he only wished to use me in the capacity of a receiving station, as one might put it, for the thought waves of the other party to the experiment. He paid me the compliment of saying that my mind was an especially good instrument for such an experiment, being unusually highly sensitized, like a first-class photographic plate.

"The sending station, to retain the nomenclature of the wireless, was represented by a Chinese servant. Wang had no objection to the process, as he was getting well paid, and his temporary losses of consciousness meant no more than noonday naps to him. He, too, was an ideal subject, Von Haltungen explained, as his thoughts were

rudimentary and slow, and consequently strong and easily transferred. At first I was doubtful as to the truth of this theory. But the results proved the psychologist justified. It took months of weary experiments, but at last we began to see the glimmerings of success.

"It would be unjust to describe Von Haltungen's methods, as he is still engaged in perfecting them. It is enough to say that one day, after, for the twentieth time, I had drifted into oblivion simultaneously with the Chinese servant, both in obedience to the mastermind of the German, there came to me, instead of a blank, a succession of pictures, passing before my mental vision like stereopticon views, only a little fainter and further away.

"And, believe me, after the first scene, I never again looked at the placid-faced Wang without a feeling of horror. What sensuous longings, what far-reaching and cruel ambitions, the more so since so hopelessly thwarted, were contained in that clod of a coolie! Rapine and murder stalked through his mind, cruelty and lust made it their home. I never again wondered at the origin of the grotesque torture contained in the Chinese Chamber of Horrors, the Buddhist Temple of Seventeen Hells. They simply typified, in concrete forms of stone and mud, the milder of the shifting dreams of this Chinese workman.

"As time passed, Von Haltungen grew more skillful in his work, and I, on my part, grew more receptive and retentive of the pictures. And so, each day, my visions increased in clarity, and our confidence increased in proportion, so that in about a year after we began the series of experiments, we felt that we were able to handle the more complex, and consequently the more important and difficult, minds of the higher grades of Chinese society.

"I suppose neither of you were ever in a Chinese mandarin's house. Tsai Ching's was a typical one. A bluish-gray brick wall in the front, its bareness broken only by a heavy double door in the middle. Beyond that a

small room, the porter's room, as it might be called in English, where visitors left their hats and wraps before being ushered further. Opening off this, a row of semi-circular doors. Beyond these a courtyard, in which were green-glazed flower pots, containing ornamental shrubs and plants. Again doors leading into the reception room, and beyond that into the various living rooms of the household. The whole roofed with tile, floored with unpolished marble, decorated with carvings of fruits and flowers, and with gaudy frescoes on which images of all kind ran riot, sages frolicking with horned devils, gods hobnobbing with butterflies.

"Von Haltung and I stepped out of our sedan chairs, walked up the three low, broad steps that led to the entrance, rapped and were admitted. In a few minutes we were seated on uncomfortable Chinese chairs in the sitting room, Tsai Ching opposite us, and were sipping fragrant tea from cups presented to us by a noiseless, bowing servant.

"Tsai Ching was a good example of the ruling class of China. He had an absurdly fat and powerless figure; flabby cheeks and pendulous eyelids spoke eloquently of years of bodily inactivity; small, closely-set eyes of years of cunning. He was dressed in the regulation silk robe of the mandarin, and was the personification of Oriental politeness as he asked of our health and welfare.

"I feel disgraced that I can offer the gentlemen nothing more than the poor courtesies of my humble home," he said. "But what am I that the honorable of the earth should come to me, most miserable dog of the Emperor that I am? Honorable Haltung, I am your lowest servant, and yours, Honorable Brent."

"Von Haltung and I responded in kind, and I think that we managed to get through the ordeal without displaying any undue ignorance of the three hundred rules of ceremony or the three thousand rules of behavior set forth in the Chinese Classics.

"'And how is the welfare of your honorable country?' I asked, after the social amenities had been finally disposed of.

"'Excellent,' he replied. 'Prosperity is attendant upon the reign of our illustrious Emperor. Everywhere the harvest is good and the rains are plentiful, and there is peace. Truly, he is a worthy successor of the wise rulers, Yao and Shun.'

"Von Haltung said nothing, but he looked at Tsai Ching, and the fat mandarin stirred in his chair.

"'Certainly in the south,' he added hastily, 'riotous devils are abroad. They would destroy the homes of the friends of our country, the noble foreigners. But the Heavenly One is sending his armies upon them. They will be swept from the earth.'

"Von Haltung smiled rather grimly. 'Two foreigners have been killed,' he said. 'Many lives must be returned, and the lives of those in high places. Demand will be made.'

"Tsai Ching stirred again, uneasily. 'Missionary,' he said. 'How very bad it is. He comes far to teach the good religion, and the devils kill him. Ah, ignorant dogs! Sons of pigs! They shall be destroyed!'

"And for some little time he railed vehemently against those who, by their crimes, strove to stir up dissension between China and her sister nations. He was, outwardly at least, a Christian—a friend of the foreigner and a higher than average specimen of his class. He was well educated, awake to modern ideas, and a man to whom a foreigner would naturally have gone in case of the materialization of that ever-present spectre, Trouble. And yet—

"It seemed to come about quite naturally I suppose Von Haltung had been engineering the conversation around that way all the time. We talked on Chinese religion and Chinese philosophy; there's a lot more in the latter subject than one man in a thousand imagines, and from that we drifted to the philosophy and methods of thought of the Western nations. The

subject of hypnotism came up then; and it hardly needed the German's significant glance across at me to make me understand what he meditated.

"You have no hypnotists in China," I said. 'What a pity. I should have chosen it as the one science, for it is a science, in which China, in common with most Eastern nations, would excel.'

"I am inexpressibly mortified. That is one other thing that my poor country must learn."

"With the mental training that your higher classes possess, it should not be difficult. Herr Von Haltung, here, might teach you, and he is one of the most skillful in the world."

"My poor services are always at the disposal of your excellency," murmured Von Haltung.

"Your servant would be more than honored," responded the Chinese, but yet with a note of doubt in his voice.

"Self-confidence is success," said Von Haltung. 'To learn, one must have seen the operation, yes, and experienced it.'

"We might show him to-night," said I in English, which I knew Tsai Ching understood. 'You could hypnotize me; it would interest him.'

"If he is in earnest," replied the German, in the same language. Then he turned to the mandarin and spoke rapidly and earnestly in Chinese. 'If you wish to learn I will show you the first lesson to-night. I will hypnotize my friend; you will watch how I do it. Then I will hypnotize you. Is it agreed?'

"He bent his regard on Tsai Ching, and I saw the latter's beady eyes waver as they felt the full force of the speaker's personality. He was clearly unwilling. Yet, 'Yes, your excellency,' he replied.

"I composed myself in my chair; Von Haltung turned toward me, his squat body eloquent with power, his eyes gleaming. The magnetic force of that man's mind was wonderful. I fixed my thoughts on Tsai Ching as I had been taught, and gradually lost consciousness.

"First there was a complete blank, absolutely nothing. Then it seemed as though I awoke in the midst of a super-naturally bright light. In the middle distance, plainly revealed by this strange illumination, appeared, kaleidoscope-like, the following scenes.

"In a strange room, richly furnished in Chinese style, sat Tsai Ching and another Chinese, dressed in a rich mandarin's costume. They were arguing bitterly. At last the discussion seemed to come to an unsatisfactory conclusion, for the strange Chinese arose, and, with an angry elimination of most of the ceremony of leave-taking, left the room.

"Immediately after he had gone, a servant came in. Tsai Ching spoke a few words to him, and he left and returned a few moments later, followed by another Chinese, apparently not of the servant class, and yet certainly not of the nobility. The newcomer made his salutations, the servant withdrew, and then Tsai Ching spoke, almost in a whisper.

"You wish to enter the noble circle of the Myriad Swords?'

"It is your humble servant's most glorious desire."

"If a task were given to you, would you perform it?'

"At the cost of my ignoble life."

"At the cost of the lives of others?'

"Yes. Could the illustrious society do wrong?'

"Good. In front is a sedan chair. Follow it. In it is an enemy to our cause. He must die. Go, brother."

"Never a muscle moved in the immobile yellow face of the strange Chinese; thrice saluting, he left the room.

"The sedan chair had just started when he left the house. Through narrow streets, crowded with all manner of traffic, rickshaws, camel caravans, foot passengers, peddlers, lined on either side by fruit and chow stands, slippery and slimy under foot, foul with the smell of garlic, he followed his prey. Through Chinmen, east through the Street of the Subject Nations, to Hattamen and still east. At

last the chase ended. In front of a somewhat pretentious one-story mandarin's home, in the eastern residence district, the chair stopped, and the pursuer, half-concealed behind the corner of an adjacent building, saw his victim alight.

"The apprehension that had been growing on his ordinarily stolid Chinese face during the last few minutes deepened into grotesque fear. There seemed little to justify this expression in the appearance of his prey, an ordinary, fat, blank-faced Chinese of middle age. But nevertheless the would-be assassin shivered and shook with mortal fear as he turned and walked away.

"That night he returned. He crept cautiously up to the house, but instead of entering, slipped a folded paper in through a crack in the wooden door. Then he turned to go. But three burly figures sprang upon him out of the dark, smothered his cries, bound him and threw him like a bundle of rags on the ground. Then one of them bent and whistled softly just outside the door, then scratched on it like a dog. It opened noiselessly.

"'It is time,' said the man inside.

"'For the thrice glorious knives of the people,' continued the visitor.

"'Enter, Brother of the Sword.'

"One man remained outside to guard the helpless visitor; the other two went in. In a moment they came out again, and one of the two was wiping a long, evil-looking knife. At this sight the man on the ground groaned, even through the rags with which his mouth was stuffed.

"They dragged him to a corner, where a Peking cart was in waiting, and placed him inside, stepping in after him. The driver, needing no instruction, started off at a swift pace. The three assassins were silent, the bound man crouched fearfully, silent also, except for little stifled moans that now and then escaped from his trussed jaws. Through the street outside rolled the vast torrent of Peking life.

"They traveled for perhaps half an

hour, then the cart stopped and the visitor was lifted out. He stared about wildly, but his worst anticipations were realized; they were in front of Tsai Ching's house.

"Chinese mandarins keep late hours and early. Tsai Ching was still astir. Perhaps he expected callers. The wretched man was dragged before him.

"'Your unworthy servants followed as you bade them, great master,' said one of the men. 'He did not go to kill. Instead he left this bit of paper. In your wisdom you may be able to understand it.'

"Tsai Ching took the piece of paper and glanced at it.

"'It is a warning,' he said. 'You have done well. Hsien Fang,' turning to the visitor, 'why did you do this?'

"Hsien Fang threw himself at the feet of the mandarin and tried to speak—but could not. Tsai Ching gave orders that his gag be removed. 'Now,' he repeated, 'dog, why did you betray me?'

"Still groveling, Hsien Fang gasped, 'Your Excellency, it was my father.'

"'Fool, that was the test. You are not fit to be a Brother of the Sword. And if you are not one of us, you are our enemy. Take him away.'

"Hsien Fang knew his fate perfectly. He walked with his captors through the house out into the grounds to the rear. There they found a hole in the ground, dug in anticipation. His last thought as the knife touched his heart was one of gratitude to Tsai Ching for having given him an easy death. There were others so much more terrible—

"There was a sudden confusion of images, partial darkness, chaotic forms, grotesque pictures of great wealth, magnificent pageants, gluttonous feasts, horrible tortures, and then—

"Herr Von Haltung's sleeping room was a very plainly furnished affair, in common with the rest of his apartments. A single bed with a very hard mattress and lean pillow, a wash stand and bowl, a small table and a couple

of chairs were all the comforts Von Haltung permitted himself. In one corner of the room sat a small safe, rarely opened.

"It was late at night, and Von Haltung was asleep. He slept soundly, as becomes a man who lives soundly. His features were relaxed, and once in a while he smiled. He was a man who would always improve in sleep—and in death.

"The door was locked. We knew that because just now the knob turned ever so slightly and some one pressed inward, but it held. There is silence for a moment; we can imagine that some one is retreating down the hall and watching and listening. Then there is a faint rattle at the door and the sound of a key turned very slowly, and then the door opens.

"It is a surprise to see one of Von Haltung's Chinese servants enter. What can make him so solicitous of his master's welfare? He approaches the bed and bends over it. There is a glitter of steel, and Von Haltung stirs and moans, just once. It may be a nightmare. And the shadows are deceptive, but it seems that there is something faintly shining protruding from his chest.

"The intruder tiptoes across the little room and kneels beside the little safe. He turns the knob slowly and carefully, glancing now and then at a paper covered with Chinese characters which he holds in his hand. He tries the door; it is still fast, and then repeats the operation with still greater care. At last the door swings open. He pulls out a tray, glances hurriedly at it, and then closes the safe and glides from the room, his slant eyes gleaming with an evil light, and looking in the gloom like some wraith from the inferno.

"Once out of the house he hurries by the shortest path from the foreign settlement, and plunges into the heart of the native city. Through tortuous streets, symbolical of the crooked ways of the Chinese mind, he makes his way until at last he halts in front of Tsai Ching's house. He was evidently

expected, for at his first signal the door opens to him.

"Many fugitive pictures passed before me, the execution of a criminal, the looting of a foreign settlement, many strange faces and disconnected ideas. Then the flickering light steadied, and the scene took on more definite form and sequence.

"Tsai Ching was sitting at the head of a long table. Around it were gathered a host of other full-fed, sumptuously robed Chinese, gathered from every part of the Empire, from each of the eighteen provinces of China proper, from Manchuria, Mongolia, Ili, Kokonor, Thibet. Their robes were different one from the other, as were their features, their physical configuration, their customs, their language, but all were Chinese and all spoke and understood, though in some cases with difficulty, the Peking mandarin's dialect, the language of the court. It was in this language that Tsai was now addressing them.

"Spread this knowledge throughout your people, everywhere, that when the time comes you may be prepared:

"From the time of the great flood the sacred influences of the god-like teachings of heavenly truths and human duties have spread like ornaments over the all-powerful Chinese Empire.

"But now the foreigner has come with his insolent religion and his devil made machines and extinguished sanctity. They make a mockery of Buddha, and render no obedience to heaven, and so calamities have come upon us all. There is no justice in the Yamens for the man with no ch'in; unreasonable and unregulated demands have been made; right has disappeared; the multitudes are killed without justice or mercy and Buddha hears their cry. But the evil ones go on their way. Devil wires and lights and wagons have become a delight to these evil-doers, while the load of the poor man is heavier than he can bear.

"But now all this is drawing to an end. Yu Huang Shang Ti, Buddha,

Tao, the Gods of War and of Thunder, have so said, and will aid us. But the devils whom the foreigners serve are cunning. Let there be due preparation. Then success will be assured.

"Let each man go to his people and spread this teaching: that the foreigner is more evil than the biting snake, that his strength comes from sucking the marrow of the new-born child and drinking of its blood; that his eyesight, by which he is enabled to bring the stars of heaven closer than the clouds, and to see small things that we cannot see, and to do many things that are contrary to the teachings of Confucius, comes from eating the boiled eyes of children, and that he is to be utterly destroyed. But let there be no irreverent haste, such as would be displeasing to the gods. Let the best of your young men prepare for the spilling of blood and the taking of spoil. Foreign devil speaking tubes will be sent to each of you; millions will be obtained during this year, and your good people will learn to use them. Do not be afraid of the devils in them; they will be driven out by Buddha and good spirits put in their place to do your will.

"Say to your people that success is assured if they will but act with prudence and diligence now and with courage and decision when the time comes. Say to them that ten million genii from the upper heaven and ten million from the lower stand ready to aid them with the lightnings and earth tremblings and sudden death.

"Meanwhile, form those who fear not into the Patriotic Society of the Myriad Swords. In that time that is coming these will form a center around which the others will gather, until in an overwhelming wave they will overrun the world. The monkeys of Japanese, the Russian pigs, the barbarians from England and America, all will fly, shouting, before the conquering Chinese braves."

"He ceased. He had arisen in his excitement, and his voice rang with the joy of assured triumph. The others began talking all at once in a strange

mixture of dialects, finally switching one by one into the uniform Pekingese. Almost complete harmony marked the close of the conference. Ways and means were discussed and agreed upon, and finally they pledged their adherence to the Society of the Myriad Swords, to the propaganda against foreigners and foreign nations and to a war of conquest. Tsai Ching sat late into the night and dreamed Napoleonic dreams.

"Over the 5,000,000 square miles that comprise the great Chinese Empire, and over its 400,000,000 human souls a great calm had settled. The people, even the lowest coolie class, were more liberal, money was more plentiful, the flood of foreign gold that had been poured into the country and dispensed for labor used in developing the vast resources had at last made its effect felt. And a common feeling had in some way been diffused throughout the country, uniting the hitherto diverse provinces, healing the personal quarrels of officials and even of the common herd, an all-pervading spirit of nationalization, of patriotism carried to the point of fanaticism.

"It was very quiet. The waves of feeling that swept over the country at times, like the great swells of the ocean, almost escaped attention on account of their immensity and restrained power. At no time in history had the foreigner felt as safe in China. Then came the outbreak that, like a world-devastating earthquake, destroyed all foreign life in its vicinity, and set in motion a great yellow wave that finally inundated the world.

"It began in Peking, the seat of government. In a single night the reigning dynasty was destroyed and a new Emperor, Tsai Ching, enthroned, surrounded by councilors and advisors of his own choosing, members of the dreaded Society of the Myriad Swords of which he was the chief. The foreigners in Peking slept that night in tranquillity, awoke to die. Within six hours the most isolated hamlet in China knew of the doings of their brethren in Peking, and were emulat-

ing their example. It had all been carefully arranged. The foreign ships lying at anchor in the ports of China were sunk before they could fire a shot, all communication with the outside world was cut off, well-equipped armies sprung like magic from the enchanted ground. China had again, as in 1900, declared war against the civilized world, only this time it was a modernized China, as far as the art of warfare was concerned, united as never before, strong in the belief that it was its destiny to conquer the world.

"As in the days of Kublai Khan, the first movement was to the north and west. Tsun Tsu, at the head of by far the largest body of trained troops ever assembled under one command, carried the Flag of the Dragon across Mongolia into Siberia, and thence westward, almost into the heart of Russia, before he encountered any real opposition. The Slavs, half of them being descendants of the followers of Kublai Khan, flocked to his standard. He carried with him 500,000 extra rifles for distribution to those recruited on the march, but this supply, even when supplemented by those left on account of the death and desertion of certain of his original troops, was not sufficient. The country through which he marched bred armies like flies, and scenting victory and spoils, all attached themselves to him.

"Meanwhile the great nations of Europe had forgotten their quarrels and jealousies, and joined to resist the common peril. The English, French and Germans fought side by side; the swarthy Latins and fair-haired Scandinavians mingled their blood in one common flood in the passes of the Ural Mountains, where the allies made their grand stand. But it was all in vain. The combined forces of Chinese and Slavs numbered now nearly three million, and they curled around the flanks of the enemy, surrounded them, overwhelmed them, swept over the fragments of the scattered troops of Europe down into the world's storehouse, rich with the ac-

cumulated product of centuries of civilized labor. In Berlin, Tsun Tsu established his capital and laid down his terms to groveling Christendom.

"But he found that two nations still defied him. England, her army swept away in the fatal battle of the Ural Mountains, had still her enormous navy and the English Channel between herself and the yellow deluge. America, flanked on either side by an ocean, and with a populace that had never yet felt the bitterness of defeat, had at first felt so confident that no extraordinary precautions had been taken to meet the onslaught that had overwhelmed the rest of the civilized world. Now, however, she was recruiting and drilling and fortifying mightily, and frankly proclaimed herself the champion that would win back the laurels of the Caucasian race.

"Meanwhile Europe was given over to the conquerors. Over a hundred million followed in the wake of the triumphant Dragon Flag; Chinese settled in the rich vineyards of Italy and France, on the fertile farms of Germany, in sunny Spain, in frozen Scandinavia.

"But among these hundred millions there were many adventurous spirits that longed for further conquest, and these, combined with what was left of the original fighting force, formed the army that, six years after the beginning of the war, sailed in warships and merchantmen captured from Continental Europe to an unguarded spot just west of the Hebrides, landed, and swept Scotland and England bare as a housewife's floor, until at last it entered London and dictated terms of peace to the English people in a council lighted by the flames of Westminster Abbey.

"By this treaty, England acknowledged Peking, China, as the capital city of the world, with Tsai Ching as Emperor, and surrendered, together with other rights and property, the British fleet to the invaders. This treaty included in the surrender all of the colonies, but Canada refused to be bound by it, preferring rather to

throw in its lot with the United States.

"Thus it was that in the autumn of the year 1928, America found herself attacked by the combined fleets of Europe, manned by trained Chinese, and convoying a fleet of merchantmen and transports carrying an army of over 4,000,000 men, all trained soldiers flushed with victory. History can never say that the Americans did not sell their liberty dearly. Their ships were manned by men who had pledged themselves never to quit fighting until the water had closed over their heads, and so one after one they went down, with flags flying and firing great broadsides, the last gun, perhaps, fired into the water as the ship plunged suddenly down to its resting place. Half of the enemy's fleet was destroyed, but the other half remained to shell the coast, while, under cover of the fire, the soldiers landed to complete the work.

"The Americans, who had delayed their preparations too long, could make no headway against the invaders, reinforced as they were by the countless horde that poured over as soon as the coast line was known to be in the hands of the Chinese, and the landing safe. They contested every mile of territory; the war lasted for years, but at last the conquest was complete. The Chinese race, older than the pyramids, had at last asserted itself and woven a yellow girdle around the earth.

"There was a strange sense of violent detachment and rapid flight, momentary oblivion, and then, slowly, as one awakes from a heavy sleep, I returned to normal consciousness. I met Von Haltung's eyes and realized with a rush of relief that he was safe. Then I turned to Tsai Ching; he was sprawled inertly in his chair in which he had been sitting when I lost consciousness. A wave of repugnance swept over me. If ever I felt a temptation to take human life I felt it then.

"I was about to speak, but Von Haltung held up his hand.

"He is awakening," he said. Just then the limp figure stirred and the

eyes opened and looked vacantly around; then, as his senses returned, Tsai Ching sat erect in his chair. Von Haltung hurried over to him and spoke solicitously.

"How are you?" he asked. "Do you feel any bad effects?"

"The Chinaman bowed and smiled with Oriental politeness.

"Herr Von Haltung is a great doctor," he replied. "Indeed, I feel the better for the sleep."

"His eyes wandered as he spoke to the European clock that hung on the wall. I glanced at it, too. The entire trance, during which his mind had reviewed and planned villainies covering decades, had lasted less than five minutes.

"The very presence of that smiling villain, into whose mind I had had so comprehensive a glance, was insufferable to me, and you may be sure that I found a pretext to cut short our visit. When safe in Von Haltung's study, with the doors locked, I told him of my experiences. He did not seem much discomposed, only at the close he led the way without a word to his bedroom. It was the first time I had been in it, but everything was as I had observed it in my trance. In the corner sat the little safe.

"Von Haltung knelt before it, worked the combination, opened it, and drew out the drawer. He opened the lid and displayed the finest collection of jewels I had ever seen.

"It is foolish of me, but I have always kept these by me. I thought that no one would know of it, but the servant whom you saw must have seen me handle them and reported it to Tsai Ching. He is probably responsible for all the great robberies that have taken place lately. He must have a small army working for him. I always picked him for a dangerous man. Well, if we do not put a stop to his career, it will be our fault."

"We investigated the murder of the mandarin which I had seen in my first vision, and found that it had actually taken place a few days before in the same house that I had described. Then

we laid our plans. To tell how, day after day for a week, Von Haltung ostensibly left his house at nightfall, only to return later secretly and in company with myself and a couple of European detectives, lay in wait in an adjoining room, until at last the servant whom I had described and recognized came creeping into the room, would take too long. We watched him open the safe and take the jewels, and followed him stealthily from the house and through the crowded Peking streets to the house of Tsai Ching. He entered and we waited some five minutes, and then, reinforced by a small army of picked Chinese police, whom we had in waiting, burst in the door.

"We caught Tsai Ching actually in the act of secreting the jewels. The

law, of course, gave him short shrift. He was beheaded two weeks afterward. In his house were found documents that incriminated hundreds of his fellow conspirators, scattered from end to end of the Empire, and those who did not forestall justice by flight or suicide paid with their lives. Thus ended the career of a man who, had he not been undone by mere chance, might have been a second and more successful Napoleon."

The doctor paused and lit a cigar.

"I am afraid I have bored you," he said. "But you will understand now why I say that the Chinese mind is a subtle and not easily understood thing, and why I shudder when I hear men speak of the awakening of China."

CALIFORNIA'S HYMN

BY AMELIA WOODWARD TRUESDELL

Before us lie the seas which bring the East unto the West;
The Oriental Sphinx has bared the secrets of her breast,
And calls on us for answer to her riddles all unguessed,
Since stars went rolling on.

Half-blinded with the gold dust from our smitten mountain coves,
For years we lay a-dreaming in our fig and orange groves,
While the placers of our wheat-fields gleamed with golden treasure troves,
And we went gaily on.

Garden-valleyed are our hillsides, softest hand that gloves the steel,
But the will is rock beneath them for our country's righteous weal;
Our heritage of birthright we will guard with deathless zeal,
As the peoples go marching on.

For our children's souls shall answer with a spark of holy fire
When smitten on the anvil of a pure and bold desire;
Till the blows become the keynote of the world's advancing choir,
As the future goes marching on.

THE MASTER GRAFTER---AND GROWLER

BY MONROE WOOLLEY

If you save your money you are a grouch.

If you spend it you are a loafer.

If you get it you are a grafter.

If you don't get it you are a bum.

So what's the use?

WHEN a flagrant case of graft is discovered, a howl goes up from the community like clouds of smoke rising from a burning city. Graft is condemned everywhere, every day, by every one—except by the grafters. Quite often, putting on a bold front, the grafters themselves bemoan the evil. Yet graft, like gossip, armament and human ills, goes gaily on, despite graft specialists, graft investigations, and graft prosecutions. Reformers commence to reform the grafters, and it isn't long before the public impatiently begins to shout for the reformation of the saintly reformers. Briefly stated, it is a complicated mess, an achievement of modern politics. Most reformers find a way to graft in prosecuting the grafters, and some grafters graft while being prosecuted. Consequently we seem never to get anywhere in this graft business.

One spotless city sings its own song of cleanliness one day, while the press on the day following publishes sensational charges of fraud in municipal administration. Inevitably the pilfering has been going on for months—maybe years—sometimes long before the seductive music was written for the boastful song of salvation. The "lower downs" are scared not only out of their wits, but clear back to their birthdays, by being landed unceremoniously in jail. The public and the

press clamor to see the "higher ups," whoever or whatever they may be, quartered, hamstrung and guillotined. And the "higher ups" do nothing but hand out glib-tongued interviews in which they saddle the guilt on some one else, if possible. They appear, or at least they try to appear, as nothing less than public benefactors, with the ultimate good of the community at heart—and otherwise defy law and order. Also, for safety's sake, they frequently transfer their worldly accountability to an unsuspecting wife, or to some one answering to the mythical name of John Doe or Richard Roe.

But, then, you know all this. It is told to you every day in your daily paper, provided your daily is not owned by the interests, as some dailies are. But, then, not all interests are antagonistic to certain forms of graft, especially where they are not financially concerned. For instance, the daily lending its aid to the theft of the Alaska coal fields might take pleasure in showing up a gang of thieves operating in graveyards and morgues, while the daily which helps the police to shield thieves might throw a connip-tion over the contemporary in coal schemes. Hence, regardless of a bridled press, graft invariably finds a way to come to the surface.

Jones, the city clerk, doctors a voucher covering feed for the city's animals, pays the dealer his price, which is perhaps about twice what it should be, pocketing the difference with a sly wink. Maybe the dealer is too wise to sign a voucher greater in amount than his bill. Few dealers are, however. But if he is, he gets a dip into the surcharge. Jones had a han-

kering to do this simply because he needed the money, as most of us do, and he knew or rather suspected that the "higher ups" were getting theirs much in the same fashion. When Jones goes to jail, as Jones sooner or later does, he weakens. Then the public gets a choice lot of graft news in the succeeding edition. The public wonders why it elected Jones. Later, chafing with indignation, it clamors to have Jones made a criminal by process of law. The "higher ups" rush home and prepare a formidable defense, while Mrs. Higher Up, hanging on the back fence, tells her neighbor how "awfully outrageous" it all is. No telling where Jones' case will end. To get the answer, be patient and stick faithfully to your daily.

Christ was the most perfect Man that ever stepped on earth. Yet there were people who found fault with Him. We have been fault-finding pretty much ever since. It is the same way with places as it is with men and things. Few of them are serpentless. Eden had its snake just as it had its man and its woman. The late reign of the big stick is memorable for the reforms it kicked up. Also, the while it gained some little notoriety for the new formations it engendered, notably the muck-rake magazine and the muck-rake man. Both have been working over-time ever since. It is human nature to talk. We all like to do so, and they say the same thing of the monkeys. So, it's all quite natural. Strangely, however, we seem to prefer to say something bad of some one, the badder the better, rather than to shout something good, forgetting, perhaps, that gossip is the prattle of persons who are capable of talking on no more interesting a subject. An editorial writer lately said:

"The trouble with many of the so-called 'investigations' is that they are intended to bolster up some preconceived theory, and not to ascertain the truth. It is very seldom that anything of account is brought out in investigations, and so, having seen a good deal of such things, we are not expect-

ing much from these inquiries into the causes of high prices. The press wanted something to write about, so it hit upon the high cost of living for a theme. The people wanted something to talk about, so they took up the whim of the newspapers. The Government, catering to popular wants, appointed the investigators—to help make news for the press."

One of the investigations which cost scads of dollars, as they all do, ended in a pure-food craze. We are now protected, or like to deceive ourselves into the belief that we are, by labels in large Gothic type or in nonpareil heralding whether we are masticating concentrated lye or harmless custards. If it's custard, the label is in Gothic. If it be lye, then the label is in small, inconspicuous type. Benzozate of soda is still used as a preservative, but it may be late in the next century before the scientists concertedly agree whether or not it is harmful to one's insides. Nowadays, to follow out the true spirit of the law, one should feel obliged to read the lithographed labels on his canned and bottled goods just as he does the medical lecture pasted on his patent medicine bottle. If you don't do this religiously, the purpose of the law is defeated. Likewise, if you can't read, you are just as liable to old age as the man who can. Bartenders can no longer fool the decrepit old toper who wants 100 proof rye by setting out the unlabeled 75 per cent for his consumption. Most things are labeled as "pure and unadulterated," from fricasseed carpet tacks to white-leaf lard skimmed from filthy rivers. Provided we can find inspectors honest enough to growl when an attempt is made to grease their hands, this pure-food legislation is a great thing.

Pure food verity and fallacy has led us to other extremes. Manufacturers, studying the idiosyncracies of a susceptible people, are regularly scaring us into fashionable fits. Breakfast foods exploded with dynamite or gun-cotton into a billion particles, or run over by a chauffeur exceeding the

speed limit, we are told, are wonderful panaceas for tired brains and weary bodies. A worn-out, dyspeptic stomach can be renovated to a stevedore's taste by a little dried peanut hulls taken with cream and sugar in the morning. Strange to say, the employees who make breakfast diets loath the products of their employers, and cannot, to save them, eat a spoonful of their own cooking, so to express it. We do not stop at the culinary absurdities we put inside our stomachs. "If people could see their dishes with a microscope they would never put soap on them," claims a competitor of the soap maker. In his advertisement he contends that millions of microbes scout over an assortment of dishes after washing them in soapy water much like the gaseous vapor of Halley's sky-rocket goes sky-shooting through space. Doubtless, if we could see the air we breathe, we should endeavor to forego taking it into our pulsating lungs, *per se*. But then if an unkind sunbeam shows you the army of animals that float about in the atmosphere waiting to be sucked home to a rich germinating place in one's anatomical air bellows, don't get worried. There is a company extant now advertising nasal screens. These screens are for people who work in dusty places, as well as for those who see things they shouldn't see. Nasal sieves are far from the significance of the caption hereof, however. We shall leave them on the dealer's counter or in the nostrils of the purchaser, as the case may be.

The agitation par excellence, the one which costs in dollars more, perhaps, than any other twenty investigations combined, and that is saying much more than appears on the surface, is the one which originated through the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. This annoying, unprofitable, farcical affair, as we all know, commenced long before Cook and Peary got back to civilization to set their tongues wagging and the type bars of editorial writing machines clicking. A monument would be erected to the forbearing corpora-

tion president who would stand mutely by, as did the President on this occasion, while two of his leading lieutenants engaged in an altercation covering several months or years over the principles and ethics of their duties and policies. In such an event these men would have little or no time for their legitimate work. In this connection, the question is, who was attending to Ballinger's duties while he was "defending" his position from the onslaught of the valiant Pinchot? (No doubt a small-salaried civil service clerk, some pessimist answers from the last pew back.) From what can be gathered from the press, all of Ballinger's time, properly the Government's time, has been devoted to a lot of twiddle-twaddle over power sites and natural resources that the ordinary people of the country, individually or collectively, know little about and probably care much less about. After all, speaking of the entire countryside, about the only factions really interested in the conservation bubble are the principals in the controversy itself, the moneyed interests, the newspapers, and the campaign managers. The people stand by mute and mused. It may be a strong political card to agitate conservation in the interest of posterity, but we have yet to learn of any one struggling with might and main to build homes for their grandchildren, or even their own direct offspring. Most of us have our hands full taking care of ourselves without assuming the added burden of caring for coming generations. The future is an extremely uncertain thing for any man, wag or wizard, to delve in. History relates no genius who has cornered it. It seems, contrarily, to have taken pretty good care of itself in the past. No doubt it will continue to do so, Ballinger-Pinchot, et al, notwithstanding.

Not content with kicking up nauseating reform musses here at home, we are now going abroad as though the field were too limited on native soil. Our leading private citizen not long since undertook to tell a few

older nations on the other side how to conduct their affairs. Being polite and considerate, they *listened*. They may heed when precept dictates. Not before. Then, too, the magazines are now regularly sending their gum-shoe emissaries into foreign climes to tell of the corruption and cruelty going on abroad. They seem imbued with the idea that everything at home is spotlessly white-washed. This seriously resembles the missionary movement. Our newspapers are brimming over daily with murder and suicide accounts, yet in countries alleged to be uncivilized, one may travel for months without hearing of a murder or a suicide. The missionaries want the savages to see things our way, to live as we do, and all that. But unfortunately the savage is sometimes afflicted with poor sight.

Of the foreign countries said to be in need of the big brush, the kalsomine bucket and the sulphur pan, Mexico has lately fallen under the ban. The muck-rakers simply cannot keep their itching hands off of her. Perhaps the muck down there has an odor akin to Limburger or carrion. Anyway it attracts the magazine men as flies are attracted to the molasses barrel. After a lot of bad things have been said by pen and picture, another coterie of writers goes down with instructions, cast iron brand, to "tell the truth at any cost." They do. The truth comes back at so much per inch, which highly gratifies the advertising manager. There is a lot of American capital invested in Mexico. Capital wants the truth told—sometimes. From the eulogistic character of this last series of articles one would naturally expect to see the immediate evacuation of all other inhabited countries, the residents thereof fleeing posthaste to the haven of Porfirio Diaz.

But let's come back home and take up the white-wash brush where we dropped it a moment ago. Not long since, Minnesota was praised for having more money, some millions, in the State Treasury than was needed. As a consequence, certain taxation was or

is to be suspended. This sounds fine, glorious. Minnesotans and the press of the State are shouting the good news broadcast. The inference is, that they have been mighty lucky in having a lot of conscientious, thrifty officials in that community. That old proverb, however, about the cloud with the silver lining, works both ways sometimes—viz., silver clouds sometimes have dark edges. Possibly some would-be reformer, bent on political or other preferment, is already enthusiastically on the job collecting proof that these surplus millions resulted from crooked methods. In such an event, a prompt appeal will be made to the public to straighten matters out, the white-washers and the press will get busy, and there will be *talk*, plenty of it, of some one going to jail forever and ever after.

An Eastern publication says:

"The second administration of an Iowa city under the commission form of government seems to be having its difficulties. Just as the magazine writers have finished telling us how graft and vice could not exist under the model plan and that the Iowa city would afford the world an example of a municipality without spot or blemish, along comes a local reform organization charging that the town was never run so "wide open" as at present and demanding the removal of the chief of police.

"The people after adopting the commission plan of government went about their business, supposing their affairs were safe in the hands of the council of five. But it seems that the council members are human, and that they disagree and have their grievances. There is about as much difference of opinion as ever as to what policies are best, and the millennium seems to be not quite so near as was thought."

A man named Cortwright once made a bet that he could stand on London bridge for an hour and offer gold guineas for a shilling apiece, without takers. He did. Passers-by did not believe the guineas were genuine. They did not stop to investigate. Oc-

cunning in America, this incident would have had a different ending. Bogus or real, the guineas would have gone like hot cakes at any price. P. T. Barnum, veteran showman, stands back of the assertion. He told a painful truth when he said Americans like to be humbugged. Barnum referred to such humbugging as being beaten with cheap-John jewelry, a fake side show, or by an oratorical house-to-house canvasser. But we have long since gotten past these small, insignificant trifles, where the total loss rarely exceeded fifteen cents. We are now in that happy stage where we are fond of finding out how much in millions have been stolen from us while our eyes were shut, and then bellowing about it to all the world. Legislation covering and governing corporations we have by the cartload, but still it doesn't prevent people from being filched. All the good there is in it seems to lie in a lot of expensive litigation after the luxurious investigation. Almost always the investigation procrastinates until the barn door is ajar and the horse gone, which is but another way of saying that inquiry into crooked methods is rarely, if ever, made until it is too late. Again, when the public

eye is open to one class of wrong-doing it is generally blind to all other surroundings. And when the cat's away the mice will play, so they say in the nursery.

In the end, then, we growl as much as we graft. A growling dog may frighten some thieves, but it takes a vicious bite to warn off the brazen. As we are just now mostly given to good, sonorous barking, graft will be with us for some time yet. Believe me, as current vernacular puts it, Graft started centuries ago, and with all the howls and yelps a united populace can send up will not stop it to-day, to-morrow or the day after that. preaching against it, exposures, prosecutions, convictions, the smirching of reputations, the wrecking of homes, and the sorrow and suffering always inevitable when culpable wrong-doers are booked and brought to justice, all have failed to check the spread of the evil.

Still, we should hold our nose to honesty and the square deal, meanwhile gripping the white-wash brush with a grim persistence that will help us along as well as make things cleaner for those who follow after in the blazed trail.

PEARLS FROM RUSKIN

BY HARRY COWELL

He weeps not what men suffer,
But what they miss:
Keeps pathos for the duffer
That doesn't kiss.

The list is most appalling:
One's watch and chain,
Ambition, cue, one's calling,
One's way, one's train;

Umbrella, footing, chance,
Bull's-eyes, or sheep's—
Heaven's blessed broad expanse—
Such woes he weeps!

THE SPANISH CAVALIER'S QUEST

BY EMILY ALLISON TOWNSEND

IN HIS WHITE castle on the cliff, De Leon, the Spanish Governor of Porto Rico, sat before a table covered with papers, many of them formidable, red-sealed documents. He stopped writing for a moment and looked sadly out of the window. His glance ranged beyond the crenelated walls of the palace, fringed with low cocoa palms, and the massive battlements, overhanging the sea, to the blue waters of the bay. He saw the mainland of jagged hills, standing in ranks which grew gradually dark and misty, until capped by majestic Mount Yunque; but his thoughts had wandered far from his island home to Seville, the flower of Andalusia, with its white-walled houses, hanging balconies and sloping roofs.

As he sat, lost in thought, one could observe what fashion of man he was—broad-shouldered and muscular, blessed with an iron frame, which had been hardened to endurance through his young manhood in the Moorish wars. Forty-five years had tempered the weather-beaten face, keen, dark eyes and aquiline profile, and his thick, black hair showed threads of silver. In him were united the military bearing and gracious ease of the cavalier, accustomed to frequent the brilliant court of Ferdinand and Isabella. The haughty beauty of his patrician face was enhanced by a suit of myrtle-green velvet, adorned with fine old lace. Around his neck he wore a long chain of curiously wrought gold, set with pearls, and fastened by a Greek cross of flashing diamonds.

The day before, a fleet of galleons, four-deckers, had come from Cadiz, bringing military stores, merchandise and gold-seekers—also letters to His

Excellency and a distinguished guest, the Duque of Medina-Sidonia. The Duque at this moment entered the room. He was a son of that great noble who fought so gallantly in the wars and who ruled over lands, castles and fortresses in the south of Spain equal to the king's own. This son of a princely house had the tawny hair and gigantic frame of the Goth, combined with a certain blonde fairness in spite of exposure to a Southern sun. In his eyes lurked a sinister expression. Twenty years younger than De Leon, he had the inexhaustible vitality of a man in the hey-day of youth. He wore riding boots of tan-colored leather and a suit of pale pink cloth.

He threw himself on a rattan divan, one of the few pieces of furniture in the bare, cheerless room. Indeed, a tall, silver crucifix on the writing table seemed the sole ornament of the place, if we except the steel armor, casque, lances and bucklers fastened to the wall.

"By Santiago! I have ridden all about this cursed island, and precious few signs of gold I find. I fear our sturdy colonists have been lured from Spain by vain hopes."

"My noble Duque," replied De Leon, "gold is not scattered on the ground like chestnuts for every knave to gather. He who would find the precious metal must throw off his surtout and delve for it in the bowels of the earth."

"The fair Mercedes hath a strange interest in these golden lands of Cathay. Methinks she would find occupation for her scapegrace brother. A buccaneer's life on the high seas, under the black flag, would delight most the graceless youth."

"She sends us all on pilgrimages. Holy, blissful martyrs, she would make of us," sighed De Leon, gloomily. "I am not in favor with the Countess, though at one time I could fancy I was high in her good graces."

"Since the Count's death she plunges with great spirit into the gay world. Her suitors are many. Partly at her behest I come to this new world to pave the way for the aforesaid brother. My reward will be, I trust, the hand of his lovely sister," answered the Duque, with a self-satisfied smile.

"You are welcome, Sir Duque, to remain in my poor abode as long as it doth content you; but I have an adventure on hand in which it may please you to join. I go to explore these heathen lands and win them to the Holy Cross," announced De Leon, crossing himself devoutly.

"Many thanks for your abundant hospitality, my dear De Leon," replied Sidonia. "I would gladly join you in an adventure which promises excitement and interest to an extraordinary degree."

De Leon, on his last visit to Spain two years before, had met the beautiful Mercedes, toasted everywhere as Estrella, the star of Seville. She had been married at sixteen to Count de Laos, a man forty years her senior, though of ancient lineage and great wealth. Mercedes, the daughter of an aristocratic but impoverished house, had been forced into this uncongenial marriage by the solicitations of her parents. Only by this step could she maintain her position in the life to which she was born. From the quiet convent, therefore, she emerged into the glaring light which beats about a throne. In the magnificent Court of Castile and Aragon, few could equal her beauty or elegance. Adulation, devotion and envy in varying proportions surrounded her.

De Leon, the brilliant soldier, explorer and courtier, had deeply interested Mercedes. Her imagination was excited and stimulated by his many weird tales of the golden, enchanted land beyond the sea. With hair black

as night, strange blue eyes and teasing madcap ways, the Countess alternately attracted and repelled De Leon. He left Spain completely fascinated and infatuated with the imperious beauty.

Recently, news had come of the death of the old Count. Mercedes was free. Unable to make a journey to Spain at this time, De Leon had written to the Countess, pouring forth his love and devotion. He hoped to claim her for his bride on his return to Seville in the late summer. His great wealth was laid at her feet. She should be queen of the Antilles. That life of adventure, tales of which had once captivated her, the Countess should know by experience.

By the last galleon her answer had reached De Leon. It was as follows:

Most Noble Juan de Leon, Governor of
Porto Rico and adjacent islands.
Honored Sir—

Your letter is at hand. In reply I would say: Gold wrung from the weak and oppressed has no delights for me. A queen of savages I have no desire to be. By the Holy Virgin's name, I wed no more with crabbed age. Untrammelled youth and joy are now my portion. Discover that fountain of eternal youth of which you told me, and I may reconsider your offer, but in lieu of that, believe me devoted forever to the Court of Spain and youthful squires.

May the Blessed Martyrs preserve your health.

Given under my hand and seal this fifteenth day of January, the year of Our Lord, MVXII.

MERCEDES, COUNTESS DE LAOS.

The letter seemed to De Leon needlessly cruel; but since Youth, of little moment to himself, proved an indispensable qualification in the eyes of this capricious lady, he would seek that gift of the gods with the same courage and fortitude with which he had set forth to other perilous deeds of conquest on sea and land. Stung to immediate effort by the taunting message of the Countess, De Leon held

many conferences with the Indians and their cacique. They told him that at Bimini, a mysterious island of the Lucayan Chain, was situated the magic fountain which would restore his lost youth.

For weeks, much bustling activity took place in the harbor while the ships were being fitted out for the voyage. By the middle of April, the Governor, the Duque, and a military escort sailed with three brigantines from the harbor of San Juan Bautista in quest of the enchanted waters. De Leon, in a jovial mood, appeared, the Duque declared, already to experience renewed youth.

After a few days' sail, the ships landed at Bimini and the search began. At the approach of De Leon and his soldiers, in glittering armor, carrying the Cross, and the red and yellow standard of Spain, the copper-colored savages fled in terror to the impenetrable recesses of their island. Wending their way through a narrow path in the rich vegetation of the tropical forest, the explorers came upon a lake of crystal clearness, surrounded by royal palms and live oaks festooned with grey moss. Gorgeous paroquets, feathered in blue, red and yellow, flew screaming as the men advanced. Many other brilliant birds from their station in lofty trees looked dumbly at the conquerors. Exquisite yellow butterflies fluttered about the blue iris which grew in the marshy land near the stream.

De Leon, riding a fine black horse, led his men. His proud and haughty face shone with unusual excitement. As he neared the lake he dismounted, and, giving his horse in charge of a soldier, planted his sword, the handle of which was a cross, in the sandy soil, at the same time shouting, "Santiago! Santiago! For God and for Spain!" Then throwing aside his armor, he plunged with exultation into the sparkling waters. The soldiers took up the cry and hastened to bathe in the life-giving current. There were many expressions of joy that the mystical fountain had been found.

But the Duque, with sinister eyes and crafty face, remained on shore. He seated himself unobtrusively in the shadow of a palm tree. Any one who observed him would have seen a satanic light on his blonde face, a queer muttering of the lips, and frequent signs of the cross. He seemed to be holding a service of commination. From his neck he took a sacred relic, and tearing it into bits, threw the fragments into the lake. Then he made use of the famous trine, *Abra-cadabra*, repeated eleven times with a letter dropped at each repetition and followed by the sign of the circle. He mumbled other queer words.

As De Leon, with disappointment written on his face, came up on the bank, blue and shivering in spite of the heat, Sidonia received him with a pleasant smile. It was evident that the transformation to immortal youth was not going to be instantaneous. Neither did happiness seem to be an accompaniment of the metamorphosis; for the soldiers and their leader proceeded disconsolately to the ships as if eternal punishment was to be their destiny. The sun simmered down on them through the palm trees, numberless reptiles beset their march, showers drenched them. They lost the path and found themselves in a dismal cypress swamp, where alligators abounded. The way back to the ship seemed anything but the road to Paradise.

On board ship rations were served, and the men went to their bunks, many of them shivering with the ague, but the demolition of De Leon's hopes caused him greater suffering than mere physical pain. Sidonia, with malicious eyes and unctuous words, extended sympathy to his host and expressed a doubt as to whether the immortal fountain had been discovered.

"Not this time," agreed De Leon, sadly, "but by the help of the Blessed Virgin I will continue my quest."

On the following day, Sidonia was too ill to rise from his bed. His hand and arm were badly swollen,

and the poison appeared to extend through the whole system. The ship-surgeon looked at the injured member and his face assumed a serious expression.

"My Lord Duque," he affirmed, with great sorrow I tell you that the deadly black cobra has bitten you. Confess your sins and be absolved, for ere to-morrow's sun gilds the East you will be dead."

Sidonia's face grew white with fear. The priest was at once summoned, and the Duque confessed his sins, not omitting the heinous one of the day before.

"My son," advised the good father, "in Spain we have a proverb, homely but true, 'Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.' If, in the mercy of God, you do not die, remember this; but if you should depart this life, may the good and forgiving saints preserve your soul from everlasting destruction and the fires of Purgatory strain the dross from your spirit."

In spite of adverse prognostications, Sidonia recovered. However, he took the priest's advice and pronounced no more maledictions over streams and rivers which held forth a promise to the explorers.

De Leon and his Spaniards bathed religiously in many shining rivers and lakes; but grey hair did not turn black; bronze skins fair, or dulled eyes regain the lustre of youth. After repeated frustrations of his hopes, De Leon was forced to doubt the existence of the *fons juvenis*. This disappointment meant more to Juan than the followers were aware; for he was convinced that he could never win the love of Mercedes without adventitious aid. He even prayed that Our Lady might graciously perform a miracle in his behalf, but Heavenly interposition appearing, after a time, doubtful, he decided to sail for his island home.

At Porto Rico, the Duque de Medina-Sidonia, much to De Leon's relief, found a ship about to sail for Spain, and engaged passage. He gave as a reason for his speedy return

his intended marriage to the Countess de Laos.

De Leon had felt all through their expedition together the veiled enmity of Sidonia, which once or twice had blazed out into open hostility. He thought it quite characteristic of the Duque that he should save this piece of information as a parting shot, since he knew that Juan had succumbed to the fascinations of the Countess and must have suspected the cause of the older man's anxiety to find the mystical fountain!

However, Juan received the news with impassive face and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the galleon with the Duque on board actually putting out to sea.

A few weeks after the Governor's return to the island, he was taking a siesta one evening in a comfortable chair under the palm trees. He smoked a roll of tobacco and dreamed of the flashing eyes and the captivating ways of Mercedes. From his post above the battlements, he could command the sea and the cobble-stone road which led down to the town. Two figures toiling up the steep path from the village attracted his attention. As they drew near, he observed that they were priests—the tall brother wore the white habit and black mantle of the Dominicans; the short and slender figure of the other was concealed in the brown cowl of the Franciscans.

De Leon arose to greet his guests and was surprised to recognize Bartolome Las Casas, the defender of the Indians. This remarkable man, then about twenty-seven years old, had the face of a prophet, thin from much fasting; large, strong features and dark eyes in which were revealed enthusiasm and kindness. He introduced his young friend, Brother Anselm, whose cowl drooped over his face, almost concealing it.

The Governor greeted both monks with great warmth and cordiality. Servants quickly brought chairs and refreshments on the terrace for the guests.

"We sailed from Cadiz," explained

Las Casas, "two months ago, and, in the goodness of God, have reached port without accident. At Granada I had the honor of presenting the cause dearest to my heart to their Most Gracious Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, whom may God and His Holy Angels preserve," besought the monk, crossing himself piously. "My brother feels as strongly as I concerning the cruel wrongs of the Indian, and with his help I hope to carry on a glorious crusade in behalf of the poor, defenseless creatures."

"The cursed gold has destroyed the oppressors and the oppressed—the souls of the one and the bodies of the other. The vile metal is not a gift of God but of the devil," assented Brother Anselm, in a low, musical voice, which caused De Leon to start and look sharply at him.

"But I come not to preach to my host," protested Las Casas, with a genial smile. "It would, indeed, be a poor return for his gracious hospitality."

"I have great news for you, Father," responded De Leon. "Spain has been able to increase her colonial possessions through my humble efforts. I have discovered a large tract of land, probably part of another continent. The flag of Spain now waves above it, and the country has been named Florida. In my efforts to find the fountain of youth, I have been unsuccessful. It means a bitter defeat to me, for I dreamed by its aid to win the affections of a recalcitrant lady who expects love to be always roses and May."

"Now the Holy Virgin be praised that her name has been carried to these distant lands. I condole with you in your failure to find the *fons juventis*; but, dear brother, pray God to give you a youthful soul uncorrupted by evil: for it is Sin that ages the spirit. By devout prayer only can we punish the devil for bringing wickedness and death into the world by our Mother Eve. In this beautiful land of summer, we have waving palms and myriads of flowers; but woman, the flower

of the human race, is wanting. Praise be to the saints! Woman is a snare to lead us into temptation. Like Saint Anthony I have been tempted, but, by the grace of God, I have overcome. Here beauty, golden locks and dalliance are unknown, and you should thank the Lord, my dear brother, for his many mercies," urged Las Casas, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I am no saint like you," objected De Leon. "Even Paradise and Heaven pall without the eternal feminine." Then a shadow flitted across his face. "But I renounce womankind forevermore. I have not the silken ways of the court. A man inured from youth to rough camps, nature never intended me for a cavalier and beauty passes me by."

As De Leon talked, young brother Anselm drooped like a fading flower. The Governor called to an Indian slave: "Bring wine—my best Amon-tillado—the brother is faint."

The wine revived the languishing spirit of the friar. As the moon was coming up in splendor over the dark blue waves, he strolled gently into the garden, telling his beads and breathing many an ave.

The young monk seated himself on a carved marble bench in the garden, and throwing back his cowl, drank in the tropical beauty of the night. He could hear the soft rippling of a fountain, and from a fragrant white honeysuckle issued the song of a mocking-bird. As he watched the purple shadows made by the moon and breathed the delicious sweetness of the air, he heard a step, and, looking around, saw the lord of the castle standing beside him. He gave a start and attempted to draw forward his cowl; but not before De Leon, trembling with eagerness, seized the hand and held it. The monk struggled a little, and then, with downcast eyes, lapsed into passivity. Juan sat down beside the Franciscan, still holding the hand.

"A hand not made for man's work," suggested the Governor, dryly. "'Tis most curious the long hair of a woman, too, bound in braids about the head.

From what part of Spain do you come, Sir Monk, and do all the monks of your Order have hands and heads like women?"

The monk looked haughtily at him, with eyes which flashed strangely blue like Damascus steel.

"The monks of my land think not of their faces or their hands, but of their souls, Sir Governor."

With his heart singing for joy, De Leon, still outwardly serene, affirmed: "I recognize in her calm accents my once loved lady, Mercedes, Countess of Laos. But will my lady tell me what brings her to the castle of an elderly suitor, whom she has seen fit to scorn?"

No response came except a passion of tears. The dark head rested face downward on the back of a settee, where, in carved marble, Perseus was slaying the sea monster in protection of Andromeda, chained to a neighboring rock.

At length Juan, alarmed by such a paroxysm of weeping, put his arms around her and said soothingly:

"My darling, do not weep so! Hush! Father Las Casas may appear or my servants might hear you."

Gradually the sobs subsided. Then De Leon, his face radiant with joy, declared: "It is of untold grief to me that I could not discover the fountain of youth, and to the best of my belief, no such thing exists. All I have to offer you now is a heart full of love and devotion. Will you accept it, my beloved?"

Mercedes glanced up, with tear-drenched eyes. "I don't value youth especially, for I have that myself. What I adore are certain noble qualities like loyalty, honor, and holy zeal. Happy am I to have found a man who possesses all these delightful virtues," she asserted with a demure smile.

Juan, a cry of ecstasy escaping from him, embraced her rapturously. Then, holding her away from him and gazing into her sweet eyes, he urged: "Will my gracious lady deign to answer a question?"

"A hundred, if you like."

"Why did you write such a crushing refusal and send me off in quest of the unattainable?"

"I wanted to prove your devotion, and I thought if you really loved me you ought to have rushed to Spain on the wings of the wind and not have tamely written. Afterwards I repented my fiendish answer, and I decided to brave the perils of the sea and explain in person."

"You certainly made a charming reparation, and the unexpectedness of it has increased my joy a hundred-fold," asseverated the enraptured De Leon.

For a time, lost in the wonder of their mutual love, neither spoke. Finally De Leon asked: "Is Las Casas aware of your identity?"

"I think he has very strong suspicions that I am not a monk. I shall cherish eternal gratitude to the good Father, for he protected me in a thousand ways on board the ship. He represented that I was the young and delicate son of a noble house whom he was introducing in the priesthood."

"He has finished writing his reports, and is now entering the garden," observed De Leon. "There shall be a wedding this evening, for the priest is here.

"The mass shall be sung
And the bells shall be rung
And the feast eaten merrily;

for my love has come releasing me from the quest of the mythical fountain and wanting only me, in spite of my grey hairs and vanished youth."

WHERE CHRISTMAS GREENERY COMES FROM

BY JOHN L. COWAN

THERE IS NO part of the country so bleak and barren, even in midwinter, that it is not capable of yielding something for the decoration of the home, church, school and assembly hall at the Christmas season. Nevertheless, the products that grow under distant skies are always considered more beautiful than those that may be gathered on the old home farm or in nearby woodlands, so that Christmas greenery is shipped across the continent, and even brought from overseas, and the business of gathering, preparing and marketing it, although confined to the months of November and December, has become of great local importance in some parts of the country.

First in importance among Christmas greens is the Christmas tree itself. The Christmas tree is of pagan origin, a heritage from the ancient Germans. The custom of preparing Christmas trees for the enjoyment of the children was introduced into America by the Dutch and German settlers of New York and Philadelphia. Many years ago it was the custom of the fathers of families to go out into the country when the holiday season drew near, procure their trees, and hire some one to haul them home. A mountaineer of the Catskills, Mark Carr by name, is credited with cutting and hauling to New York City the first wagon load of Christmas trees ever marketed there. That was in 1851. He received prices so satisfactory that thereafter he and his neighbors hauled hundreds of trees to the city each season, just before Christmas.

In no other State has the business of growing and shipping Christmas trees been developed as it has in Maine. Years ago, there were hundreds of abandoned farms along the coast of the Pine Tree State, overgrown with balsam fir trees. These trees were worthless for lumber, and the land upon which they grew was considered of so little value that it was exempt from taxation.

About thirty-five years ago, a Boston sportsman was hunting ducks along the Maine coast. He noticed the immense number of balsam fir trees, small in size and usually straight and symmetrical. So he bought a whole shipload, had them shipped to New York, and there disposed of them for use as Christmas trees. Thenceforth the cutting of vast quantities of balsam firs for the Christmas season became customary. Each year the Maine farmers realize more than \$100,000 clear profit from this industry; and the old farm lands that were once abandoned as worthless, are now very valuable. It takes only five years to grow salable Christmas trees, and no cultivation is needed, nor any care beyond a little pruning.

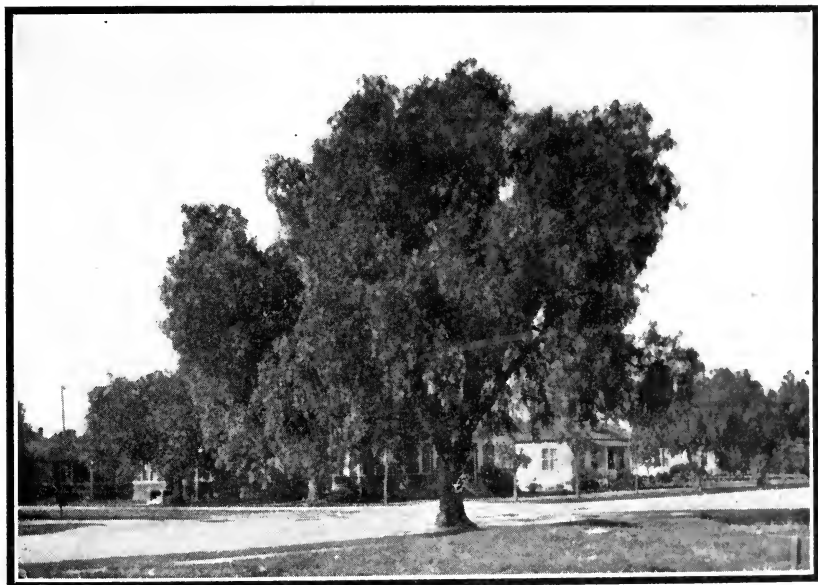
Many other species of coniferous trees are used for Christmas trees. Colorado and several other States cut great quantities of the blue spruce; but white pine, yellow pine, Norway pine, many varieties of fir and spruce, and even the humble hemlock, are employed. Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan ship hundreds of carloads to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and other cities of the Middle West.

Next to the Christmas tree in im-

portance, perhaps, is the glossy-leaved, bright-berried holly, of which there are several varieties native to this country, while a considerable quantity is imported from England. Around Chesapeake Bay is the section from which most of the supply for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh and most of the cities of the East is obtained. A choicer variety grows in the mountains of North Carolina, but the supply of this is limited. Then in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas is another region that supplies the Middle West, while a considerable quan-

so that most people prefer it for decorative purposes.

The holly tree has been known to attain a height of from 40 to 50 feet, and a diameter of four feet or more, but this is exceptional. It is of very slow growth, and each year the holly gatherers must go farther and farther and farther into the swamps in search of material for the wreaths that are considered essential to the Christmas season. It is said that, beginning with Thanksgiving week, the schools of certain sections in the peninsula between Delaware and Chesapeake bays are



A fine specimen of the pepper tree.

tity is gathered annually in all of the Southern States. California has a shrub resembling holly in that it bears many bright berries, but it is not a true holly. It is abundant in the canyons of the Coast ranges of mountains, and vast quantities are taken to the cities just before Christmas. Its leaves are of a yellowish-green color, and are without the spiny points characteristic of the true holly. Its berries are borne in vastly greater profusion than those of the true holly,

deserted by the older boys, who join their fathers in the holly harvest. The first shipments are made to distant cities, like Chicago, Detroit and other cities on the Great Lakes, and as Christmas approaches, the nearer cities are served. Many farmers in the holly producing region make more money during the month of the holly harvest than they do from their extensive peach orchards. If harvested with care and discrimination, the same trees would continue to grow, and in a



An artistic bunch of pampas grass.

few years would yield another crop; but it is the almost universal practice to cut down the tree, or at least to cut off the top (which bears the most and the finest berries.) The latter practice is just as fatal as the former.

The pepper tree is a California specialty, just coming into popular favor in Eastern cities. The pepper tree is a native of Peru, but has been extensively planted throughout California, and is justly esteemed as the most beautiful of shade trees. It is an evergreen, bearing large clusters of small red berries, and these, together with the graceful, fern-like foliage, make the most attractive Christmas decorations imaginable. Even when dried, both leaves and berries to a large extent retain their colors. They have a pungent, peppery odor, that some people find agreeable, and others quite the contrary.

Pampas plumes are grown in California, Texas and Arizona, for shipment to all parts of the country for decorative purposes, not only at Christmas

time, but at other seasons as well. The flower shoot is a plume, sometimes 18 inches or more in length, of a grayish-white color, but readily dyed green, blue, red or any hue desired. For the decoration of large interiors, such as churches, halls and schools, nothing could be more effective. Pampas plumes are grown in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara, Cal., more extensively than anywhere else in this country. The grass is native to South America, giving the name "Pampas" to great grassy plains, on which millions of cattle are pastured. The grass grows so tall that it is said that mounted cowboys are often completely hidden from view by it.

Parts of Texas, California, Arizona, and Florida, enjoy an embarrassment of floral riches at Christmas time. There is little temptation to interior decoration, when even the humblest cottage is embowered in bloom. Red and green are considered the most appropriate colors for Christmas deco-



Mistletoe growing on a cottonwood tree.

ration, just as green and white are preferred for Easter. Consequently, the gorgeous poinsettia is known as the "Christmas flower." It reaches its perfection at Christmas time. In the towns of the Southern California coast country it flourishes as nowhere else in America, growing in tall shrubs, often 10 or 15 feet high, forming blazing masses of scarlet. In the Eastern States, it is grown as a hot house plant, and the liberal use of the flowers for decorative purposes is impracticable. In the Southern States and California, palms are extensively employed for

urnalia; and the Druids of Britain held mistletoe that grew upon an oak tree as peculiarly sacred.

There are several American species of mistletoe, resembling the European variety in all essential particulars, and falling heir to many of the Old World traditions. Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Washington and Oregon are the principal sources of mistletoe for the holiday markets of the great cities. Christmas shoppers who pay the prices demanded in the stores for this particular adjunct of holiday cheer will find



The pine woods where Christmas trees grow.

Christmas decorations, particularly in churches and assembly halls, and ferns are used effectively in many ways.

Around no other adjunct of Christmas cheer are clustered so many ancient superstitions, so many historic, legendary and romantic associations, as around the mistletoe. In Norse mythology, the mistletoe figures as the plant from which was made the arrow with which the blind god Hoder slew the sun god Balder. The Romans employed it in the festivities of the Sat-

urnalia; and the Druids of Britain held mistletoe that grew upon an oak tree as peculiarly sacred. The plant is a parasite, sapping the vitality of trees upon which it obtains a hold, and ultimately killing them.

From Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi come the branches of long-leaved yellow pine, with "needles" sometimes eighteen inches in length. From the same States, too, are shipped considerable quan-

titles of the fan-shaped leaves of the sable palm; and the large, thick, glossy green leaves of the magnolia. These are packed in gray Spanish moss, nature's matchless drapery for the live oaks, yellow pines and cypresses of the bayou country of the South; and the moss is effectively employed for decorations of many descriptions.

From the woods of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan is obtained the "bouquet green" of the florists, known to the gatherers as "ground pine," and to botanists as *Lycopodium*. It is a creeper, growing along the ground, half concealed by the litter of dead leaves and pine needles. Many tons are shipped each season from the pine woods of Michigan and Minnesota, in barrels containing 125 pounds. It is useful for festoons around pillars, or for covering long stretches of wall surface, and for wreath making. A few years ago it was more popular even than holly for wreaths, but is so no longer. It grows in wooded regions in most of the Eastern States, but not very abundantly, and is not often gathered for market except in the regions of the northern Great Lakes.

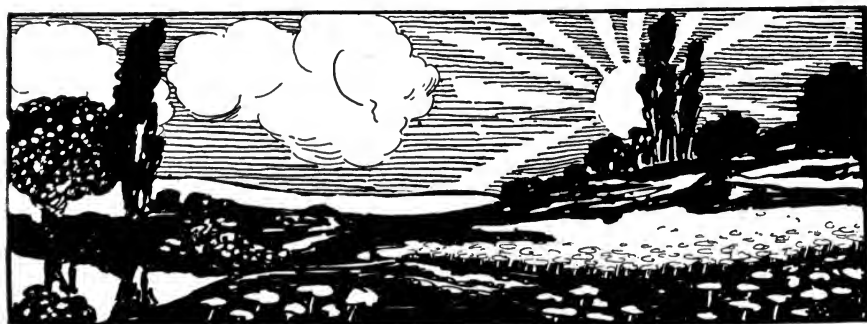
Southern smilax is shipped to almost every section of the country, the major part of the supply coming from Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. In Georgia it grows to perfection, trailing along from tree to tree in vines 30 or 40 feet long. Larger-leaved varieties grow much farther north, but as a rule, severe



Moss-draped yellow pines of the South

frosts kill the leaves and turn them brown long before Christmas time.

Among Christmas novelties in the Eastern markets (although commonplace in the regions where they grow) are the bitter-sweet and wahoo (or burning bush), both of which are varieties of *enonymus*. Their beauty consists in the bright scarlet and crimson berries. The huckleberry grows abundantly all over Missouri and adjoining States, and is used to a limited extent at this season, although not as it should be, and would be if dealers were enterprising enough to handle it.



MANILA'S OLDEST FORTRESS

BY MONROE WOOLLEY

MANILA, away out in the Orient in the eye of the world, holds much distinction, among other things, for her forts—those of to-day and yesterday. In the matter of age and newness her land batteries reach from the medieval to the very latest idea in coast defense.

Fort Santiago, the key to the Walled City, and relic of past centuries, is now dismantled and helpless, so far as repulsing a hostile foe is concerned. A score of miles down the bay, right at the very front door of the archipelago, lies hidden on Corregidor Island a veritable hornet's nest in the form of masked batteries of modern rifles and ponderous mortars that make the Port Arthur emplacements of yesterday seem like mere, old-fashioned toys, and paper ones at that. Here the very latest engines of war, installed in lavish profusion, serve as formidable barriers to the north and south channels, formed by the island

at the mouth of the bay, which our own valiant Dewey found so easy of access on that memorable May morning, years ago. The Gruson turret, made of concrete and steel, and sunk on rock foundations, natural or artificial, in the deep, resembling huge grey turtles sticking up out of the water with protruding gun barrels for necks, occupy El Fraile and other small islets in the vicinity, while old hump-backed Corregidor, once inviting as a refuge for our sick soldiers, is covered from crest to shore line with guns, a honeycomb of underground cement tunnels, pits and runways, wireless equipment, electrical apparatus, searchlights, and other contrivances to aid in repelling an enemy. Here Stoessel might well have defied the navies of the world, just as he defied the fleets of the Japanese for so long at Port Arthur.

But the story of Manila's oldest fortress—not its newest—is what we originally started out to tell. Not so much, perhaps, because the Govern-

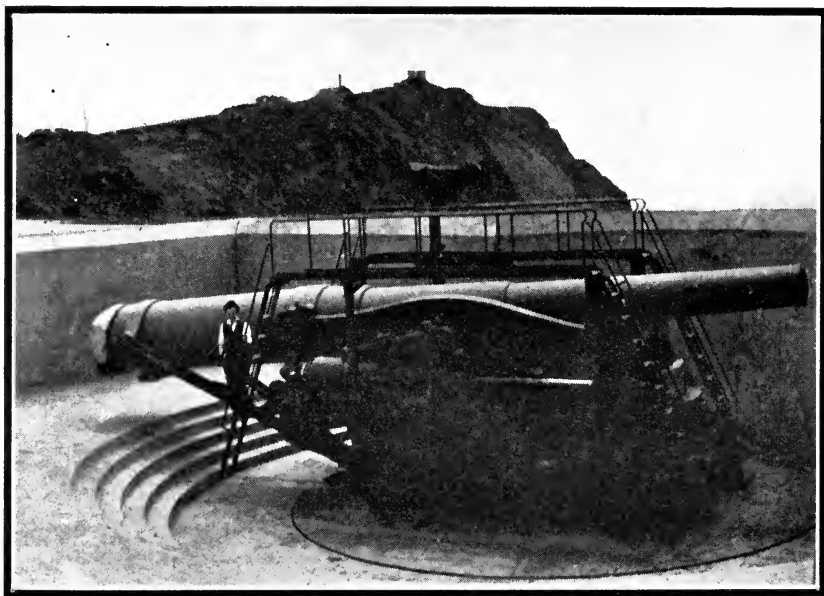


View of the harbor of Corregidor Island, showing batteries being built.

ment would prefer to have Fort Santiago discussed in print in preference to Corregidor, but rather because old Santiago has many a tale of historical romance attached to it which its modern successor at this early period wholly lacks. Yet someday, mayhap not far distant, Corregidor may unfold a story much more startling and wonderful than any attached to its musty, moss-grown predecessor of yesterday, or, more properly, of several days before yesterday.

For sightseers, at least, the broad statement may be made that the most

which in other days were put to more or less disgraceful uses. The walls once were skirted on the outside by a deep moat, filled with water, having draw-bridges at the various gates. These bridges were raised and lowered as the gates were opened and closed. Hence, unless one should gain admittance through the gates it might have been a pretty difficult matter to swim the moat and scale the walls. Most, if not all, of the moat has now been filled in, but no doubt the walls will stand for years, if for no other reason than for their historical inter-



Latest electrically operated 12 inch disappearing coast defense rifle of the kind at Corregidor.

interesting object in the islands is this old, antiquated fortress, aged but not yet infirm. Manila's Walled City, a town boasting of several city squares, with paved streets, in which business houses brush up against large dwellings, is entirely surrounded by a stone wall about thirty feet high by from thirty to forty feet thick. A carriage-ride in olden times might be had along its top. Within this wall, which would probably measure several miles in length, is a system of cells and tunnels

est. Of this vast, yet crude, system of defense, Fort Santiago stands as the key.

What the Tower of London is to England, what the Vatican is to Rome, what Bunker Hill Monument is to the United States, Fort Santiago is to the Philippine Islands.

When the expedition under command of Captain Martin de Goiti and Juan de Salcedo, says an authority, arrived in 1570 opposite the town of Manila, a rude but strong palisade was

already erected by the natives on the south side of the Pasig river where Santiago now stands. Twelve bronze cannons of clumsy pattern constituted the armament. In the following year, Legaspi moved his headquarters to Manila, and the written history of the

Santiago de Vera, determined later on to replace the wooden and earthen works with stone, the fortress ever afterward bearing his name. In 1590 the King of Spain sent out instructions to fortify the place against all comers. This was accomplished, and all com-



Magnificently carved gate (in stone) leading from outer park to inner park of Fort Santiago, Manila.

fort began. The old palisade was strengthened, natives were commanded to build a wall and some one hundred and fifty houses for the Spaniards. The work did not progress rapidly under the Malays, and the Spaniards themselves lent a hand. The Governor,

ers—without one little exception—were scared away—until Dewey came. Then Santiago failed in her office. But this king was long since dead, so he didn't get blue about it.

The first construction of stone was that of the circular wall still standing

in front of the parapet. It is on the lower level, and is washed by the waters of the Rio Pasig. When General Merritt arrived he entered the inner quadrangle to sign the articles of capitulation. Since American occupation, Fort Santiago has been turned into a more peaceful place. All her armament has been taken away, and the buildings within the parks have been converted into barracks and store-rooms. Commodious office buildings have been erected on top of the walls along and overlooking the Pasig, and here the commanding General of the Philippine division, with all his staff officers having hundreds of clerks, has

the old fortress. There are old Spaniards in Manila who shake their heads wisely, and intimate that if they were to tell all they know that it would be an astounding story indeed. There are all sorts of stories floating about concerning secret chambers in the walls and wings. So far as the secret chambers are concerned, there is some truth in the rumors. The filling of the old moat closed many of the entrances to these chambers, probably forever. When the wall in Calle Aduana was removed, an inner chamber was found filled with human skeletons. What the countless others contained is a matter for gloomy conjecture.



Old-fashioned saluting battery belonging to Spanish at Fort Santiago.

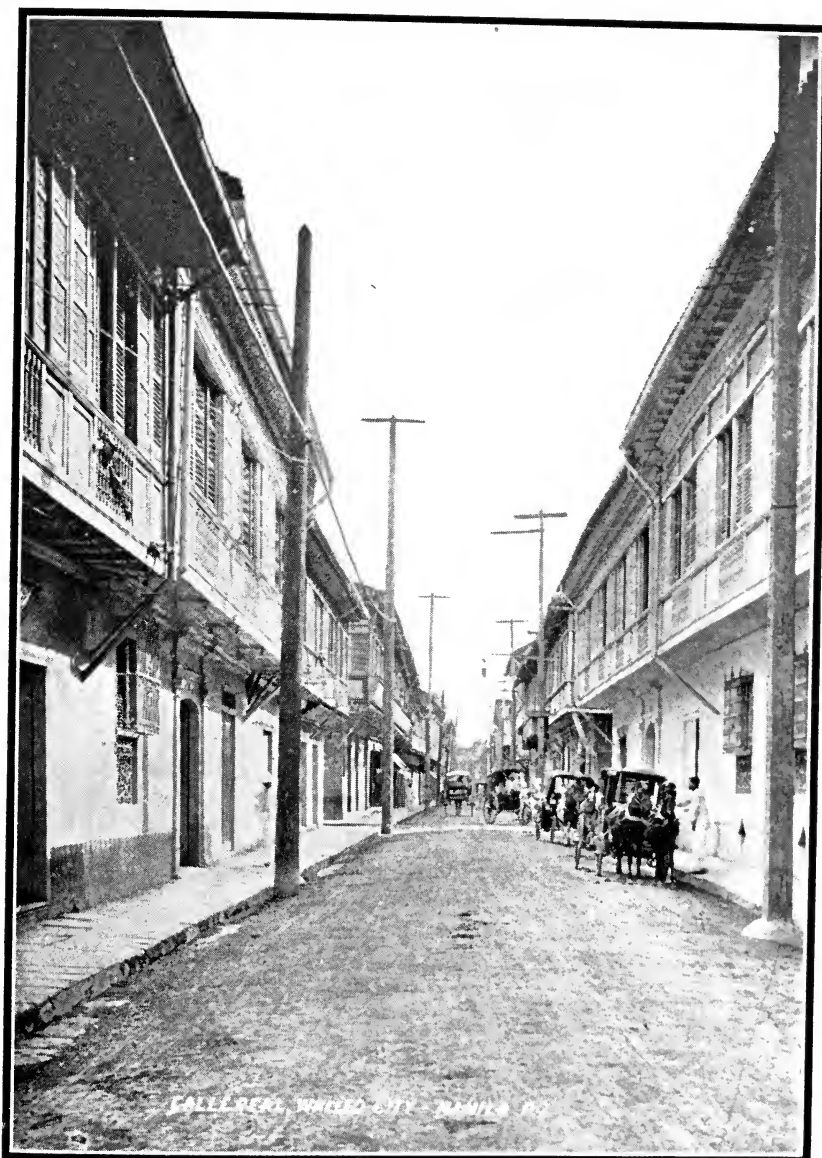
his headquarters. In one of the beautiful parks within the fort is located the military arsenal, with its big steam and electric workshops.

Some of the maps and plans of the fort are now in the British Museum in London, where they were carried after the British conquest of Manila. The fort, mostly in its present form, has stood for three hundred years, and no doubt it will stand, if permitted, for many times that number of centuries. Many strange things, it is said, have happened under the shadow of

Natives have a wholesome terror for the old place, and absolutely no desire to see anything below the surface of the thick old walls. Americans who, with electric lamps, have started explorations, have given up, owing to the foul air, crumbling passages and other hindrances. There is a story prevalent that a woman was sealed up in one of the secret chambers the day her child was born. When the Americans came sixteen years later they found her a young lady of sixteen, both of whom had never been outside their

midnight cell. This tale is probably fabricated, yet many another more horrible in detail has never been told. Another political prisoner was a man-

was unfurled to the tropic breeze, except for the brief time the British flag supplanted that of the rightful lords. The hoisting of the third flag is well



Calle Real (or main street) in the Walled City.

iac when liberated by the Americans.

Only three flags have flown above Fort Santiago. For three hundred and twenty-eight years the Spanish ensign

known to all of us, and while we are not hiding any skeletons down in the cellar we are nevertheless busy pounding typewriting machines and sling-

ing ink in cozy offices high up on the walls overlooking old and new Manila. Still, the old fort designed for belligerent purposes, yet lays claim to being a domicile for fighters, and while we are sending out military correspondence, up on the front walls we are making cannon balls and cartridges in the arsenal at the rear.

And here endeth the narrative of one of the most unique relics of the entire Oriental world.



A battery of modern 12inch breech-loading mortars of our coast defense, similar to those at Corregidor.

NOEL

BY IDA MAY DAVIS

On such a morn—
 Not to the grandeur of a crowing king,
 Where men bow to imperial birth;
 Not to the worship of discovering
 A new star in the orb of earth;
 Can so great wonder blind my eyes—
 E'en the dumb beasts gaze human-wise.

On this day born—
 The Babe within a manger slept.
 He shall bring peace—a world's new day.
 What sweeter promise could be kept
 At greater price in humbler way?
 Be sure we wound not love again
 When asked for shelter at the inn.

Each Christmas day—
 We live the holy vision o'er.
 In every heart is Bethlehem.
 Where wait the angels at our door;
 May we fail not to ope to them.
 Then shall to us a heavenly throng
 Sing Peace in an undying song.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST

BY FRANCIS LEE ROGERS

IN ADDITION to buying presents for my friends at Christmas time I often indulge in the whim of buying a present for myself—something out of the ordinary, something which no one else would think of getting for me. On the Christmas about which I am going to tell, I bought for myself an old suit of armor. I had long contemplated the purchase of such an ornament for the drawing room. A suit of armor gives a flavor to a room which nothing else will. It gives to the beholder a feeling of admiration and respect, as he looks upon its dull-gleaming surface, obscured with tarnish, and marred by dents which remind him vividly that real men used to fight very earnestly against each other, encased in just such shells.

The suit of armor that came into my possession upon this Christmas I ran across by chance in a dim corner of an out-of-the-way curio shop which I had visited before. The proprietor, a white-bearded old patriarch, dragged it out at my request from the dusky corner where I had espied it out into the semi-daylight of his cluttered shop; and I then noted something upon the armor which aroused my curiosity. It was a narrow slit in the breastplate, probably, I judged, the mark of the death-thrust which had killed the original owner. The cut was too narrow to have been the work of a lance; it looked more the width of a sword blade; but it must have been a sword of unusual temper, wielded by an incredible strength, to have pierced the steel in so neat a manner. This weapon-mark gave the armor added value in my eyes, and I decided that I would have the suit;

but the old shopkeeper seemed reluctant to part with it. At first he would not name a price, and I, not wishing to haggle with him, offered a good round sum. However, it seemed that it was not the matter of money that troubled my old acquaintance, but a foolish superstition at which I laughed when he told me.

"Why don't I like for to sell you this armor, Mr. Hargrave?" he replied hesitatingly, after I had pressed him for a reason. "It is because it would bring bad luck to you, maybe."

"Pshaw! I do not believe in such ideas. Name me a price."

"But, Mr. Hargrave, there are special reasons for what I say. A man to whom I once sold this same armor was found dead a few days later—and how do you suppose? He was found in his room, murdered, *with the armor on*, a deep wound underneath this rusty cut which you see in the breastplate. Not the slightest trace of the murderer was ever found."

"To be sure, that was a strange tragedy," I replied, not deeply impressed with the story, "but it would be mere superstition to think that because of that occurrence the armor would carry bad luck. But how did you come to get the suit back again?"

"The man had not paid for it yet, and it was returned."

"Possibly if the suit is paid for in advance, in honest cash, the bad luck you believe in will not follow the purchaser. At any rate, what you have told me does not alter my decision to take the armor. Here's the money, and you can send the suit right up, if you will, for I want to see it in my room to-night."

The old man shook his head dubi-

ously, looked at the gold pieces in my hand, then said:

"Well, after all, it's your affair, Mr. Hargrave. I have told you what I know about it, and my conscience is clear."

He accepted the money, thanking me, and I assured him smilingly that I absolved him from all responsibility for bad luck that might arise from my purchase.

"There is something that belongs with the armor," remarked the old man, and, shuffling back into the junk-filled cranny, he returned with a slender sword of very fine workmanship, with curiously engraved blade, and silver filigree work upon the handle. An idea entered my mind: I took the sword and inserted it into the cut in the breastplate. It fitted exactly.

"It must have been just such a sword as this that gave the death wound to the brave knight who wore this," I said; "though how any human power could drive it through steel is more than I can see. But there were powerful men in those days."

The old man shivered as he looked at the sword. "I don't like to have to do with those sort of things!" he exclaimed. "And I pray you to be careful about the armor," he added earnestly. "Don't handle it, don't try it on. There may be evil spells about it!"

Laughing at the old man's credulous fears, I left him. After a dinner at the *Maison de l'Opera*, I went directly home, and upon my arrival found that Henry had already unpacked my purchase. He helped me to set the ponderous thing up in the corner where I had planned to put it in the drawing room, and then left me. I lighted my favorite pipe, and drew up an easy chair before the fire, smoking and enjoying the silence, broken only by the crackling dance of the flames in the grate.

I was alone in the house except for Henry, whom I heard busying himself in another part of the house. I did not turn on the lights, and the flicker from the burning oak wood played

fantastically about the room, gleaming now and then upon the face of one of the old portraits upon the wall, and moving the ponderous shadows of the furniture to and fro. The light fell now and then shinningly upon my latest acquisition, the tarnished armor standing grimly against the opposite wall.

Beside the armor stood the sword, with its thin, somewhat curved blade and silver-laced hilt. As I was looking at it meditatively, the sword appeared to move slightly. It was a curious effect of the flickering light from the fireplace. But as I watched, the sword moved again, this time unmistakably, and, as the moving light of the fireplace fell upon its hilt for a second, I became thrillingly aware that a steel hand had extended itself and was grasping the sword. I sat up straight, with a feeling of terror. I thought of ringing for Henry, but conquered my cowardice, and resolved to investigate the matter. Perhaps a clever burglar had contrived to gain an entrance by being carried into the house inside of the armor. The latter had seemed very heavy.

With this theory in mind, I quietly arose, keeping my gaze steadily upon the steel hand, which, however, made no further movement, backed into the adjoining library, and secured from one of the table drawers an automatic revolver that I kept there expressly for burglars. Armed with this I returned, pointed it at the steel figure, and spoke:

"Whoever you are, let loose of that sword and come out of the armor. I have here a pistol that will puncture you, steel and all, if you fail to obey me!"

I spoke bravely, but the pistol trembled. From the armor came the sound of a sigh; and I knew as I heard it that it was no man that was within that suit of armor. Then a voice spoke, softly, monotonously.

"Brother, you mistake me. Lay down your weapon, of whatever nature it may be, and hark to what I shall say, for it will avoid you misfortune—aye, perhaps even death!"

Astonished beyond measure, I looked at the armor from which the voice came, and doubted my hearing. I felt a shame at pointing the pistol against a person, whoever he might be, who had so gentle a voice; so I lowered it. I would treat the person courteously, and find out for what strange purpose he had come thus within the steel suit. So I said as cordially as I could:

"You who call me 'brother' in such a quiet voice I will listen to what you have to say. Come nearer to the fire; it is cold in this big room."

In response to this invitation, the figure in armor stirred itself, stepped forward slowly, ponderously, yet with an accustomed ease, walked over to a large, leather-cushioned chair not far from the fireplace, but out of its direct light, and sat down. You may imagine my sensations at seeing the forbidding steel figure actually advance from its station, carrying the sword. I gripped the pistol hard, and it was with relief that I saw the armor seated ten good feet away from me. It reclined stiffly in the chair, one hand resting on the sword, the other held across the breastplate, where my glance again fell upon that which had so attracted my attention that afternoon—the smooth, narrow puncture in the steel. I waited for the figure to again speak, and this it soon did, after first heaving a gentle sigh.

"You are alone," it began. I started, for I was much aware of this. "But I hope that you will not be so fearful as are many, without cause, at the approach of those who have passed this life. We harm no one."

"Passed this life!" I thought strongly again of ringing for Henry, but the bell was just beside the figure. So I swallowed hard and remained seated, awaiting further speech from the being in the chair. It cleared its throat, as if to prepare for a long speech.

"Know you, sire, that I was a bold knight once, that wore this armor and did it glory in many adventures, until—but I will tell it to you from the be-

ginning, for you have a long night in which to listen.

"It may have been but a few decades ago, or it may have been a thousand years ago—we reck not of time, we of the dead—that I first met Nerila. The day was in June, warm and fragrant. I was riding through the outskirts of a small village on my way to join a party bound for the Crusade, when, at one side of the road, plucking flowers from a garden in front of a cottage, I saw her, the afternoon sun gleaming upon her thick, black tresses. As I passed, she looked up and smiled. At the same moment I reined up my horse. Then I dismounted, and went in through the narrow gate to where the girl was standing beside a red rose bush. Why I did this I do not know; but I went unhesitatingly, as if it had been the purpose of my journey, as if I had been expected. It seemed to me as though I had seen the place before, perhaps in a dream; though in reality I had never passed near there in my life. As I glanced about, it seemed to me, even then, that there was something uncanny about the dark, steep-roofed cottage, and there was something peculiar in the glance that the girl gave me as she stretched out her hand in welcome.

"I have been looking for you, Sir Alvaron," she said, smiling at me with her entrancing eyes so that I lost all presence of thought, and could only look into them, and bow and kiss her hand. She must have heard of me, I thought, to have known my name; and yet, as I say, I was a stranger in the locality. Strange words came to my lips, such that I scarce knew them until I had said them:

"The time has been long delayed," I made answer, "but at last we have met."

"Come," said she, "bring in your steed and stable him. I have many things to talk to you about this evening."

"Even as she commanded I did; and that evening we sat by the fire, even as you and I are sitting by the fire, but

closer, and talked; and it was wondrous how each of our thoughts found echo in the other's heart, as though one were the mirror of the other. But as we talked I could not but notice the fire before which we sat, and it gave me surprise; for, though it burned with warmth and light, yet the wood seemed never to consume. I kept long silence about it, then finally exclaimed:

"By the Holy Rood! What fire-wood do you buy that burns so fairly, and yet is never the less for its burning?"

"At the naming of the Holy Rood she sprang to her feet and threw out her hands in protest, a look of terror on her face. At the same moment it seemed to me that the fire grew dimmer.

"Speak not such oaths!" she almost screamed. 'I cannot abide them in my house.'

"Truly it was a harmless oath," I replied, 'but if it offends you, no more shall I speak it.'

"Nor any like to it, I pray you," she added, seating herself by me again, and conversing with such grace and spirit that I had no attention more for the matter, but only for her glowing brown eyes, the rounded loveliness of her features, and the lustre of her thick, fine hair, from which seemed to exhale a faint perfume.

"That was the beginning of our acquaintance. For many days I lingered in the village, promising myself each week that in the next I would depart for the wars. But each week only increased my love for Nerila, and increased the difficulty of leaving her. And yet, though indeed I loved her much, there were certain happenings about the house that gave me uneasiness. For instance, upon one occasion when I came earlier than she had expected me, I very distinctly heard two voices within the house. Upon being admitted, there was no one there but she, excepting for a big, black cat which was purring by the fire.

"Do you have no other company this evening?" I asked. "Methought

I heard two voices within."

"It was only I talking to the cat," she replied, nervously, I imagined. We spoke no more of it, but I meditated upon the incident in after times. There was another strange thing I noticed several times after dark when coming to the house. There was a luminous green light that shone from the window of one of the upstairs rooms; and this room she never opened to me, though she had shown me through all the rest of the house.

"If you love me, trust me, and ask not that which is not permitted," she said, rebukingly, when I had questioned her about it.

"They say in the village that you are a witch, Nerila," I ventured once.

"Who says that—the homely women?" she laughed, tossing back her head so that her well-moulded throat and perfect chin were shown to the best advantage.

"Nevertheless, I gradually became convinced that she was a witch. And who knew but what she might be in her own shape an old hag, who flew out to the graveyard at night and assumed the shape of a beautiful damsel at other times? A sworn Knight of the Cross, I sternly told myself, should never allow himself to love a witch, no matter what the dictates of his heart might be; it was a spell of the devil, such a love, to cause him to neglect his duties and service to God. And so I half resolved, to leave her.

"However, before I should do so, I decided upon a test. I would watch till twelve o'clock of a night, and see whether or not Nerila would fly away on a broomstick. Accordingly I did so, crouching behind the shrubbery by the gate; and, shortly after the stars spelled midnight, I saw passing me two black cats. Now, I had never before seen but one about the neighborhood, and the matter was clearly proven in my mind.

"The next day early I called to see Nerila, and told her that I was going to depart, that I had already too long delayed seeking my place beside my fellows in the Eastern wars. Her eyes

filled with tears when I told her, and the sight of her tender beauty quivering with sorrow would have moved me to change my decision had I not looked away from her, and reminded myself that she was but a witch. Yet when I turned again toward her, my love for her overcame for the moment that belief, for she seemed but a simple, lovely girl. She tried by all her means to induce me not to leave her. She implored me not to risk my life in the cruel hazards of warfare. She reminded me that I had won her affections and plighted my faith, and that it would be the better honor in a knight to remain. Such cunning skill her arguments had that I well believe the devil taught them to her. But I was deaf to all of them, and finally, in constrained sadness, she was obliged to realize that I was actually going. Long she looked at me, and I at her. If she only had not been a witch!

"If, then, you are resolved to adventure in the wars," she said, finally, "there is a present which I would give to you, a thing which will preserve you from all harm, and bring to you glory and honor. Come with me."

"She led the way up the stairs, lighting them with a candle which she carried, and stopped before the door of the room which she never before would open to me. It was with mingled curiosity and uneasiness that I saw her draw the latch and swing open the door. A strange sight indeed met my eye. Before a fiery crucible, from which came the peculiar green glow that I had seen from without through the window, sat a white-haired old man, bent and wrinkled, the very picture of a wizard. All about the room were tables and benches covered with vials, bottles and glasses containing powders and liquids, and odd-looking instruments and apparatus that must have been made by the devil himself, for the like of them no human being ever saw. I had not dreamed that the Black Art was carried on in a workshop such as this. There was one thing which caught my eye when I

first entered, and which I have not mentioned. It was a suit of armor, strange of sheen, but extremely well made, standing against the wall. Nerila pointed to it in a meaning way, and then led me before the old man.

"My father," she said, addressing him affectionately, "this is my friend of whom I have told you. He is going to the wars, and I beg of you that you will give to him the invulnerable armor."

The old necromancer gazed at me with his coal-black eyes as if to read my very soul. I wondered that such fire as they contained should accompany his wintry hair. What the old man divined from his inspection of me must have satisfied him, for he now made signs that I should divest myself of the armor I was wearing, and put on the suit which stood against the wall. Then he turned from me, and resumed his contemplation of the glowing crucible. I put on the new armor, and found that it fitted as though it had been made for none other than I. It was rather heavy, but on horse that would not matter: my good steed could carry twice the weight with ease. Nerila now motioned me to leave the room with her. When we were outside again, and she had closed the door, she handed me a sword that she had brought with her, and said:

"This armor and this sword I give to you in token of our love. So long as you think of none other in my place this armor shall have power to keep you from all harm, and this sword no enemy of yours shall be able to withstand. But if you should come to love another—here her eyes gleamed as I had never seen them before—"your armor shall fail you in defense; nay, your own sword shall slay you!"

"She looked, as she said these things, more beautiful than any creature on earth; and I told her so, and swore that I could never love any but she; and, kissing her, I had come near even then to staying. But pride ruled, and at length I made my adieu and rode off, waving many farewells.

"Now, the tale of how I came to the

wars, and of what name I made for myself in the battles, pens other than mine have recorded. I will only say that I knew not fear, and was always in the most dangerous part of the combat; for, as Nerila had said, truly no weapon could penetrate my armor; and never did an opponent escape the keenness of my sword. Proud was I of my deeds; and yet sometimes I felt guilty that I should be wearing the gift of a witch.

"Varied were the adventures which I had; and of one of them I will now tell you. It was at the victory of Nolladis, when, the women of the city being parceled out among the soldiers, I noticed a most beautiful woman, fair of hair and blue of eyes, an unusual type in that country, who was proceeding most unwillingly with her captor—a great, hulking brute, unshaven, and with a gruesome scar across his forehead. The sight filled me with indignation, and putting spurs to my horse, I rode upon him furiously, and thrust my lance through his body. He fell, writhing, to the ground, and in a few moments lay still, his face in the dirt, and one huge, unclean hand stretched out in front of him.

Dismounting, I asked the woman if I might be of service to her. At a close view I could see, from her delicate skin, her finely shaped hands, and from her manner of courtesy and reserve, that she belonged to the higher class. She raised her azure eyes to mine, and thanked me for riding her of her rude escort, though she shuddered a little as she looked at the corpse nearby.

"'If you will trust the protection of a true knight,' I said, bending the knee, 'I beg that you will come with me until you may find your people.' And she, having no other recourse, thanked me gracefully, and we walked along together. It came out in talking with her that she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant of the city who, this very day, while attempting to defend his goods, had been killed. She had no hopes that any of her friends were in a position to offer her shelter,

so I secured her lodging with a worthy family of Christian belief, and every day I visited her there; and, to put into a phrase the story of weeks, we came to love one another.

"Never will I forget the evening of my declaration. We had gone into the garden after the evening meal, and were sitting beneath a pomegranate tree, listening to the song of a night bird. Waissula, for that was her name, was leaning forward, her lips parted, listening to the sweet notes.

"'Ah, Waissula,' I whispered, bending near her, 'you are indeed the most beautiful of all women. I love you!' And I extended my arms to her. Upon her face was a tell-tale confusion, but she gently repulsed me.

"'Ah,' she said in her low, musical voice, 'you have known me but a short time, and so quickly to love—'

"'A few days in your company values more than years in the company of any other!' I cried. 'There never was, there never can be, one whom I could love as I do you. My dearest Waissula, I swear—'

"My words died on my lips, as I felt a strange presence near us. We both looked up. At the gate of the garden, with a sad expression on her face, stood a woman in the dusk. She had black, flowing hair, and the figure I could not mistake. In that instant I felt the gaze of Nerila. But was it really she? I was about to speak, but before I could do so the figure had vanished. I ran quickly to the gate. There was no one to be seen.

"'Did you not see some one standing there in the gateway?' I asked Waissula, when I had returned to her; 'a woman with black, loose hair?'

"'Yes,' she replied. 'Who is she? Her look gives me fear. I feel that she will harm us, make of our love our misfortune.'

"I strove to calm her fears and mine own. 'Do not heed these fancies that beset you,' I said. 'Love brings nought but good and happiness to those who serve him. That woman? She was only a passerby of the village, who

stopped a second to listen to our songster. Hark to him. Why, he has stopped singing!

"That is a bad omen," she observed seriously.

"'Omens are for children,' I replied lightly, but nevertheless my heart was heavy. Shortly after this we parted, and her last words to me were a warning:

"Guard yourself, for my love's sake. I fear some danger.'

"Who knows whence are the intuitions of women, those strange comrades of ours, who seem to partake of a different world, and to see with a vision that is beyond that of man? On my way to my tent, I meditated on the subject. But when I came in sight of the tent I saw something which broke off my meditation. It was the figure of a maiden standing before it in the starlight. As I watched, I saw her enter the tent. Indignant at the intrusion, I hastened my pace and followed into it, full of angry words. I lighted a taper. There was no one in the tent! I laid my sword down upon the bed, and sat down upon a stool beside it, trying to reason out the strange occurrence, doubly strange after what had happened in the garden. All at once there was a whirling flash in the air, and my sword, guided by no visible hand, pierced the hitherto invulnerable armor which I was wearing, through the breastplate where you now see this rent. I fell in the agonies of death upon the floor, and, just before all things vanished for me, I saw the face of Nerila bending over me, and heard her say with a bitter laugh:

"May this armor ever be a curse to him who wears it, and death follow him even after this manner, in memory of my sorrow.'

"Since that time I have followed the armor, striving to keep the curse from harming those who might come innocently under it. As long as there remains danger to others from this armor, so long must I remain upon earth to guard it, for thus have I vowed. Never can I enter into the joys of the other world until the armor has been

destroyed. If you, O noble possessor, whose face I see is kind, would have compassion and do for me this service, I should be the happiest of ghosts.'

"I looked at the speaker, consideringly. 'In what way would you have me destroy the armor?' I asked. 'It is well-tempered and almost invulnerable.'

"Wait a second,' the ghost replied. 'I will absent me a second, with your courteous permission, and see what means in this house are available to the end we seek.'

"The steel shell remained silent for some moments, then resumed speech:

"In the basement I find that you have a large furnace, in which is burning a fire. I will accompany you down there and take the armor into the coals where it will be quickly melted. Come!

"The armored ghost arose and started toward the door, which I opened for it. I led the way to the basement stairs, which the ghost descended with ponderous steps, I following. Turning on the draughts of the furnace, I soon had the fire roaring. I put on a great pile of coal, then stirred it about, then shut the door to let it burn to a white heat. After a few minutes I opened the big iron door again to stir the coals. They were incandescent now; the heat was so intense that I had to wrap my hand in a piece of sacking as I grasped the poker. The light from the furnace dazzled my eyes.

"This would certainly melt steel,' I remarked, looking at the silent, armored figure to one side of me, leaning upon its sword, the fiery glow from the coals resting upon it like a calcium spot-light.

"I am ready now,' it spoke. 'And now, as I am about to enter the flames, I bid you farewell, and offer you my thanks most heartily. This night I shall be free, and the accursed armor past all capacity for harm. Stir up the coals once more, my friend, then stand aside.'

"I raked the white mass of fire until it gave out a quivering intensity which scorched the sleeve of my coat as I

stood at armslength away. The suit of armor walked deliberately up to the furnace door, and, while I watched with fear and wonder, placed its hands upon the white-hot margins of the furnace opening, drew itself into the fiery cavity, and reclined upon the bed of coals, whose vapors danced blue, white and green above the enormous heat.

"Close the furnace door!" came from inside a deep voice that startled me. I own that I obeyed with alacrity, for there was growing upon me a terror of this unbelievable thing which was happening. What if there were really a person inside the armor, some poor, crazed being who had told me the strange imaginings of his insanity, and who was now undergoing the awful pangs of being burned alive! I listened with dreadful, breathless eagerness for the shriek, the moan that would emerge when the rapidly heating armor should glow against human flesh. I kneeled as I listened, and my face must have been ghastly. But not the slightest sound was to be heard, except for the slight vibrating sound of the white-hot furnace. Still, for a long time I watched the furnace door, wondering whether I were awake

or not, half expecting something to happen.

"All at once I felt a breath blow past me, and heard, or seemed to hear, a whisper, very gentle: 'It is finished!' At the same moment the door at the top of the stairs, which was ajar, creaked a little. I roused myself, and, taking the poker, approached the furnace door, stood a full minute in hesitation, then threw it open. The fire had burned itself down, so that its heat was more feeble. Upon the bed of coals I could distinguish nothing that looked like the remains of the armor. It had entirely melted and run down among the ashes. I shut the door again, and staggered away, dazed. Then I slowly ascended the stairs, went to my room and retired.

When I awoke it was Christmas morning, with the sun shining brightly on the snow, and sleigh bells jingling in the streets. Languidly I dressed and went downstairs, my thoughts oppressed by the events of the previous night. I entered the drawing room, and there I stopped, too astounded to move. There, in the corner of the room, just where Henry had helped me to place it, stood the suit of armor.

"CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE"

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

By Western seas, far, far away,
Where roses drift across the sands,
And Mission bells ring, sweet and old,
And clouds of orange buds unfold,
Beside a gleam of poppy gold,
My castle waits, in fragrant lands,
Lost in a mist of ocean spray.
Beneath sweet pines, beside cool streams,
A little cabin holds my heart;
Where wood birds sing, and wind flowers sway,
And blue smoke winds at end of day;
And in the smoke haze, fades away,
My woodland home; and swift tears start
That dim the visions of my dreams.
Sometime, perhaps, the desert winds,
That ever sing a drear refrain,
May vanish in the mirage mists,
Between me, and my golden Spain.

HARRIET QUIMBY, AMERICA'S FIRST WOMAN AVIATOR

A California girl who has secured the first pilot's license to drive her own monoplane ever issued to a woman by the Aero Club of America.

BY ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE

WHEN, ON THE first day of August last, the news came to the public that Miss Harriet Quimby had secured a license to pilot her own monoplane, the world became aware that a daughter of California had scored another ten-strike in the East. This, by the way, is by no means a circumstance so unusual as to cause any great amount of surprise, since California women (men, too, for that matter) achieve it constantly—one might say consistently. Nevertheless, it must give to home-staying Californians a thrill of gratified pride when they come to consider how drastic are the conditions, how severe the tests and requirements to be met and conquered before the coveted title of airship pilot, making its holder a full-fledged aerial navigator, and, as such, eligible to compete in airship races, etc., can be legally assumed.

No stranger to the people of San Francisco is Miss Quimby, for it was here that she started her career as a writer; and, like many of the most successful members of her profession, she entered through the gate of journalism.

"Why, I just began to write," Miss Quimby said to me, in reply to my questions about her initial ventures in the journalistic field. "I always had rather a taste that way, and when I went to San Francisco, I began doing Sunday stuff for all the papers there. Occasionally I got things into the

magazines, but the greater part of my writing was the sort that people lump under the general title of 'newspaper work.'"

However, Miss Quimby was far too modest to tell me that, about this time no less an authority than Will Irwin, at that time the Sunday editor of the Chronicle, in speaking of this young woman's singular aptitude for her chosen work, concluded his praise thus: "And she has about the keenest nose for news I ever met with in a woman."

Eventually, she made up her mind to come East, and, once in New York, where she and her parents have made their chief home ever since, she continued to do the sort of work that had made her known as "one of the best newspaper women on the Coast"—with this difference, that her field had broadened considerably. Soon her work might be regularly seen in the Sunday editions of metropolitan newspapers, as well as in various weekly and monthly periodicals, on topics covering a most surprising range, for Miss Quimby is nothing if not versatile—almost as versatile as her own monoplane. But that comes later.

"I wrote on all sorts of subjects," she told me, recalling those first days in the East with a reminiscent smile, "and I enjoyed it, too. Some of my travel articles—yes, I'm very fond of traveling—appeared in Leslie's Weekly, and when, about six years ago, an offer was made to me to join

their staff as dramatic editor, I accepted, and I've been here ever since.

"How did I come to take up flying? Well, it all came about very simply, it seems, now that I look back on it. The very first time I ever saw a monoplane was on the last day of the Aviation Meet at Hempstead last fall—I had been too busy to get down there before. I saw one of the aviators making an exhibition flight, and I thought to myself, 'Really, it looks quite easy; I believe I could do it myself'—and, after a minute I resolved, 'And I will.'

"I went directly to the late John Moissant, and told him I wished to learn to fly. He replied that he was going South almost at once to attend various meets already scheduled, but that in the spring it was proposed to open a School of Aviation on Hempstead Plains, and, as soon as the frost was out of the ground, I could learn there. And about the first of May of this year I enrolled myself among the Aviation School's pupils.

"And other women could fly, too," she added quickly—perhaps to choke off the admiring comments on her pluck and independence which were just on the tip of my tongue—for I should like to say right here that Miss Quimby is no less modest than she is charming—and that is "going some." "Really," she went on, "any woman can—if she wishes to do so. But first she must be quite sure that she actually does wish to fly beyond anything else—and then she must control her nerves—and that's all."

"But tell me, Miss Quimby," I asked, "have you never once felt the least bit scared? Not even when you heard of the accidents—yes, and the deaths aviation has caused—haven't you had the least little thrill of fear?"

"Why, no, surely not. You see, an aviator always thinks no matter how disastrous certain flights may have been to others, his own individual luck will be with him—and he will escape. As to being frightened, I would never have attempted to fly if I had been, and believe me, very soon, when every one is flying, we shall look back

on these days as we do now on the time when people first began to run their own motors. It does not seem to me that a monoplane is nearly so dangerous, either, to one's self or to the general public as a motor."

"And do you really fancy that many women will have the nerve and courage to go chasing about in the air as you are doing?"

"And why not, pray? Some women will take up flying for business or for recreation and pleasure, just as men are doing—or just as they do motor-ing. Just wait and see!" and her eyes sparkled with the earnestness of her conviction.

"No," she went on, replying to my query as to whether it was her own enthusiasm for out-of-door sports that first induced her to think of flying, "I don't think I could be classed as an 'athletic woman' at all. I don't care for golf, and I don't like tennis, nor am I very fond of walking. It may be because I'm inherently lazy," she gave an infectious little laugh, "but I confess I have a preference for the out-of-door amusements that propel me, so to speak, rather than those where I'm obliged to do the propelling myself. I'm exceedingly fond of horseback riding (you know I'm a Californian), and I thoroughly enjoy running a motor, if you call that a form of sport. Personally, I think that any one who has been able to run a motor or a motorcycle successfully is all the better qualified to start in as an aviator. But, without some such experience, the noise made by an unmuffled motor on an aeroplane will, at first, be nerve-racking in the extreme.

"Would you care to hear about my first few lessons? The initial experiences of a beginner in an aeroplane are all intended to accustom him or her to the noise and jarring vibrations of the engine. Even before the student climbs up into the seat, she will see why it is better to cover her natty costume with a pair of washable jumpers or overalls; for not only the chassis of the machine itself, but all the fixtures are slippery with lubricating oil,

and when the machine is speeded a shower of this oil is very apt to be thrown right into the driver's face. It may be of interest to know that, for

monoplane for the first time, my instructor gave me my first lesson in manipulating the switch. This is exceedingly important because it is from



Miss Harriet Quimby, dramatic editor of Leslie's Weekly, and America's first woman aviator.

high-powered engines like the Gnome castor-oil is the lubricant preferred.

"After I had taken my seat in the

this switch that injury might come to the mechanic who is cranking the engine directly in front of the driver's

seat. My monoplane is fitted with a Gnome engine of about 30 horsepower, and four sturdy mechanics held tight on to the rudder until I had speeded the engine up to the velocity necessary to start the machine across the field. Under the impetus of the rapidly-revolving propeller, the monoplane shot ahead, mostly on the ground, but, as the engine gathered speed, a trifle above it. The first lessons all consist of learning to steer the airship in a perfectly straight line for a distance of a mile or more. This looks deceptively easy—till you discover that an airship possesses a large share of the perversity supposed to be common to all inanimate objects; it always prefers to go in its own devious way, rather than in the straight and narrow path where you are seeking to direct it. If no mishap occurs, your first dash across the field will take about two minutes, and after two dashes of this sort, the wise teacher will dismiss you for the day, for you have had all that your nerves ought to be asked to stand at the outset. In the best schools of aviation in France no pupil, however apt, is permitted to have a daily lesson lasting longer than five minutes at first; and my own instructor, being a graduate of a leading French school, followed this method. When you hear that Graham-White or some other noted flyer has learned to ascend to marvelous heights after only three days of instruction, please bear in mind that these three days' instruction by no means represent all the time required in training, but makes merely the aggregate of the hours which, on so many consecutive days, have been devoted to short lessons. After I had been a pupil at the Moissant School for over two weeks, my actual time in the monoplane would not have exceeded one-half hour.

"When you have learned to make a straight line on and off the ground you have achieved the feat of learning to 'trim the daisies,' as old aviators term it—meaning skimming lightly over the grass on a wheeled machine

with semi-occasional jumps of from ten to twenty-five feet in the air. Next you are taught to manipulate the wings, which enable the aviator to still preserve a balance in the air when the monoplane leaps off the ground. Having successfully accomplished this much, you are now prepared for the further instruction given in a course of lectures in connection with field practice, concerning such emergencies as will require a special knowledge. But, understand, you are not yet prepared to apply for a pilot's license, though you are well started on the road to this goal. Learning to drive a monoplane has this in common with learning to swim—the first requisite of each sport is confidence, and a certainty that you really can do it; but, like the mastery of the swimmer's art, flying depends on the individual and how much time can be devoted to it.

"One of the very first questions people usually ask is, 'How does it feel to fly?' To this I always answer that it feels like riding very rapidly in a high-powered motor, minus the bumping over rough roads, the constantly having to signal to people in the road to clear the way, and the keeping of a watchful eye on the speedometer to see that you do not exceed the speed limit and thus incur the wrath and vengeance of the bicycle-policeman, or if you're in the country, the covetous constable. Naturally, in flying, these undesirable features are completely eliminated. In the lower flights, such as would be attempted by novices, while you do not notice a remarkable difference in the temperature of the atmosphere, you do very soon become aware of a delightful purity, freshness and freedom from dirt and dust. But the greater the altitude, the more marked the change in the atmospheric conditions.

"Roland B. Garros, the aviator, told me last March, while he was flying in Mexico City, he had the most unpleasant experience of having his carbureter freeze when he was 12,411 feet above sea-level. This was a height of over 4,550 feet above the

aerodrome from which he started, and he had made the distance in 45 minutes. Though on the grandstand the temperature was only about 68 deg. Fahr., Mr. Garros assured me that the cold in those upper air-lanes was so excessively penetrating that, even had his carbureter not frozen, he would have been obliged to descend in a very short time.

"When flying is in its infancy, as now, the navigator of the air is beset by dangers and difficulties not unlike

In addition, he must be guided largely by intuition, helped out by quickness not alone of eye and ear, but of all the sensibilities. The skillful aviator is the one who has not alone the daring to do risky things, but who has, as well, the intuition, the knowledge and the ability to meet and conquer the waves and whirlpools and even the so-called air-rocks that may confront him without losing his head.

"Do you smile at the thought that the currents of the air, erratic as they



Miss Harriet Quimby, seated in her aeroplane.

those presented to the navigator of the water who sails on an uncharted sea. Yet even he can be warned by the ripples he sees ahead or by the foaming and roaring of the surf of the dangers that may be lying in wait for him. But the flyer has no such warnings; moreover, he must be prepared for instant action in any and all emergencies, and this preparation is the one absolute essential for the person who resolves to conquer the air.

are, can be overcome? To be sure, it has not yet been found possible to chart the air in the same manner as our water-courses are charted, or to establish aerial lighthouses and bell-buoys for the air conditions which are constantly changing; but still, there are methods by which, to a certain extent, these same air currents can be ascertained and the aviator given at least an inkling of what may be going on several thousand feet

above sea-level before he rises from the earth.

"As short a time as a year ago, Mr. Glenn Curtiss was accustomed to gauge his air safety by means of cigar smoke. One of the participants in a wind-determining contest at the hangars explained to me how it was done. Not being a smoker himself, Mr. Curtiss would distribute a handful of cigars among his friends of a sort that are famous for the black, heavy smoke they produce when lighted. A smoker would light one of these, and, holding his head far back, blow the smoke straight up into the air. If it arose in a perpendicular line, it was considered to be good flying weather; if not, the sport was postponed.

"At the present time, one may often notice that an aviator will pull a handkerchief out of his pocket and hold it at arm's length in the air, his trained senses enabling him to judge of the wind's velocity by the fluttering of the square of linen.

"The very first thing the woman who resolves to be a flyer must do is to abandon skirts and don a knickerbocker uniform for reasons that are self-evident. It may seem remarkable, but when I began to fly I could not find a regular aviation suit of any sort in the whole city of New York—and I tried very hard. Finally, with the assistance of my tailor, a suit was designed that will, I imagine, establish a standard for a proper flying costume for women in this country, if not all over the world, since such French women who have taken up this sport still use a form of the clumsy and ungraceful skirt called the 'harem' as a flying costume. My own suit (see illustration) is fashioned all in one piece, including the hood, and, by a most ingenious contrivance, can be almost immediately converted into a quite conventional-appearing walking skirt when not used in its knickerbocker form. The material is a very thick, wool-back satin which makes it both warm and light.

"This latter qualification is particularly desirable since the speed with

which an aviator flies and the strong currents generated by the rapid revolving of the propeller (directly in front of the driver) compel the latter to be warmly clad; nor must there be any flapping ends to catch in the multitudinous wires surrounding the driver's seat; everything must be firm and taut. Moreover, the feet and legs must be entirely free in order that the steering apparatus may be manipulated with ease, for, in a monoplane, the steering is done, not by a hand-guided wheel, as in a motor car, but with the feet. So it is not hard to discover why knickerbockers are a prime requisite."

As I have already stated, Miss Quimby's pilot license is the first ever issued to a woman by the Aero Club of America, and only the second in the whole world that, at that time, had ever been earned by one of her sex. It is said that, during her trial for a license, our American woman created a world's record for contestants by landing within seven feet, four inches, of a given mark. In addition, these figures are pretty close to the world's record for professional aviators, since the official landing record was five feet, four inches, made by the late Ralph Johnstone in a Wright biplane at Squantum, Mass., on September 8, 1910.

This test for the pilot's license has, purposely, been made as difficult as is consistent with fairness to those competing, in order to eliminate, as far as might be, the possibility of any unfit survivors. Miss Quimby faced the necessity of rising to a given height, then performing a series of circuits (five in number) about the pylons, alternating in right and left-hand turns, known as "figure eights." Next came the test of landing near a given mark, of which mention has already been made; and only the height test remained between her and the license, of which she had but little fear, as throughout the earlier tests she had been flying close to the altitude mark of 164 feet. Gracefully she swung aloft, describing a series of what



Miss Harriet Quimby, America's first woman aviator, in her aviation costume.

seemed to the onlookers to be most complicated spiral curves, then dropped easily to earth, as her barograph registered 220 feet. Her gray eyes must have sparkled brightly through the dirt and grime covering her face as she gayly greeted the official observers:

"Well, do I get that license?"

"We guess you do!" they answered in chorus.

"Does this license make you a regular professional?" I inquired when Miss Quimby, her eyes still shining

from the joy of the remembrance, had finished telling me about the main facts connected with that memorable day.

"In-so-far as it makes it possible for me to compete in all contests," she explained, "and I'm planning to do quite a little in that line here before I go to France for a short stay."

"But by steamship—or are you thinking of establishing another world's record by crossing in your monoplane?" I questioned, mischievously.

"Rather not!" returned Miss Quimby with smiling emphasis.

When you look at her, you realize that it is not well to put too much confidence in fanciful tales about the "aviation face," for if Harriet Quimby is a fair example of one, these may quite safely be relegated to the part of our minds reserved for fairy tales and legends of our youth. She is tall and slight, and she looks more Spanish than the wholly American girl she declares herself to be, for her parents came to California from New England. Also she looks remarkably like her photographs, here presented, as well as like the wonderful portrait that many San Franciscans will recall with mingled pleasure and pain. This was the work of Miss Quimby's very good friend, Mrs. Ada Shawhan, and, in the days before the "quake," was one of the most admired ornaments on the walls of the old Bohemian Club.

Miss Quimby assured me that she doesn't care for bridge nor is she a suffragist—notwithstanding various alluring propositions from sympathizers of "Votes for Women" to call her machine after one of the leaders—the "Pankhurst," for example, or even the "Catt."

"The latter might have been the more appropriate," the monoplane's driver said with that little humorous look in her big eyes that, somehow, seems her most pronounced characteristic after you've talked with her a little while. "Really, you'd be surprised to know how purely feminine a monoplane can be when it wants to, but

personally I preferred to call my machine 'Genevieve'—because 'Genevieve' always seems to me to fit some one who is remarkably versatile—and my monoplane possesses that quality to a degree!"

A desire to fly and a steady nerve, to which must be added a one-piece knickerbocker suit—these, according to Miss Quimby, are all that any woman needs when she decides to become an aviator. But one must remember that it is a California woman (for even if she does make her home in New

York now, she is a California woman, first, last and always!) who is telling you this. Here in the East, nerve and grit are by no means the spontaneous productions that they are in the West; and it is pretty safe to say that there will be a considerable amount of "elapsed time" (as they say in aerial races) before the majority of her own sex try to take up Miss Quimby's challenge and prove her modest statement made in a matter-of-fact way that "any woman can do the same—if she really wants to!"

CHRISTMAS SONG

BY BELLE W. COOKE

The Christmas angels are singing yet
If the world would only hear them,
The same sweet song that Bethlehem heard,
When the Heavenly Babe was near them.
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Listen, and you may hear it again!

The Angel of Peace is the loveliest one,
In her path the flowers are springing;
She scatters her gifts and you can hear
The happy children singing:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
On Christmas morning they sing it again.

"Good-will to men of willing hearts,"
The Heavenly Hosts are giving,
If we cannot give of love the best,
What is the use of living?
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
We will join the angels and sing it again.

ART VERSUS DOMESTICITY

Famous Actresses Who Retired Because of Marriage to Rich Husbands

BY ROBERT GRAU

THE DECISION of Miss Margaret Illington, erstwhile Mrs. Daniel Frohman, and now Mrs. Edward Bowes, by which she resumed her artistic career, is interesting in that it gives emphasis to the effect that Mary Anderson alone has been proven sincere in her vow at the time of her marriage to Mr. de Navarro that she would never be seen on the boards again.

Others have expressed the same ultimatum, but sooner or later they have all been tempted to return to the scene of their former triumphs. In the instance of Miss Illington, the decision to retire absolutely was heralded with so much flourish and was accompanied with such an intense plea for domesticity, that the announcement of her return to the stage came as a great surprise.

Of course, there is no certainty that this excellent actress uttered all of the statements at the time credited to her. The subject is treated here because of the advent of a new managerial figure in Mr. Bowes. As a rule, the careers of stellar actresses have been greatly enhanced where the tours have been under the business guidance of their husbands, and this has been true, too, where no previous experience had been possessed by the latter.

Mrs. Fiske's great prosperity began when Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske assumed charge of her business affairs; the same may be said of Marie Cahill, who was married to her manager, D. V. Arthur, before he had made her one of the best box-office attractions in this

country. It is generally conceded that much of the credit for Madame Schumann-Heink's phenomenal financial success is due to the astuteness of her husband-impresario, William Rapp, Jr., though there is no record of any previous qualifications as a manager on his part.

Clara Morris' greatest years as a star were those in which she toured under her husband's direction, though the spectacle of this venerable couple endeavoring to prevent the sale of their beautiful country seat at Riverdale, N. Y., in foreclosure proceedings, through the literary efforts of the illustrious player now gradually becoming blind, is surely a heartrending one.

The theatrical profession, noted as it is for its charitable propensities, has been called upon more than once to give aid in this pitiable plight of one of their most shining stars, but the amount realized from the benefit and other sources, has not been sufficient for so serious a purpose. Nevertheless it is not believed that Clara Morris will lose her home—these threats have been given publicity for several years; yet something has always prevented the consummation of the dreaded transaction.

Clara Morris, for a period of about fifteen years, was the largest-paid actress in this country; her stipulated fee was \$500 a night, but her tours were often interrupted because of a spinal trouble with which she was afflicted. She was one of the first of the legitimate stars to succumb to the temptation of the vaudeville agent, and she was accorded a weekly salary of \$800

in the Keith theatres, but there, too, her appearances were of an intermittent character. Finally, Clara Morris abandoned the stage altogether, and devoted herself solely to literary work, and it was generally understood that

but there is no other instance where a sacrifice equally great was endured—for Madame de Navarro is not to be reckoned as wealthy, nor has her domestic life since her marriage indicated any ambition to reign socially.



Mrs. Pat Campbell.

she has been very successful in the newer field.

Mary Anderson is by no means the only well-known actress to abandon a stage career in the height of her fame,

The early struggles of "Our Mary," too, were of a character that few indeed are called upon to duplicate!

At the time of her discovery by the late John W. Norton, the tall and awk-

ward Kentucky girl had just passed through a series of barnstorming expeditions, the recital of which would read strangely to-day. It was only when she was under the direction of the late Henry E. Abbey that the gifted woman obtained any large financial

country—and, for that matter, in any country—recorded gross receipts equal to any achieved by Bernhardt, Irving or any of her illustrious confreres of that day, and since her retirement offers have been made to her almost every year, some naming as high as



Ethel Barrymore.

returns. During this period, however, it was customary for her to rise every morning in time for five o'clock mass, and this habit was followed in the most inclement weather imaginable.

Mary Anderson's last season in this

\$10,000 a week! Within the last year Madame de Navarro was tendered a proposition to give a series of Shakespearean readings, such as Ellen Terry is now giving here, and for these the remarkable sum of \$150,000 was quot-

ed for fifty appearances, but a courteous reply reiterating emphatically her previous resolution never to appear in public again save for charity, was all

at the time of her marriage, but her professional life had not advanced to a matured state at this period, though it is not to be doubted, in view of the



Margaret Anglin.

the profferer, a Mr. Wagner, received.

Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Jay Gould, gave up her artistic career

nature of her training under the late Augustin Daly, that Miss Kingdon would have become a stellar attrac-



Alla Nazimova, the distinguished Russian actress.

tion high in the theatrical firmament in a very few years.

Agnes Huntington, before she became Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, was a prominent prima donna, and in "Paul Jones," as well as in other roles with the famous Bostonians, she was a conspicuous success. Her retirement from the stage has been absolute. Mrs. Cravath is a box-holder at the Metropolitan Opera House, and she is conspicuous in all public-spirited movements as well as in the various charities in behalf of the profession she once so charmingly adorned.

Agnes Ethel, the best "Frou-Frou" of this generation, retired from the stage when in the zenith of her career, and the same statement qualifies for Julia Arthur, now Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, next to Mary Anderson, the loss of no player has been so seriously felt. It was in the play, "More Than Queen," at what is now Keith & Proctor's moving picture theatre in West 23d street, that the fame of Julia Arthur first reached a stellar state.

Lotta (Mrs. Crabtree) had a lengthy and very successful career, and although she has not appeared on the boards for two decades, is to be seen on Fifth avenue almost any day, looking quite the same as she did a generation ago. Lotta is immensely wealthy, due not only to the results of her own well-spent career, but also to the discernment she has shown in her investments. Lotta owns the Park Theatre in Boston and has an interest in other theatrical properties. It was the money provided by the inimitable "Firefly" of the '70's that started Henry E. Abbey on his remarkable managerial career. To-day Lotta is regarded as the wealthiest actress in the world.

Maggie Mitchell, like Lotta, amassed a fortune from her starring tours, and both appeared in plays of similar character. "Fanchon" was the

vehicle with which she was wont to conjure, and that delicious comedy served her almost throughout her long and honorable career.

Mabel Gilman began to show signs of availability for grand opera about the time when she became the bride of Wm. E. Corey, a multi-millionaire. She had risen from the ranks in the Casino, and the last two or three years of her artistic life disclosed a remarkable development, and great regret was felt at the loss of so youthful and capable an artiste. Mrs. Corey has been active in all efforts for the betterment or uplift of her erstwhile calling, while her studies have been continued abroad vigorously. It is not, therefore, impossible that the name of Mabel Gilman may again be emblazoned in the Broadway district, and that audiences of a new future period may be privileged to hear her in a medium of a far higher order than any in which she has yet been heard here.

Edna May comes in for mention here because of the brief period required for the full development of the various phases of her artistic life. She had been a chorus girl in the very same musical play which afterward brought her to international fame. This was in "The Belle of New York." It happened that the prima donna, cast for the title role, had become ill or incapacitated early in the run of this production at the Casino, and George W. Lederer, who was the Casino's manager at the time, was at his wits' end for a substitute. Miss May volunteered to save the day, and she made an overwhelming success by reason of her peculiar qualifications for this particular role. Here, indeed, was an illustrative instance of fame achieved in a night, but it was in London that Edna May rose to the heights which made of her a world-famed celebrity. Miss May gave up stage work at the time of her marriage to Mr. Oscar Lewisohn.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE

C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor London and Brooklyn Tabernacles

THE TEXT of this discourse is from Ephesians ii, 7: "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His loving kindness toward us in Christ Jesus." All Christendom has erred in respect to the lengths and breadths and heights and depths of the love of God, which passeth all understanding. (Ephesians iii, 18, 19.) This is evidenced by our conflicting creeds, not one of which is rational enough to be defended by one in a hundred of its own clergy, who profess that they believe it and are teaching it.

This is driving many noble souls away from the Bible, which has been misinterpreted by us all. Our difficulty has been that we have looked at the unfinished parts of the Divine Program, and have neglected to properly use the telescope of God's word, which would have enabled us to see the future features of that plan, without which the whole world would be incomplete and unsatisfactory.

Wonderful Divine Plans.

None of us would judge of a new building merely by the first story of the structure, incomplete and surrounded by scaffolding. On the contrary, we would inquire for the architect's drawings and consider them prophecies of the building to be.

God proposes the development of the church first, as a "new creation" on the spirit plane, higher than the angels, and "partakers of the Divine nature;" "Ye are the church of the liv-

ing God;" "a kind of first fruits unto God of His creatures."

The fact that the Bible declares the church to be the "first borns," the "first fruits" of God's creatures. Thus does God positively declare a secondary part of His great plan of salvation—in which "free grace" and fullest opportunity for reconciliation to God will be granted to the non-elect.

But their salvation will be, not heavenly, but earthly. Their resurrection will not mean a "change" of nature, but a raising up to the perfection of human nature, to be enjoyed in a world-wide paradise by all the willing and obedient. Nor will the unwilling and disobedient be tortured to all eternity, but, as the Scriptures declare, "All the wicked will He destroy;" they shall "perish like brute beasts," in the "second death."—II Peter ii, 12; psalm ix, 17, R. V.

Foundation of the Great Structure.

In order to judge of the Divine character we must see the truth, the Divine program, and not merely a primary section of it. The Jewish age and its people, its law, its mediator, its priesthood and its jubilee were only rough outline sketches of the Divine plan, which had not then even begun. The Redeemer is the foundation for the great structure, as said St. Paul, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid—Jesus Christ."

A God of justice, wisdom and power devoid of love would be as cold and unsympathetic as a marble statue. The greatest thing amongst men is love.

Neither palace nor cottage could be a real home and a place of joy and peace and refreshment without love. We cannot even suppose a heart devoid of love without supposing it under the control of selfishness, and selfishness is merely another name for sin.

The greatest men and women who have ever lived, and who have done the most to bless our race, have been men and women of heart, of love. Surely, love is the principal thing in all this world, without which none can be truly happy under any condition, but with which happiness is possible under almost any condition. Whence came to man this quality of love unless from the Creator?

The Display of Divine Love.

God's love will be most wonderfully displayed in His gracious kindness in the resurrection of the church to glory, honor and immortality. Then will come a further display of "love divine, all love excelling," when mankind in general shall be blessed under the Messianic Kingdom.

We are not informed respecting the work of the church beyond their thousand year reign; the text merely assures us that Divine love is illimitable, and that those who now shall prove themselves loyal, even unto death, shall have blessing upon blessing through future ages.

Astronomy assures us that, aside from the planets which belong to our own system, all the other stars are suns, with whirling worlds about them, invisible to us. Photography shows stars which cannot be seen with the eye. The number of these suns is now reckoned at more than 100,000,000. Although this sum is quite beyond the power of human comprehen-

sion, there is a general agreement among astronomers that if we stood upon the farthest world we should probably see just as many suns beyond us as behind us. What a suggestion we have here of Divine power—omnipotence! How little we feel ourselves to be, and proportionately how amazing seems the love of God toward us in Christ Jesus!

The Lessons Taught by Sin.

Does our text speak of "ages to come for the showing forth of God's love toward us?" Ah! what a limitless eternity is provided! Nor can we doubt that the lessons taught through the permission of sin among humanity on our earth are designed of the Creator to furnish a great lesson throughout ages to come.

The church, the new creation, will undoubtedly be associated with the Redeemer as Jehovah's agents in creating inhabitants in all of these billions of worlds. And who will say that even the witness of God's justice and love, in the perfected world of mankind, might not be taken to tell in other worlds the story of Adam's disobedience and fall; the story of the reign of sin and death for 6,000 years; the story of the redemption accomplished through the sacrifice of Jesus; the story of the selection of a faithful "little flock" of his footstep followers to be His bride; the story of human restitution to all that was lost in Adam and redeemed through Jesus' death; the story of the second death visited upon the unwilling and the disobedient, that eventually every creature should bow the knee and confess with joy, and acclaim the Father and the Son!



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